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EDITED BY

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1903

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VOLUME IV

MODERN PAINTERS

VOLUME II

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J. Ruskin

Allen & Co. Sc.

Mont Blanc with the Aiguilles, from above Les Tines.
(1842)
From the Collection of Sir J. Simon, K.C.B.

MODERN PAINTERS

VOLUME II

CONTAINING

PART III

SECTIONS I & II

OF THE IMAGINATIVE AND THEORETIC FACULTIES

BY

JOHN RUSKIN

"Accuse me not
Of arrogance, ...
If, having walked with Nature,
And offered, far as frailty would allow,
My heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,
I now affirm of Nature and of Truth,
Whom I have served, that their Divinity
Revolts, offended at the ways of men,
Philosophers, who, though the human soul
Be of a thousand faculties composed,
And twice ten thousand interests, do yet prize
This soul, and the transcendent universe,
No more than as a mirror that reflects
To proud Self-love her own intelligence."

WORDSWORTH

LONDON
GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD
NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1903

TO THE

LANDSCAPE ARTISTS OF ENGLAND

THIS WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THEIR SINCERE ADMIRER,

THE AUTHOR

ORIGINAL ADVERTISEMENT

TO VOL. II[1]

THE following chapters will be found to confirm and elucidate the positions left doubtful in the preceding volume. They ought not to have appeared in a detached form, but the writer could not expect his argument to be either remembered with accuracy, or reviewed with patience, if he allowed years[2] to elapse between its sections.

[1] [So in the third and later editions. In eds. 1 and 2 the Advertisement reads :—

"The illustrations in preparation for the third volume of this work having rendered a large page necessary, the present volume and the new edition of the first volume are arranged in a corresponding form.

"The following chapters," etc.]

[2] [Ed. 1 reads "Olympiads" for "years."]

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Of the drawings, some were exhibited at the Ruskin Exhibition in the rooms of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 1901. No. 187 in the Catalogue of that Exhibition is No. 4 here; No. 293 is No. 7; No. 296 is No. 6; and No. 300 No. 11.

[1] Except No. 6.

INTRODUCTION TO VOL. IV

THE second volume of *Modern Painters*, published in 1846, which is printed in the following pages, was "not meant," says Ruskin, "to be the least like what it is."[1] It is also in many ways unlike the first volume, published three years earlier. Instead of a defence of the moderns, we hear now the praise of the ancients. Whereas the closing paragraphs of the first volume are an exhortation to truth in landscape, those of the second are a hymn of praise to "the angel-choir of Angelico, with the flames on their white foreheads waving brighter as they move." There is in both volumes a note of enthusiasm, but it is directed in the second to a different subject, and this difference cannot wholly be accounted for by the development of the author's scheme. The diversion from "ideas of truth" to "ideas of beauty," would not alone, or necessarily, have led us from Turner's later pictures to "an outcry of enthusiastic praise of religious painting."[2] Again in style, both volumes are marked by eloquence, but the eloquence of the second is in a different key. The object of this introduction is to trace, as far as possible in Ruskin's own words, the course of his history and the development of his interests between the first volume of *Modern Painters* and the second.

The first volume was off his hands at the beginning of May 1843, and he at once set to work upon the second.[3] His work was both learning and writing. The days which he marked as bad in his diary were those on which he had learnt nothing.[4] In 1843 he did not go abroad; he kept terms at Oxford, making an occasional excursion to study the pictures at Blenheim; and the family migration from Herne Hill to the larger house, with considerable grounds, at Denmark Hill, was in itself a further change. We have had an account already, in a *Letter to a College Friend*, of his pursuits at this time—his continuing study of Turner's pictures and drawings, his own studies in the drawing of plants and leaves, his botany

[1] *Præterita*, ii. ch. iv. § 82.
[2] *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 76.
[3] See passage from his diary quoted in Vol. III. p. xxxi.
[4] "Rather pleasant evening," he notes in his diary for Dec. 9, 1843, "but nothing learned."

and chemistry and mineralogy, his Greek, and Italian, and French.[1] The diary shows that Plato, Pliny, and Sismondi were among the authors he was reading at this time. He was often, too, at the British Museum, sometimes in the company of his Christ Church friends, Liddell and Newton, studying the marbles, the drawings, the missals. He was learning more than he was writing, and the second volume made small way. "Nothing occurring this year," he says in his diary on Oct. 6, 1843, "—hard work at art: much discouraged." There was also work to be done, as we have already seen,[2] in replying to criticisms of the first volume, and in preparing the second edition of it. The winter (1843–1844) passed without seeing the second volume far advanced. His activities, interests and moods, during the first period of work for it, are shown in the following notes from his diary, supplementary to those given in the last volume:[3]—

Nov. 20, 1843.—Have done Plato—some Pliny—written a good bit . . . and a little bit of Rio[4]—tolerable day's work—some Italian besides —a walk—and investigation of foliage of Scotch fir.

Nov. 21.— . . . Read a little Plato—wrote a bit—and composed a good study for a vignette.

Nov. 22.—Didn't like the study this morning, and didn't mend it—must make another. Read a little Plato—wrote a long letter to Brown[5]—wrote a chapter of book. . . .

Nov. 23.—An unprofitable day. I fear I have spoiled my etching plate and didn't write much; pleasant saunter in Dulwich Gallery—read a little Italian — finished first vol. Waagen. Made another study for my vignette; didn't like it; general discouragement, except in seeing of what shabby stuff critics are made. Impressed with the rapidity of an artist's hand in making a sketch from Rubens to-day.

Nov. 25.—A capital day; wrote a first-rate chapter, getting me out of many difficulties; succeeded with my vignette and got an encouraging letter from Armytage,[6]—besides some Italian, Greek, and a little chemistry, and a game of chess.[7] . . .

Dec. 28, 1843.— . . . Drew a little, but unsatisfactory; wrote notes—and idled. One thing only I have learned, that the common fungus which grows on wet wood is most beautiful and delicate in its sponge-like structure of interior. I must microscope it to-morrow.[8]

[1] See Vol. I. pp. 493–494.
[2] Vol. III. pp. xliv., 641–661.
[3] Vol. III. pp. xxix.–xxxi., xliv. *n.*
[4] See below, p. xxiii.
[5] *Cf.* the letter in Appendix III., below, p. 390.
[6] The engraver of many plates in *Modern Painters.*
[7] Always a favourite game with Ruskin.
[8] But see note on p. 158, below.

Jan. 3, 1844.— . . . Thought a little over the book, but wrote nothing. I get less and less productive, I think, every day.

Jan. 4.—A bad day. Went over to Cousen ;[1] found him infernally dear; put me out. Came back ; my father says I must keep to same size as the other volume—floorer No. 2. My mother asked me if I were not getting diffuse—floorer No. 3. . . . All confusion about my book. I am in one of those blue fits in which one would be glad to throw up everything one possesses to get peace and live quietly in Chamouni. . . .

Jan. 6.— . . . Everybody seems to think my book should be in one volume. Plagues me.

Jan. 10.— . . . Harrison at dinner; young Smith in the evening.[2] Settled not to bring out the work in numbers,[3] and so shall take my leisure. . . .

Jan. 14.—Yesterday a very valuable day; good hard work over painted glass in British Museum. Delicious hour in Turner's gallery. . . .

Jan. 24.— . . . Went to British Museum. Felt the Phigaleian Frieze for the first time, and understood the difference between it and the Lycians,[4] so that I count myself as having made a great step to-day. Chess in the evening.

Feb. 25.—Sunday—a good day because wet. I wish Sunday were always wet, otherwise I lose the day. Read some of Spenser in the morning and learned it; then some of Hooker; did a good deal of divinity. . . .

Feb. 26.— . . . At Ward's, the glass painter's, with Oldfield: my head is quite full of broken bits of colour—madonnas—and crucifixions mixed up with oolitic fossils and shadowy images of the Lorenzo in different lights brooding over all.[5]

March 30.—My second edition is out to-night, and I have nothing but my new volume to attend to.

It will be seen that the plans for the second volume were at present undecided. He had intended, it seems, to bring out the continuation of his essay in parts, instead of volumes. He was also busily engaged in preparing illustrations and having them engraved. Ultimately the illustrations were deferred till the third volume, but in anticipation of it the size of the page of the second volume was enlarged.[6] Probably the

[1] The engraver of some of the plates in the last three volumes of *Modern Painters*.

[2] For Harrison, see Vol. I. p. xlviii.; Vol. II. p. xxviii.; Vol. III. p. lii. "Young Smith," the late George Murray Smith, was at this time entering upon control of the firm of Smith, Elder & Co.

[3] A manner of publication which Ruskin often adopted in later life.

[4] "The Lycians," the marbles from Xanthus. See E. T. Cook's *Handbook to the Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum*, chs. vii., xiii.

[5] For a reference to Michael Angelo's "Tomb of Lorenzo," see below, p. 282.

[6] See "Advertisement," p. xi., and Bibliographical Note, p. liii.

contents of the volume were at this time being planned on very different lines from those afterwards adopted. It was intended to continue the essay on the lines of landscape study. At what time he began the first draft which is still preserved, and of which account is given below (pp. 361–381), it is impossible to say. The dividing line is, as we shall see, the tour of 1845, and probably the first draft was written before that time. For it includes no references to the painters whose work so greatly impressed him in that year. The central idea of the book, however—namely its theory of beauty in relation to the theoretic faculty—was with him from the first.[1] On November 30, 1843, he says in his diary: "In the *Artist and Amateur* I see a series of essays on beauty commenced which seem as if they would anticipate me altogether." The second essay sufficed, however, to dispel this fear. "Find Rippingille all wrong," he writes on December 30, "in his essay on beauty: shall have the field open."

The foreign tour of 1844, however, diverted Ruskin's interests away from that field. The success of the first volume of *Modern Painters* was not a decisive point in his career. We have already heard him refer to the continuation of that work as a mere passing of the time, a *parergon* almost.[2] He was still, as his diary shows, giving much of his best effort to drawing in water-colours, and also, in some measure, to painting in oils. It was still an open question what was to be the main work of his life. The tour of 1844 did not finally answer the question. He went to Chamouni, and the Simplon, and for a few days to Zermatt. He was absorbed once more in botany, in geology, in drawing. Extracts from his diary of this tour have already been given;[3] they show him occupied in watching skies, in studying mountain forms, in drawing from leaves and flowers. "The hills are as clear as crystal," he writes on June 16; "more lovely, I think, every day, and I don't know how to leave off looking at them." After leaving Chamouni, he went to the Simplon, there meeting James Forbes,[4] and having his interest in geology yet further excited. The panorama of the Alps as seen from the Bel Alp, which he drew at

[1] The theory of "Typical Beauty" worked out in this volume is foreshadowed in the *Letter to a College Friend* of May 16, 1841: see Vol. I. p. 451.

[2] See letter to Osborne Gordon of March 10, 1844, in Vol. III. p. 665.

[3] See Vol. III. pp. xxv.–xxvii. The itinerary of the tour was as follows: By Paris to Dijon and the Jura; St. Laurent (May 30), Geneva (June 1), St. Martin's (June 5), Chamouni (June 6–July 3), St. Martin's (July 4), Geneva (July 7), St. Gingolph (July 8), Sion (July 9), Brieg (July 10), over the Simplon to Baveno (July 12), return over the Simplon (July 15) to Brieg (July 17), Zermatt (July 18), Brieg (July 21). Ruskin's parents then went to Vevay, while he returned to Chamouni; he rejoined them at Vevay, and they reached Geneva (Aug. 2), Champagnole (Aug. 4); thence to Paris where they stayed some days; returning by Amiens (Aug. 20), Montreuil (Aug. 21), and Calais (Aug. 22) to Dover (Aug. 23).

[4] As described in *Præterita*, ii. ch. v. § 97, and more fully in *Deucalion*, i. ch. x. ("Thirty Years Since.")

this time and afterwards slightly coloured, is now in the Sheffield Museum. On the way home he stopped some days in Paris, studying closely the pictures in the Louvre. "I shall try to paint a Madonna some day, I believe," he writes in his diary.[1] During the winter of 1844–1845 (for which there are no diaries) the book seems to have made little progress; he felt, he says, "in a cyclone of new knowledge."[2] His "fit of figure study" had opened his eyes, in some degree, to the merit of fourteenth-century painting, and caused him to abandon "Rubens and Rembrandt for the Venetian School." In the first draft of the second volume there are unfinished chapters in which lines of beauty are illustrated both from mountain forms and from the human figure;[3] he was enlarging the range of his studies in art and nature, and feeling his way to laws common to all manifestations of the beautiful. We see the bent of his thoughts at this time in the letter to Liddell of October 12, 1844. "As soon," he says, "as I began to throw my positions respecting the beautiful into form, I found myself necessarily thrown on the human figure for great part of my illustrations; and at last, after having held off in fear and trembling as long as I could, I saw there was no help for it, and that it must be taken up to purpose. So I am working at home from Fra Angelico, and at the British Museum from the Elgins."[4] He was soon to be driven with yet more compelling force into such studies. But for the present his hardest work was in manual practice.[5] He took up Turner's "Liber Studiorum," practised its methods, "and by the spring-time in 1845 was able to study from nature accurately in full chiaroscuro, with a good frank power over the sepia tinting."[6]

During the same winter (1844–1845) Ruskin read Rio's book on Christian art.[7] His interest in this book, quickened by his studies in the Louvre, determined him to revisit Italy and study the early Christian painters before proceeding any further with his essay. The tour of 1845 was the decisive factor in making the second volume what it is, and was

[1] Cited in *Præterita*, ii. ch. v. § 103.

[2] *Præterita*, ii. ch. vi. § 104.

[3] See below, Appendix i., p. 368.

[4] See Vol. III. p. 669.

[5] A good deal of his time and thought in 1844 was occupied with stained glass, in connection with a window he was designing for Camberwell Parish Church; letters dealing with this matter will be found in a later volume of the edition; see *Præterita*, ii. ch. viii. § 153. Ruskin's remarks on the subject of painted glass (*e.g.* in *Two Paths*, § 78) were founded on much careful study and some practice.

[6] *Præterita*, ii. ch. vi. § 104.

[7] *De La Poésie Chrétienne dans son principe, dans sa matière et dans ses formes:* Paris, 1836. An English version, with references to the second volume of *Modern Painters*, appeared in 1854 under the title, *The Poetry of Christian Art*. Ruskin says that he also read Lord Lindsay's introduction to his "Christian Art" (*Præterita*, ii. ch. vi. §§ 104, 116, and below, p. 118 *n.*, and Epilogue, § 7, p. 348), but this must be a mistake, as the essay referred to (*Progression by Antagonism*) was not published till 1846, and the book not till 1847.

also the turning point in Ruskin's career. It revealed to him "the art of man in its full majesty for the first time," and in himself "a strange and precious gift," enabling him to recognise it. Henceforth he felt that his life "must no longer be spent only in the study of rocks and clouds." He had heard a fresh call, and he accepted it; he must become an interpreter of the nobleness of human art, as well as of the beauty of nature. As Ruskin has himself explained this crisis in his mental and literary life in detail, both in *Præterita* (ii. chs. vi. and vii.), and in the Epilogue to the present volume (pp. 346–357), there is no occasion further to emphasize it here; but those passages in his works may be illustrated from his letters and diaries of the time.

He set out from England on April 2, 1845, for the first tour that he had ever undertaken without his father and mother.[1] His father was unable to go away, and his mother stayed with her husband. Ruskin had with him as travelling companion the young brother of his mother's maid, John Hobbs, called "George" in the Ruskin household, where both master and son were named John. He remained in Ruskin's service till 1854, and seems to have been a youth of cheerful spirit and humour.[2] But the commander-in-chief of the expedition was the Chamouni guide, Joseph

[1] The following is the itinerary of the tour: Dover (April 2), Calais, Montreuil (April 3), Beauvais (April 4), Paris (April 5, 6), Sens (April 7), Mont Bard (April 8), Dijon (April 9), Champagnole (April 10), Geneva (April 11), Annecy (April 12, 13, 14), Conflans (April 15), Grenoble (April 16, 17), Gap (April 18), Digne (April 19, 20), Draguignan (April 21), Nice (April 22), Mentone (April 23), Oneglia (April 24), Savona (April 25), Genoa (April 26, 27, 28), Sestri (April 29–May 1), Spezzia (May 2), Lucca (May 3–11), Pisa (May 12–27), Pistoja (May 28), Florence (May 29–July 6), Pietra Mala (July 7), Bologna (July 8), Parma (July 10–13), Pavia (July 14), Milan (July 15–18), Como (July 19, 20), Vogogna (July 21, 22), Macugnaga (July 23–Aug. 3), Ponte Grande (Aug. 4), Domo d'Ossola (Aug. 5), Formazza (Aug. 6), Airolo (Aug. 7), Faido (Aug. 8–17), Baveno (Aug. 18–31), Como, Bergamo, Desenzano (Sept. 5), Verona (Sept. 6–8), Padua (Sept. 9), Venice (Sept. 10–Oct. 13), Padua (Oct. 14), Vicenza, Verona, Brescia (Oct. 18), Milan (Oct. 20), Domo d'Ossola (Oct. 21), Simplon (Oct. 22), Martigny (Oct. 23), Nyon (Oct. 25), Geneva, Champagnole, Dijon (Oct. 28), Mont Bard, Paris (Oct. 31), Beauvais (Nov. 1, 2), Montreuil (Nov. 3), Dover (Nov. 4).

[2] George's quaint remarks, and Couttet's chaff of him, supply the element of light comedy in Ruskin's letters home. Thus George did not appreciate the heat and compulsorily light diet of Florence. "'Oh, sir,' he said, writes Ruskin (June 13), "'think of them at home walking in the acacia walk and eating as many strawberries as they like, and having all the blinds down in the library, and here are we, without a breath of air, and mustn't eat anything.' For I had told him what is very true, that he mustn't touch fruit of any kind now that the hot weather has begun." Among the Alps, George became a mighty walker. But, said Couttet, "afin que George aille bien, il faut lui donner à manger souvent, et beaucoup à la fois" (Aug. 14). George's criticism of the composition of Turner has often been made in more pretentious language. Ruskin had shown him first the actual spot, and then Turner's vision of it. "George didn't recognize it at first," writes Ruskin from Faido (August 17), "and on my showing him how it had been adapted—'Well, he is a cunning old gentleman, to be sure; just like Mrs. Todgers, dodging among the tender pieces with a fork.' Vide *Martin Chuzzlewit*." [Ch. ix. The

Marie Couttet, who had been with Ruskin in 1844, and in whose prudence, resourcefulness, and integrity his parents had full confidence. It was amply deserved, and Ruskin cherished to the last the warmest affection for his old guide, philosopher, and friend.[1] But all Couttet's care did not allay the anxiety of the fond parents at Denmark Hill, which is indicated clearly enough by passages in the son's letters home. "I am very cautious about ladders," he writes (Florence, June 16); "and always try their steps thoroughly, and hold well with hands." So again: "I will take great care of boats at Baveno, merely using them on calm afternoons for exercise" (Faido, Aug. 15); and from Baveno, on his way to Venice (Aug. 23), "You needn't be afraid of railroads; I shan't trouble their dirty ironwork." Turner had foreseen the old people's anxiety and tried to dissuade Ruskin from going: "Why *will* you go to Switzerland—there'll be such a fidge about you, when you're gone."[2] But he had his work to do; nor in the doing of it did he ever lose loving thought of his parents. There is a letter to his mother which illustrates very beautifully the relations between them:—

BAVENO, *Sunday, 24th Aug.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—As I received on the 22nd a letter of my father's dated 13th August, I trust that this will either arrive on or

remark is made of Mrs. Todgers by Bailey, the boot-boy.] George knew how to humour his master. It is a quaint glimpse that we get of the party at Padua, where, when Ruskin was feeling unwell, George was sent out to buy some scrap of a picture to hang in the bedroom; "and he brought me a seven-inch square bit of fifteenth century tempera, a nameless saint with a scarlet cloak and an embossed nimbus, who much comforted me" (*Præterita*, ii. ch. vii. § 145). For further account of George, see *ibid.* ii. ch. vi. § 108.

[1] For Ruskin's references to Couttet, see below, Epilogue, § 4; *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. ch. xvii. § 30 *n.*; *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 4, 5, 75; *Proserpina*, ii. ch. iv.; "The Story of Arachne," § 1, in *Verona and its Rivers*, 1894; *Præterita*, vol. ii. *passim.* Ruskin's letters home during this tour show how carefully Couttet guided, guarded, and physicked his charge. Nothing escaped him; he held an umbrella over Ruskin while the latter sketched; he was even at hand to see that Ruskin always took "a squeeze of lemon in his water." The peasant's time must have hung heavily during the long sojourn at Florence, but Couttet "solaced himself by making a careful collection of all the Florentine wild flowers" (*Præterita*, ii. ch. vii. § 130) in order, as we learn from one of the letters home, that Ruskin might compare them with the flowers in Florentine pictures. It must have been with considerable relief that Couttet saw his young employer turn to the mountains. At Macugnaga he was in his element—"cooking the dinner (as Ruskin wrote, July 29), going out to gather strawberries for tea, mulling wine in the evening, and encouraging everybody all day like Mark Tapley." Couttet's saying of his charge—"le pauvre enfant, il ne sait pas vivre"—shows how well he had read one aspect of Ruskin's eager temperament. It may be interesting to state that Couttet received for his services four francs a day clear for himself, Ruskin paying his board and lodging.

[2] *Præterita*, ii. ch. vi. § 106. Ruskin believed "he made up his mind that I was heartless and selfish." It seems possible that Turner's love of mystification may have had something to do with his advice; for he knew that one of Ruskin's motives was to hunt up the artist's sketching-ground. There were, however, disturbances at that time in Switzerland, and a possibility of danger.

before the second of September, in time to assure you of my most affectionate remembrance of you, and my hope that I shall not be away from you on any more birthdays. I am already in a hurry to get home, even from this delicious place, and I only go to Venice because I *must* see the pictures there before I write; or else I should run direct and directly for Denmark Hill, and be with you, instead of this letter. I think there is such a change come over me lately that there will be no more disagreements between us as to where we shall go to or what we shall do, for my childishnesses are—I am (in one respect) sorry to say,—nearly gone, and now, wherever I am—in church, palace, street or garden—there is always much that I can study and enjoy; and although I am just as self-willed as ever, yet my tastes are so much more yours and my father's that nothing can come wrong to me, and if even you were to desire a sojourn at Wiesbaden or Baden-Baden, I believe I should find enough to employ myself withal; and I think in other places you will find me a little more of the cicerone than I used to be, and perhaps something of the guide where I was formerly only an encumbrance.

I am looking forward with infinite delight to the prospect of showing my father all my new loves, making him decipher the sweet writing of Simon Memmi in the Campo Santo, and leading him into the dark corners of the cloisters of St. Mark, where my favourite Fra Angelicos look down from the walls like visions, and into the treasuries of the old sacristies, lighted with the glass that glows "with blood of queens and kings"; and I think I shall have something for *you* too, when I show you the children of Mino da Fiesole—such sweet, living, laughing, holy creatures, that I am afraid you will wish they were yours instead of me. And then I can draw something better than I could, and I draw now less for the picture and more for the interest of the thing; so that when my father wants a sketch of anything, I shall be better able to do it than when I thought merely of a certain kind of picturesqueness, and I think we shall agree something better in our notions of subject too. Indeed I have made myself now a kind of Jack of all trades. I have had a try at Angelico,—the most refined drawing of which the human hand is capable; at Tintoret and Titian, the boldest and most manly. Architecture I can draw very nearly like an architect, and trees a great deal better than most botanists, and mountains rather better than most geologists, and now I am going actually to draw some garden for you, out of Isola Madre, and study some of its bee-haunted aloes to-morrow morning, if it be fine: it is sweet to see the aloe with two or three hives of bees about it, making its yellow blossoms yellower.

And besides all this, I have got more patriotic too, as I told you before, so that if we go to Scotland I shall enjoy that more than I used to do; in short, it does not now much matter where I go, for I shall

always find something to do and to please me. And so I have only to pray you to take care of your sight, and to make yourself comfortable in the idea of my being soon home again—only four weeks more, you know, after you receive this; and I assure you it will not be longer than I can help; not even Venice will keep me longer than is absolutely necessary; and then I hope I shall write a very nice book, and one that I needn't be ashamed of. I have done some good to art already, and I hope to do a great deal more.

Only I cannot write any more to-day, for I have written a long letter to my father too—about certain new opinions of mine which I was afraid he would misinterpret, and I shall miss the post if I don't take care. I intended to have written this much better than I have, but I have been thinking of all we have to see together and not of my writing, and so, my dearest mother, with every prayer for your long preservation to me,—Believe me ever, your most affectionate son,

JOHN RUSKIN.

P.S.—I suppose that Ann will seize upon this letter from the postman, and bring it in proudly, recognizing the badness of the hand. I received a message from her by George the other day, for which I am much obliged; remember me most kindly to her, and to them all.

On this tour of 1845 Ruskin wrote almost daily to his father or mother, or to both. He kept no other diary of travel, though he filled note-books with descriptions of pictures and other works of art. The letters and the note-books are drawn upon both in this introduction, and for purpose of illustrating passages in the text of the volume. It is unnecessary to follow Ruskin in the earlier portion of his tour; the following passage from a letter will serve to show his manner of travel:—

CHAMPAGNOLE, *April* 10.— . . . There was such alacrity on the part of the landlady, and such inquiries after Monsieur and Madame, as made me feel quite at home. They lighted a fire in the sitting-room, which is so clean and in such order it would be a credit to Lucy herself, and a worked foot-mat put below each chair, and its pictures, and sofa, and white marble table, and windows on two sides, make me wish I could carry it away with me. At six o'clock they brought me a couple of trout fried, just out of the river, of the richest flavour, followed by a roasted woodcock on delicate toast, and a small perfectly compounded omelette soufflée. To encourage the house, as well as to make that which was already near perfection absolutely perfect, I looked over the carte des vins, and finding half bottles of sillery mousseux at 3 frs., I ordered one, and it turning out very pure and in fine condition, rendered, as I conceived, the whole thing worthy of Horace or Mr.

> Rogers. Meanwhile the sun was sinking gradually, and I was warned of something equally perfect in that direction and way by seeing my champagne suddenly become *rose*. And a beautiful sunset it was: glowing over the pine woods, and far up into the sky, long after the sun went down. And as I came back to my soufflée and sillery, I felt sad at thinking how few were capable of having such enjoyment, and very doubtful whether it were at all proper in me to have it all to myself.

In the earlier letters there is something about hotel and posting charges, but Ruskin has characteristically to admit later on that his accounts would not come right.[1]

It was at Lucca that his artistic and intellectual pilgrimage really began. His first impressions were almost overwhelming:—

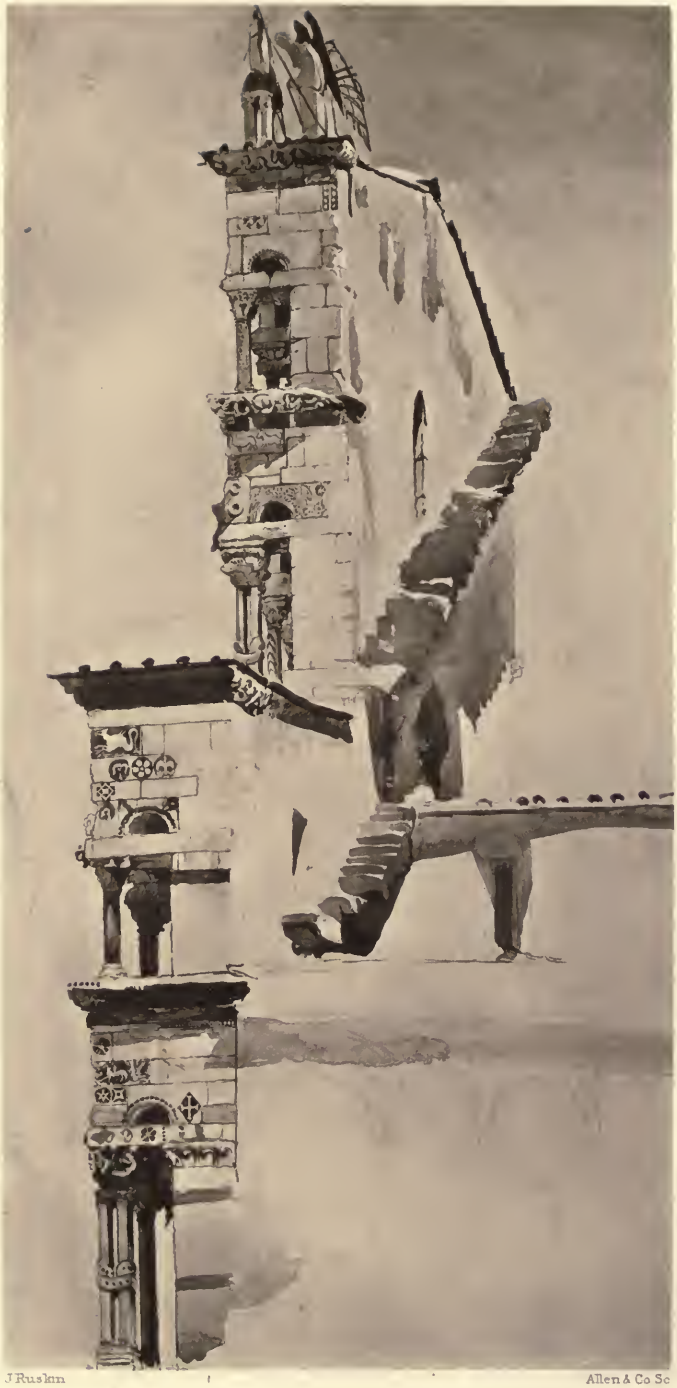
> "What in the wide world I am to do (he writes, May 4) in-or out of-this blessed Italy I cannot tell. I have discovered enough in an hour's ramble after mass to keep me at work for a twelvemonth. Such a church! So old, 680 probably, Lombard, all glorious dark arches and columns, covered with holy frescoes and gemmed gold pictures on blue grounds. I don't know when I shall get away, and all the church fronts charged with heavenly sculpture, and inlaid with whole histories in marble."

It was here, then, that the glory of the inlaid architecture of Italy, the beauty of Italian sacred painting, and the ideal of Christian sculpture were revealed to him. The following letter shows how his days were spent in that tutress city:[2]—

> Lucca, *Tuesday evening* [*May* 6].
>
> My dearest Father,—Though it is getting late and I have a great deal to write before going to bed, I must give you an account of the way I spend my day here. In the first place, I find it is of no use getting up much before 6, for I only tire myself before the day

[1] "In one way," he writes (Nyon, Oct. 25), "I have let my money go in a very careless way. I began most economically and arithmetically, and went on to Nice counting sous, but at Nice I found myself short by six five-franc pieces, and after puzzling over the matter for two hours I had to give it up, which disgusted me with my accounts, and when I got into pauls and batz (? bajocci) and all sorts of rubbishy incalculables, I gave it up in despair, and threw it all into Couttet's hands."

[2] It may be interesting to state, as an indication of hotel charges in those days, that at Lucca (where Ruskin had two large rooms, besides accommodation for George and Couttet), he paid for "every conceivable luxury and convenience," 17½ francs per day (including board for the whole party). At Pisa, where he was yet more spaciously lodged, he paid 17 francs, but he dined out. At Florence, where he had lodgings, he managed for 8 francs a day, "but I am very expensive," he adds, "in sight-seeing." At Airolo, the three fared sumptuously for 7 francs.



San Michele, Lucca.
(1845)

is over. So at 6 precisely I am up, and my breakfast—in the shape of coffee, eggs, and a volume of Sismondi—is on the table by 7 to the minute.

By 8 I am ready to go out with a chapter of history read. I go to the old Lombard church of which I told you, for the people hardly frequent this (owing to its age and gloom, I suppose), and therefore I can draw there without disturbing any one even during the mass hours. There I draw among the frescoes and mosaics (and with a noble picture of Francia over one altar) until 12 o'clock. Precisely at 12 I am ready to begin my perambulation (with the strong light for the pictures) among the other churches, for the masses are then over, and I can get at everything. I usually go first to San Romano, the church of the Dominican monks, where are the two great Fra Bartolommeos. The monks are most kind in every way, and pleased at my giving so much time to study their pictures. They take all their candlesticks off their altar and bring me steps to get close to the picture with, and leave me with it as long as I like. And such a heavenly picture as one of them is! Mary Magdalene and St. Catherine of Siena, both kneeling, the pure pale clear sky far away behind, and the auburn hair of the Magdalene, hardly undulating but falling straight beside the pale, pure cheek (as in the middle ages), and then across the sky in golden lines like light. Well, from San Romano, I go to the Duomo, where there is a most delicious old Sacristan, with the enthusiasm of Jonathan Oldbuck,[1] and his knowledge to boot, and perfectly enraptured to get anybody to listen to him while he reads or repeats (for he knows them all by heart) the quaint inscriptions graven everywhere in Latin (dark, obsolete-lettered Latin) and interprets the emblems on the carved walls. After two hours' work of this kind, and writing—as I go—all I can learn about the history of the churches, and all my picture criticism, I go home to dine—dinner being ready at two exactly. At three I am again ready to set to work, and then I sit in the open, warm, afternoon air, drawing the rich ornaments on the façade of St. Michele. . . . [Here follows the description of that church, given in Vol. III. p. 206.]

After working at this till ½ past five or so, I give up for the day, and walk for exercise round the ramparts. There, as you know, I have the Pisan mountains, the noble peaks of Carrara, and the Apennines towards Parma, all burning in the sunset, or purple and dark against it, and the olive woods towards Massa, and the wide, rich, viny plain towards Florence, the Apennines still loaded with snow, and purple in the green sky, and the clearness of the sky here is something miraculous. No romance can be too high flown for it; it passes fable.

[1] *The Antiquary* was always a favourite with Ruskin: see *Fiction Fair and Foul*, §§ 24, 35, 38.

Finally, when the rose tints leave the clouds, I go and spend a quarter of an hour beside the tomb of Ilaria di Caretto. . . . [Here follows the description of the statue, given below, p. 122 *n.*] With this I end my day, and return home as the lamps begin to burn in the Madonna shrines, to read Dante, and to write to you. . . .

Love to my mother. Ever, my dearest Father,

Your most affectionate son,

J. Ruskin.

From Lucca Ruskin passed to Pisa, where the Campo Santo with its frescoes opened to him a new world of simple and sincere religious art, and became to him, he says, "a veritable Palestine."[1] His letters soon show him absorbed in copying and recopying from Giotto and Simon Memmi, and Benozzo Gozzoli and Orcagna. It was a graphic Bible that he found spread out before him :—

". . . You cannot guess (he writes to his father, May 15,) how these men must have read their Bible, how deeply the patriarchal spirit seems written in their hearts. I have been drawing from Benozzo's life of Abraham, which is as full and abundant as the scripture itself, nothing missed, though a good deal added. Little Ishmael fighting little Isaac to Sarah's great indignation, being one of such passages,—a comment on the 'saw the son of the Egyptian mocking' of the Bible [*Genesis* xxi. 9]; but this is succeeded by the most heavenly Hagar in the Wilderness. I shall set to work on her to-morrow. To-day I have been finishing an easy bit (easy because small and well made out)—Abraham parting from the Angels when they go towards Sodom.[2] It is a beautiful observance of the scriptural history that while *three* angels came to Abraham, only two come to Sodom at even [*Genesis* xviii. 2, xix. 1]. In the fresco the central angel is rising, looking back towards Sodom with his hand raised in the attitude of condemnation, afterwards adopted by M. Angelo in the Judgment. The *two* angels turn towards Sodom, one with his eyes steadfast on the city, the other looking back to Abraham. The latter turns away, with his hands folded in entire faith and resignation, but with such a quivering distress about the lips and appeal for pity in the eye that I have had the tears in mine over and over again while I was drawing it. The plaster on which is this passage has already risen in a blister from the wall, and will be blown into the Arno in dust before the year is out."

Everything at Pisa delighted him—the Cathedral, the little church of

[1] Epilogue, § 7, below, p. 350.
[2] See Plate 10, facing p. 316, below.

La Spina, the sunsets on the Carrara mountains; "but," he writes (May 18):—

> "the Campo Santo is the thing. I never believed the patriarchal history before, but I do now, for I have seen it. You cannot conceive the vividness and fulness of conception of these great old men. In spite of every violation of the common confounded rules of art, of anachronisms and fancies, the boldest and wildest—Lorenzo de' Medici figuring as an Egyptian sorcerer, and Castruccio degli Interminelli coming in over and over again long before the flood, and all the patriarchs in the costume of the thirteenth century—*N'importe;* it is Abraham himself still. Abraham and Adam, and Cain, Rachel and Rebekah, all are there, real, visible, created, substantial, such as they were, as they must have been; one cannot look at them without being certain that they have lived; and the angels, great and real and powerful, that you feel the very wind from their wings upon your face, and yet expect to see them depart every instant into heaven; it is enough to convert one to look upon them; one comes away like the women from the sepulchre, having seen a vision of angels which said that he was Alive. And the might of it is to do all this with such fearless, bold, simple truth, no slurring, no cloudiness, nor darkness;[1] all is God's good light and fair truth; Abraham sits *close* to you, entertaining the angels, you may touch him and them; and there is a woman behind him, bringing the angels some real positive pears, and the angels have knives and forks and glasses, and a table-cloth as white as snow, and there they sit with their wings folded: you may put your finger on the eyes of their plumes, like St. Thomas, and believe. And the centre angel has lifted his hand and is telling Abraham—his very lips moving—that Sarah shall have a son, and there is no doubt on Abraham's face, only he holds his knife hard for wonder and gladness. And Sarah is listening, holding back the curtains of the tent."

His manner of life was as strenuous at Pisa (May 18) as at Lucca:—

> "Breakfast at 7, to work at 8, work till one; or on Thursdays and Saturdays till 12, when I go to call on the Professor Rossini and see more pictures. Dine at 2; to work again at 3, always in Campo Santo; stop at 5, walk about town, or as yesterday up on the roof of La Spina, to get the details. Then up tower to see sunset on Carrara mountains, home at ½ past 7 or 8; tea and write till 9½, or longer, if I am not sleepy; bed at 10."

When his portfolio was well filled at Pisa, Ruskin moved on to

[1] See on this subject the contrast which Ruskin drew between early Christian art and the religious paintings of our own day: *Academy Notes*, 1875, *s.* Nos. 584 and 129.

Florence, where his "new discoveries," he says, became yet "more absorbing."[1] The novelty and enthusiasm are well expressed in a letter to his father:—

> FLORENCE, *June* 4.—. . . I went yesterday to Santa Maria Novella, and was very much taken aback. *There* is the Madonna of Cimabue,[2] which all Florence followed with trumpets to the church; *there* is the great chapel painted by Orcagna, with the Last Judgment, at least 500 figures; *there* is the larger chapel with 14 vast and untouched frescoes, besides the roof, of Domenico Ghirlandajo; *there* is the tomb of Filippo Strozzi; *there* is the great crucifixion of Giotto; there, finally, are three *perfectly* preserved works of Fra Angelico, the centre one of which is as near heaven as human hand or mind will ever or can ever go. Talk of chiaroscuro and colour; give me those burnished angel wings of which every plume is wrought out in beaten gold, in zones of crimson and silver colour alternately, which play and flash like, and with far more rainbow hue about them than, the breasts of the Valparaiso birds, which, however, will give you some idea of the effect and power of light in them. And then the faces, without one shadow of earth or mortality about them, all glorified. . . .

He studied principally the primitives, without, however, neglecting the later painters. His continued and increased admiration of Michael Angelo appears throughout this volume; but already he had begun to trace in the work of the crowning masters what he afterwards described as the writing on the wall.[3] "Raphael and Michael Angelo," he says (June 4), "were great fellows, but from all I can see they have been the ruin of art."

Ruskin's studies at Florence may be traced in nearly every chapter of this volume. His note-books show that he did not spare himself. He was sometimes at work by five o'clock in the morning. The galleries, the churches and convents, the private palaces, were all laboriously explored; and those were the days when many works of art, now gathered together in galleries and museums, were still preserved — or more truthfully, neglected—in their several shrines. He felt the desultoriness of the work, but persevered notwithstanding:—

> "It requires a good deal of courage, mind you," he writes in a letter to his mother (Florence, June 26), "to work as I am working at present —obliged to take a shallow glance at everything and to master nothing. I am not studying a branch of science in which I feel steady progress,

[1] Epilogue, § 10, below, p. 351.
[2] See *Mornings in Florence*, § 34.
[3] See *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, §§ 125–127.

but gathering together a mass of evidence from a number of subjects, and I have to think, before everything that I see, of its bearings in a hundred ways. Architecture, sculpture, anatomy, botany, music, all must be thought of and in some degree touched upon, and one is always obliged to stop in the middle of one thing to take note of another—of all modes of study the least agreeable, and least effectual. For instance, I am going now to the Palais Pitti. I have to look at its stones outside and compare them with the smooth work of modern buildings;[1] when I go in, I shall sit down to study a bit of Rubens for an illustration of my book;[2] this Rubens leads me into a train of thought respecting composition diametrically opposite to that which would be induced by a Raffaelle."

While Ruskin was thus writing to his mother, his father was writing to him to deplore the falling off in the son's poetry. This tour of 1845 was the last occasion, as we have seen, on which he was at all seriously or determinedly to cultivate his faculty of versification. He had sent home from Florence the lines on "Mont Blanc Revisited," and from Pisa, a month earlier, those "Written among the Basses Alpes."[3] His father's verdict was for once severe (June 26):—

"I am, to speak truth, disappointed in the last lines sent home, and you see by enclosed Harrison is of same opinion. The Scythian Banquet Song, which you think little of, was the greatest of all your poetical productions. All the Herodotean pieces show real power, and have a spice of the devil in them. I mean nothing irreverent, but the fervour and fury and passion of true poetry. It is cruel in me to ask you to write for me; you should never write poetry but when you cannot help it. Mama objected to your highest poetry being published, but she was rather surprised at "The Old Seaman" on taking it up. The first verse of "Mont Blanc Revisited"—"Oh mount beloved"—seems feeble. Your poetry at present has got among your prose, and it may be well to leave it there till the important book be done, which I am certain will overflow with poetry. Never mind my cravings for little poems, nor Murray's for articles. Age quod agis.[4] The Book has told, and it is important to pour into the opened ear of the public all you have to say, boldly, surely, and determinedly beyond contradiction, as far as full knowledge of the subject can protect any one from contradiction."

[1] For the architecture of the Palazzo Pitti, see below, sec. i. ch. x. § 3 *n.*, p. 137.

[2] Ruskin does not seem to have used in *Modern Painters* any illustrations, pictorial or otherwise, from Rubens's pictures at Florence; but his diary shows that he studied them carefully.

[3] See Vol. II. pp. 233, 238.

[4] The motto which J. J. Ruskin had chosen: see Vol. I. p. xi.

Ruskin's answer is marked by great good sense. He felt within himself that he was now beginning what he afterwards called his first man's work;[1] and, though the poetical impulse was dead, he was conscious of increasing grip and grit. But he is not quite just in what he says about the self-absorption of his mind. The lines "Written among the Basses Alpes" are indeed charged with little compassion, but they are significant of that awakening interest in human conduct and social justice which was soon to colour all his work and thought:—

> PARMA, *July* 10.— . . . I am not surprised at the lines being so far inferior, but I do not think I have lost power. I have only lost the exciting circumstances. The life I lead is far too comfortable and regular, too luxurious, too hardening. I see nothing of human life, but waiters, doganiers, and beggars. I get into no scrapes, suffer no inconveniences, and am subject to no species of excitement except that arising from art, which I conceive to be too abstract in its nature to become productive of poetry, unless combined with experience of living passion. I don't see how it is possible for a person who gets up at four, goes to bed at ten, eats ices when he is hot, beef when he is hungry, gets rid of all claims of charity by giving money which he hasn't earned, and of those of compassion by treating all distress more as picturesque than as real—I don't see how it is at all possible for such a person to write good poetry. . . . Nevertheless I believe my mind has made great progress in many points since that poetical time. I perhaps could not—but I certainly would not, now write such things. I might write more tamely, but I think I should write better sense, and possibly if I were again under such morbid excitement, I might write as strongly, but with more manly meaning. I believe, however, the time for it has past.

From Parma, whither Ruskin had gone from Florence, he wrote again to his father on the same day, summing up in the form of a class list the conclusions of his studies at Lucca, Pisa, and Florence:—

> PARMA, *July* 10.— . . . I have pretty well now arranged my scale of painters; I may shift them about here and there a little. I am not sure of the places of all, but I regard them pretty nearly in this order and I shall not alter very much.
>
> CLASS 1
>
> *Pure Religious Art. The School of Love.*
>
> 1. Fra Angelico. Forms a class by himself; he is not an artist properly so-called, but an inspired saint. 2. Perugino. 3. Pinturicchio.

[1] The words occur in the MS. notes for the second lecture of his Oxford course, "Readings in *Modern Painters*."

4. Francia. 5. Raffaelle. 6. Duccio. 7. John Bellini. 8. Simone Memmi. 9. Taddeo Gaddi. 10. Fra Bartolommeo. 11. Lorenzo di Credi. 12. Buffalmaccio.

Class 2

General Perception of Nature human and divine—accompanied by more or less religious feeling. The School of the Great Men. The School of Intellect.

1. Michael Angelo. 2. Giotto. 3. Orcagna. 4. Benozzo. 5. Leonardo. 6. Ghirlandajo. 7. Masaccio.

Class 3

The School of Painting as Such

1. Titian. 2. Giorgione. 3. John Bellini. 4. Masaccio. 5. Ghirlandajo. 6. P. Veronese. 7. Tintoret. 8. Van Eyck. 9. Rubens. 10. Rembrandt. 11. Velasquez.

Class 4

School of Errors and Vices

1. Raffaelle (in his last manner). 2. The Caraccis. 3. Guido. 4. C. Dolci. 5. Correggio. 6. Murillo. 7. Caravaggio—with my usual group of landscapists.

You see two or three come into two classes. Bellini was equally great in feeling and in colour. The first class is arranged entirely by the amount of holy expression visible in the works of each, not by art. Otherwise F. Bartolommeo must have come much higher, and Duccio much lower.

But other revelations were in store; and Ruskin was yet to revise his list.[1] From Parma he went, through Milan, to mountain-solitude at Macugnaga. Thence he wandered to the Italian side of the St. Gothard, in order to find and study the sites or scenes of some of Turner's later drawings; to these studies we shall revert in the next volume but one, for it was not till he came to the fourth volume of *Modern Painters* that Ruskin utilised this portion of the material gathered by him in 1845. After leaving Faido, he met J. D. Harding at Baveno, and with him went by Como, Bergamo, Desenzano and Verona to Venice. At first they were both pre-occupied with sketching. But one day, after they had been there a fortnight, they went to see the then little known and uncared-for Tintorets in the Scuola di San Rocco. It was a revelation, and decided the current of Ruskin's life. He had been in some sort prepared for it in the Church of Sta. Maria dell' Orto. The

[1] For other lists, see *Elements of Drawing* Appendix ii., and *The Two Paths*, Appendix i.

Paradise in the Ducal Palace—which he afterwards called "the thoughtfullest and most precious picture in the world"[1]—had on this occasion left him cold. But the pictures in the church just mentioned stirred him greatly. The following is the account of them written at the time in his note-book;[2] it is interesting to compare these first impressions with the published accounts:[3]—

> Chiesa della Madonna dell' Orto.—It was in this church that I first became acquainted with the real genius of Tintoret. I was startled by the picture, which was luckily at the time taken down and in a side chapel, of the Presentation of the young Madonna, and I saw at once that the manner of painting was more great, simple, and full of meaning than that of any other Venetian master; and that the expressions of admiration in the crowd around were more dramatically rendered than I had ever seen except by Giotto. The figure of the young girl—the head crowned with soft light—is made so naturally and so perfectly the centre of all, and its child simplicity and purity so preserved—even to the feebleness of the short, quiet, unconscious step—contrasted with the massy forms and firm, muscular action of the large figure in the foreground—that I know not any representation of the subject whatsoever in which so much reality and sweetness of impression is obtained.
>
> But on passing from this to the Last Judgment in the choir, I saw at once that it was to Tintoret, and to him only, that my time at Venice was to be given—and that I had found, what I never expected to see of any school, a work which could stand in the same category with Michael Angelo's Last Judgment. It shares in one respect the fault of the Paradiso, *i.e.*—that there are no figures in it which individually possess great interest—and it differs entirely from the type of the subject adopted by the older painters in that no *emotions* are represented, nothing but the great *sensation* of re-awakened life. It differs both from them, and from the work of Michael Angelo, in another respect also—that while Orcagna's, Angelico's, and M. Angelo's are alike not the representation of a definite local scene—but the presenting of a series of groups to the *imagination* typical of the Judgment of all the earth, Tintoret's is a definite painting of a spot of earth, and so reminds one of Bartolommeo's—and the only appeals made to the larger faculty of the imagination are in the circle of the Apostles seen far off in the heavens (the principal figure is

[1] *The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret* (1872).

[2] These and other notes on pictures at Venice are now among the Morgan MSS. of *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (see below, p. 361). They seem to have been torn out of the 1845 note-book, which, as now preserved at Brantwood, ends at Florence.

[3] For the "Presentation," see *Stones of Venice*, Venetian Index, *s.* "Orto"; for the "Last Judgment," see below, sec. ii. ch. iii. § 24, p. 277.

indistinguishable owing to the darkness, the height of the picture, and the injuries it has received) and in the traditional incident of the Charon boat—the only one which Tintoret has deigned to avail himself of—and which he has boldly varied—for the Satan instead of driving the wicked down with his spear—has seized one by the limbs and is hurling him into the boat, as in the statue of Hercules and Hylas—the suspended figure stretching its arms behind. But there is also a wonderful meaning in the incident chosen for the middle distance, the great river of God's wrath: bearing down with it heaps of human creatures—tossed and twisted over one another—crowds more, hastening in insane, ungovernable terror from the vague wild distance—to fall into its waters and be borne away. As a piece of painting it would be quite impossible to surpass the rush of this vast river—and the bending and crashing of the torn fragments of forest at its edge.

Among the foreground figures there is, as I have said before, no painting of emotions; the good and the evil are not yet distinguished—they have not yet had time to separate into groups of terror and hope—they are awakening—some ghastly skeleton figures rattling into life—others with their features of corruption shaking the clay from their hair—clogged yet with the earth—appearing here and there like swimmers in a weedy sea—hardly seen among the knotted grass of the rank foreground. One group on the right, in which an angel touches and wakes a youth, is very finely composed; a little more dignity in the features of both would have made it noble. The air is full of the rising bodies—I never saw anything approaching their perfect buoyancy, except by M. Angelo. The colour is throughout quiet and grey, and rightly so, as a matter of feeling, but it necessitates some little inferiority in colour to the rest of his works, neither is the light and shade very broad or grand.

The impressions thus received in the Church of Sta. Maria dell' Orto were confirmed and strengthened at the Scuola di San Rocco. The revelation is described in letters to his father:—

VENICE, *Sept.* 23.—I have been quite overwhelmed to-day by a man whom I never dreamed of—Tintoret. I always thought him a good and clever and forcible painter; but I had not the smallest notion of his enormous powers. Harding has been as much taken aback as I have—but he says he is "crumbled up," while I feel encouraged and excited by the good art. . . . It is marvellous lucky I came here, or I might have disgraced myself for ever by speaking slightly of Tintoret. I look upon Tintoret now, though as a less perfect painter, yet as a far greater man than Titian ipse. . . .

Sept. 24.—I have had a draught of pictures to-day enough to drown me. I never was so utterly crushed to the earth before any human intellect as I was to-day—before Tintoret. Just be so good as to take my list of painters and put him in the school of Art at the top—top—top of everything, with a great big black line underneath him to stop him off from everybody; and put him in the school of Intellect, next after Michael Angelo. He took it so entirely out of me to-day that I could do nothing at last but lie on a bench and laugh. Harding said that if he had been a figure-painter, he never could have touched a brush again, and that he felt more like a flogged schoolboy than a man, and no wonder. Tintoret don't seem able to stretch himself till you give him a canvas forty feet square, and then—he lashes out like a leviathan, and heaven and earth come together. M. Angelo himself cannot hurl figures into space as he does, nor did M. Angelo ever paint space which would not look like a nutshell beside Tintoret's. Just imagine the audacity of the fellow—in his Massacre of the Innocents one of the mothers has hurled herself off a terrace to avoid the executioner and is falling head foremost and backwards—holding up the child still.[1]

And such a Resurrection as there is!—the rocks of the Sepulchre cracked all to pieces and roaring down upon you, while the Christ soars forth into a torrent of angels, whirled up into heaven till you are lost ten times over.[2] And then to see his touch of quiet thought in his awful Crucifixion. There is an *ass* in the distance, feeding on the remains of palm leaves. If that isn't a master's stroke, I know not what is.[3] As for painting, I think I didn't know what it meant till to-day; the fellow outlines you your figure with ten strokes, and colours it with as many more. I don't believe it took him ten minutes to invent and paint a whole length. Away he goes, heaping host on host, multitudes that no man can number—never pausing, never repeating himself. Clouds and whirlwinds and fire and infinity of earth and sea, all alike to him. And then the noble fellow has put in Titian on horseback at one side of his great picture, and himself at the other, but he has made Titian principal. This is the way great men are with each other: no jealousy there. I am going to calculate the number of feet square he has covered with mind in Venice; there are more than 4000 square feet in three of his pictures, and I have seen about 60 large and small—no, many more it must be, but I am afraid to say how many. I am going back to-day (Thursday, 24th) to set to work on them in earnest, one by one.

Sept. 25.—Is this really the 25th? I don't know at all what to

[1] See below, pp. 205, 272–273, 278.
[2] See *Stones of Venice* (Venetian index, *s.* "Rocco, Scuola di San," No. 10).
[3] See below, pp. 127, 270–271, 305, 354.

> do. I am so divided between Tintoret and the Grand Canal. I had a good two hours' sit before him this morning, and it did me mighty good and made me feel bigger, taken up into him as it were. I am in a great hurry now to try my hand at painting a real, downright, big oil picture. I think I am up to a dodge or two that I wasn't, and I must have some tries in it. Tintoret has shown me how to paint leaves. My word, he does *leave* them with a vengeance. I think you would like to see how he does the trunk, too, with two strokes; one for the light side and one for the dark side, all the way down; and then on go the leaves: never autumn swept them off as he sweeps them on; and then to see his colossal straws; and his sublime rush-bottomed chairs; and his stupendous donkey in the Flight into Egypt—such a donkey, such a donkey, with ears that look as if they heard the Massacre of the Innocents going on in Palestine all the way from Egypt; and well he might if it had been Tintoret's instead of Herod's. I looked at it to-day till I heard the women shriek—there they are—tumbling all over each other, executioners' swords and all—one mass of desperation and agony, nothing disgusting, nothing indecent, no blood, no cutting of throats; but the most fearful heap of human grief and madness and struggle that ever man's mind conceived.

The rush and enthusiasm of Ruskin's new discoveries are even more striking in these first impressions, than in the more deliberate descriptions based upon them. One sees how true of his own case is what he says in this volume of correct taste generally: it is "for ever growing, learning, reading, worshipping, laying its hand upon its mouth because it is astonished."[1]

Ruskin's mind was now well stored; his heart was full, and he turned homewards to write the book in which—with complete conviction and full confidence of his power to make others share it—he set himself to expound the principles he had evolved, and to interpret the art he had learnt to understand. He reached Dover on Nov. 4, 1845. The volume appeared in the following April. By comparing the first draft with the final form, or by noting the allusions in the book to things seen during the tour of 1845, we may be sure that all the latter portion was written during or after the tour, and that most of the rest was during the same period recast. In one sense the volume took Ruskin three years to write; in another, it must have been written in some six months.

The volume was published on April 24, 1846, by which time Ruskin, on whom the strain of its composition had told severely, was once more abroad. The favourable reception of his work was now well assured, and

[1] Sec. i. ch. iii. § 11, p. 60, below.

the publishers (Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.) had "accepted the book on J. J. Ruskin's terms (so his wife wrote), for they had already reported it as called for by the public."[1] *Modern Painters* was beginning also to attract attention in America, where its readers were destined to be more numerous even than in Great Britain.[2] The first volume, it will be remembered, was going into a third edition, and the author was becoming a literary celebrity. He records in his diary with some pride that in 1844 he was invited to the Private View at the Academy—not then so accessible as now, and was there honoured by the company of Rogers:—

> *May* 2, 1844.—A memorable day; my first private view of the Royal Academy. I stayed to the very last, and shall scarcely forget the dream-like sensation of finding myself with Rogers the poet—not a soul beside ourselves in the great rooms of the Academy.

Rogers made the tour of the pictures with him, and he records some of his dry remarks. The identity of the "Graduate" was by this time an open secret in many literary circles, and some of Ruskin's drawings which had been exhibited added to his reputation. "It happened to us within the last few weeks," wrote one of the reviewers, "to be a guest at a meeting of the Graphic Society, where some drawings from the pencil of the gentleman to whom the authorship of this work is ascribed were exhibited, and on that occasion a member of the Royal Academy, after examining one of the subjects with much attention, exclaimed in our hearing—'The man who can draw like that may write anything he pleases upon art.'"[3]

The second volume, therefore, could count on a respectful hearing, and favourable reviews were not long in making their appearance. "The press notices," says Ruskin, were "either cautious or complimentary,—none, to the best of my memory, contemptuous."[4] Some exception must be made here, as we shall see,[5] but the general tone of the reviewers was certainly favourable. Many of the Quarterly Reviews—then more numerous and influential than now—took the occasion of the nearly simultaneous appearance of volume ii. and a third edition of volume i. to notice the two together. The second volume was especially praised. Thus the *Foreign Quarterly Review* (July 1846, pp. 380–416), in a notice with long extracts of the two volumes, remarked that in the latter the author "speaks in a tone of maturer judgment, and greater modesty; is less

[1] W. G. Collingwood's *Life of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 105.

[2] The third edition of the first volume was reprinted at New York in 1847; for a review of it, see *North American Review*, No. 138 (January 1848).

[3] *Church of England Quarterly Review*, July 1846, p. 205.

[4] *Præterita*, ii. ch. x. § 192.

[5] Below, pp. xlii.–xliii.

bent upon making out a case for a client, than on extracting the principles of art." The review was critical in many respects, but "we are prepared emphatically to declare," said the writer in conclusion, "that his work is the most valuable contribution towards a proper view of painting, its purpose and means, that has come within our knowledge." The *North British Review* (February 1847, pp. 401–430) wrote:—

"This is a very extraordinary and a very delightful book, full of truth and goodness, of power and beauty. If genius may be considered (and it is as serviceable a definition as is current) that power by which one man produces, for the use or the pleasure of his fellow-men, something at once new and true, then have we here its unmistakable and inestimable handiwork. . . . The book gave us wings, opened new doors into heaven, brought the country into the town, made the invisible seen, the distance near."

Another quarterly of the time, *The Ecclesiastic* (April 1847, pp. 212–222), after praising the style of the second volume—"formed," as the reviewer rightly surmised, "chiefly upon that of Hooker"—said:—

"This book, though clever and brilliant, is not only so: and it will survive many born with it and before it. It will live long; and more than this, it will bear fruit, and its influence will make itself seen. It has one feature which is rare in the present day: it is, as we have said, a work of enthusiasm: we have in it the heart, as well as the head of the author. . . . The writer's love and devotion are not wasted. They will find their reward in kindling kindred flames in others, and securing a rich tribute of homage and sympathy, which nothing else receives besides true and original genius."

The *Church of England Quarterly*[1] (July 1846, vol. xx. pp. 205–214), in recalling and justifying its high praise of the first volume, found in the second "a more elevated tone":—

"The poetry of the first volume had more of the dash and sparkle, but without the power, of the mountain cataract; the poetry of the second has the solemn depth and volume of the broad and vast river. . . . Without reference to the age or position of the author, it is one of the most marvellous productions of modern times; but when we consider the fact, very generally understood, that the writer is a very young man, and in circumstances which render the ordinary rewards and stimulants of authorship valueless, we know not which more to admire, the vigour, purity, and ripeness of thought, which

[1] Other favourable reviews appeared in the *British Quarterly Review* (May 1847, pp. 469–486), and the *Prospective Review* (May 1847, pp. 213–225). In the *Western Miscellany: a Journal of Literature, Science, Antiquities, and Art for the West of England*, a series of four expository articles with highly appreciative comments (by George Wightwick) was devoted to the two volumes (1849, pp. 11–19, 35–43, 67–75, 99–107).

have combined to produce such a work; or the noble, generous, and fearless devotion of those high powers to prove that art is only to be valued as it shall contribute to the glory of Him who is the source of all power, harmony, and beauty."

The weekly and daily press was also on the whole favourable. Thus the *English Gentleman* (May 2, 1846), after similarly remarking on the growing impression made by the first volume, declared the second to rise "infinitely higher," and to be "all thought from beginning to end":—

"Indeed we question if any but a high order of mind will embrace the full grandeur of its design, or follow the masterly analysis by which the propositions are elucidated. . . . The more one reads the book the more it fascinates. The style of diction, the analysis, the clearness of perception, and the steady momentum of thought, remind one of Bacon: the bursts of Christian eloquence, with which, by a strange, yet harmonious connection, the argument is here and there illustrated and enforced, savour of Jeremy Taylor; but the high and lofty tone, the deep enthusiasm, the association of religion with art on principles intelligible to this age,—these are the author's own; and together with the fund of deep observation and practical knowledge which the book displays, they render it one of the most original and remarkable productions of what, till the author's views prevail, must still be called æsthetic criticism."

The *Britannia*, too, which had been very complimentary to the first volume[1] found "additional force" in the second (June 6, 1843). The *Weekly Chronicle* (May 16, 1846), while refusing to surrender Gaspar Poussin, or even "the ruffian Salvator" to the slaughter, commended the volume "to all true lovers of the beautiful":—

"The writer," said the reviewer, "is a painter, as well as a poet; he knows the details as well as the generalities of his subject, and no man can read him without gaining ideas. . . . It is a real delight in this age of commercialism and utilitarianism to meet with a man who can talk of nature with the love he does, and who can defend so chivalrously the spiritual against the material,—the imponderable beauties of creation against those gross realities which everywhere so much prevail."

The second volume did not, however, escape some contempt and abuse. The *Athenæum* (July 25, 1846, No. 978, pp. 765–767) represented that the author had been converted by its former strictures from his Turner mania—a point to which Ruskin replied in the third edition of the first volume,[2] and returned to the charge with a copious vocabulary of abuse against his new production. "Flowers of Billingsgate," "brick-bats,"

[1] See Vol. III. p. xxxvii.
[2] See Vol. III. p. 630.

"Kennel-water," "eructations of idle wind," were among the critical amenities which it bestowed upon the Graduate, with whom, however, it parted on a note of mingled praise and blame. "Never," said the reviewer, "did we see such acuteness and confusedness of mind—such power and impotence—such trains of error and of truest deduction—such pure taste and perverted judgment—such high and low feeling for art—we must add, such an elevated and vulgarian spirit of criticism—evinced in any treatise pretending to legislate upon Æsthetics." Another review, barely less unfavourable, appeared in the *Daily News* (June 22, 1846), which found in the volume "child's play and fiddle-faddle," "subserviency of thoughts to words," and "high-sounding and somewhat lengthy and involved periods." The writer acknowledged that "the volume is evidently the work of a man of no ordinary talent and elevation of sentiment"; but he made a somewhat unlucky shot in adding that the Graduate "must first learn to see with his own eyes; at present he sees pictures and everything else through the medium of books."[1]

The volume which was thus received is in style, no less than in contents, different from its predecessor. The manner at which Ruskin aimed in the second volume is described in the letter to Liddell of October 1844.[2] He sought to eschew "the pamphleteer manner," and to attain a more "serious, quiet, earnest and simple manner." "The calmer tone of the second volume . . . resulted," he afterwards said, "from the simple fact that the first was written in great haste and indignation, for a special purpose and time;—the second, after I had got engaged, almost unawares, in inquiries which could not be hastily nor indignantly pursued."[3] He was now dealing with arguments of high philosophy, and he sought elevation and dignity of language. In theory he was opposed to any tricks of style which departed from simplicity; he explains his point of view in a letter here printed in an Appendix.[4] In practice, however, he fell into some mannerisms—afterwards exposed unmercifully by himself.[5] He had been sent to Hooker by his old tutor, Osborne Gordon,[6] and imitation led him into affectations,—"in the notion," as he elsewhere says, "of returning as far as I could to what I

[1] Ruskin's father refers to this review in a letter to W. H. Harrison (Genoa, July 14, 1846): "I see C. Dickens's paper has a shot at *M. P.*, vol. 2. There are heavier shots than this likely to come. The Utilitarians and Jesters must have a kick at their opponent at any rate." Dickens had by this time resigned the editorship to John Forster.

[2] See Vol. III. p. 668.

[3] *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. Appendix 11.

[4] See Appendix iii., p. 390.

[5] See, *e.g.*, notes on pp. 50, 93, 94, 111.

[6] *Præterita*, ii. ch. x. § 184.

thought the better style of old English literature."[1] The second volume contains throughout high thought wedded to stately language; it includes many purple passages which are favourites in books of selections; and it sustains, hardly with a break, a note of dignity. But probably Ruskin's own verdict is likely to stand: the style of the second volume is too self-conscious; it was an experiment rather than a development; "it was not," he says, "my proper style."[2]

In subject-matter this volume of *Modern Painters*, though marred by some faults—by no one more mercilessly exposed than by the author himself in his notes to the revised edition of 1883—occupies a central place in Ruskin's system. It sets forth the spiritual as opposed to the sensual theory of art. It expresses what he elsewhere calls "the first and foundational law respecting human contemplation of the natural phenomena under whose influence we exist, that they can only be seen with their properly belonging joy, and interpreted up to the measure of proper human intelligence, where they are accepted as the work and the gift of a Living Spirit greater than our own."[3] The book, as he states,[4] had two objects. First, to "explain the nature of that quality of beauty which I now saw to exist through all the happy conditions of living organism"—to explain its nature, and to explain also the theoretic faculty of Admiration by which it may be apprehended.[5] And, secondly, to explain the school of Angelico at Florence, and of Tintoret at Venice. Its effect in this latter respect, which alone can be measured with any precision, was sure and speedy. It turned the taste of the age to the primitives. The acquisition for the National Gallery of many early Italian pictures—a policy which Ruskin advocated strenuously in a letter to the *Times* in 1847[6]—is an illustration of this conversion of taste and interest. The foundation and work of the Arundel Society are another. Of this Society, established in 1849 and dissolved in 1897, Ruskin was from the first a member of the Council, other members being his friends Liddell, Newton, and Oldfield.[7] The original prospectus of the Society, after referring to the importance of meeting a revived interest in art by suitable instruction, remarks—as if in echo of passages of this volume—that "the materials for such instruction are abundant, but scattered, little accessible, and, in some instances, passing away. Of the frescoes of Giotto, Orcagna, Ghirlandajo, much which has never been delineated, nor even properly described, is rapidly perishing."

[1] *Sesame and Lilies*, 1871, preface, § 1.
[2] *Love's Meinie*, § 130.
[3] *Deucalion*, ii. ch. ii. ("Revision") § 2.
[4] *Præterita*, ii. ch. x. § 183.
[5] Cf. *The Art of England*, § 38.
[6] See *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, i. 62–66 (reprinted in a later volume of this edition).
[7] See *Præterita*, ii. ch. viii.

Among the undertakings announced as under consideration was the engraving of many of the works of art mentioned by Ruskin in his second volume—such as "the architecture and sculpture of the Spina Chapel at Pisa" (see p. 39), "the pulpit in S. Andrea at Pistoja" (p. 300), "the frescoes of Benozzo Gozzoli in the chapel of the Riccardi Palace at Florence" (p. 320), and "the works of Tintoretto in the Scuola di San Rocco at Venice" (pp. 268, 270, 272, 274). The water-colour copies of works of art made for the Society, and reproduced by it in chromo-lithography, were on its dissolution presented to the National Gallery. The reader who examines the collection there will see how many of the works to which Ruskin called attention in this volume were selected by the Society for record.[1]

Nor was the volume less successful in establishing the fame of Tintoret. It has been well pointed out that Ruskin had come to Venice in a right mood to appreciate the sweep and grandeur of Tintoretto's genius. "Fresh from the stormy grandeur of the St. Gothard, he found the lurid skies and looming giants of the Visitation, or the Baptism, or the Crucifixion, re-echoing the subjects of Turner as 'deep answering to deep.'"[2] Between Turner and Tintoret there is, indeed, both spiritual and technical affinity. "Greater imagination, a grander impressionism and conception, and a more burning zeal, rather than a faithful adherence to the traditions of the schools, was Tintoretto's message to the ages."[3] It was the message that Turner also conveyed, and there is reason for thinking that in the mighty Venetian he had recognised a kindred spirit.[4] It was part of Ruskin's mission to reveal the genius of both painters to the modern world. He justly claims, in the Epilogue to this volume and elsewhere,[5] that he disclosed the supremacy of Tintoret, who had fallen almost into neglect[6] until

[1] *e.g.*, Fra Angelico's frescoes in S. Marco, and Ghirlandajo's in S. Maria Novella. For Ruskin's testimony to the work of the Society, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. ch. v. § 6, and *Ariadne Florentina*, § 244. For it he wrote two monographs—*Giotto and his Works in Padua* and *Monuments of the Cavalli Family*.

[2] W. G. Collingwood's *Life of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 104. Compare Ruskin's letter to Burne-Jones below, p. 356.

[3] J. B. Stoughton Holborn's *Tintoretto*, 1903, p. 90.

[4] "Samuel Rogers used to tell the following story. He was on his way to Italy immediately after the peace that followed the downfall of Napoleon, and he met several artists returning from that country. The first was Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Rogers put the question to him, 'What do you think the finest picture you have seen in Italy?' After slight hesitation, he replied, '*The Miracle of St. Mark*, by Tintoretto.' Rogers then said, 'The next painter I met was Turner, and I put the same question to him. Without a moment's hesitation he said, 'Tintoretto'" (*Reminiscences of Frederick Goodall, R.A.*, 1902, p. 37)

[5] Epilogue, § 13, p. 355; *Præterita*, i. ch. ix. §§ 183–184; *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 61 and 67.

[6] That is, among critics and the general public. That artists appreciated Tintoret we have already seen. The following tribute by Etty may be added. Writing

this volume and the third of *The Stones of Venice* were published. In this respect, as also in winning better recognition for the school of Fra Angelico, the second volume of *Modern Painters* assuredly did not miss its mark. Ruskin refers in *The Stones of Venice*[1]—with "astonishment and indignation"—to the notice of Tintoret in Kugler's *Handbook of Painting*, then and for many years to come the recognised authority in such matters. The note added to later editions of the *Handbook* is significant of the efficacy of Ruskin's championship:—

"The remarks in the text upon Tintoretto have been retained, although they do scant justice to that great master, whose works are now better known and more fully understood and appreciated in England, principally through the eloquent writings of Mr. Ruskin. It may be asserted with confidence that no painter has excelled him in nobility and grandeur of conception, and few in poetic intention."[2]

To like effect testifies Mr. W. M. Rossetti:—

"The writer who has done by far the most to establish the fame of Tintoret at the height which it ought to occupy is Professor Ruskin in his *Stones of Venice* and other books; the depth and scope of the master's power had never before been adequately brought out, although his extraordinary and somewhat arbitrarily used executive gift was acknowledged."[3]

Mr. Charles Eliot Norton has well said that the chapters in this volume on Imagination, with their "illustrations of the theme drawn from the works . . . of Tintoret, the artist endowed above all others with imaginative power," . . . "form an unrivalled text-book for the student of the nobler qualities of the art. This section of the book," he adds, "in its setting forth of the function of the imaginative faculty in pictorial art, may well be compared with Wordsworth's *Prefaces* in their study of the same faculty as displayed in poetry. Wordsworth's and Ruskin's treatises are mutually complementary;[4] and they afford a body of doctrine admirably fitted to enlighten, enlarge, and elevate the understanding of

to Lawrence from Venice in 1823, he says: "*You*, I am sure, must have been much struck with the Tintorets here; in the Academy, Ducal Palace, etc.; his Last Judgment, Crucifixion, small St. Agnes. What a glorious group that is we see at the foot of the Cross! Really, for composition, for pathos, appropriate and harmonious combination of hues, and great executive power, I have never seen it excelled, rarely equalled. The poetry of his Last Judgment, the hues, the teeming richness of composition,—figures whirled in all possibilities of action and foreshortening,—excite astonishment at his powers that does not easily subside" (Alexander Gilchrist's *Life of Etty*, i. 169).

[1] Introductory remarks to Venetian Index.

[2] Fifth edition, 1887, ii. p. 612.

[3] *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 9th ed., xx. p. 611.

[4] See below, p. 299, where Ruskin himself refers to Wordsworth's *Preface*.

the reader in its appreciation of the work and worth of the most precious and loftiest of human powers."[1]

To trace the effect of the volume in what was to Ruskin its main purpose and function—namely, its theory of the spiritual quality of beauty—admits of no such precise measurement. Like the first volume, it influenced deeply many of the best minds of the day.[2] It preached the dignity of art,[3] and in doing so it struck many a responsive chord in artists of high purpose,[4] and—like the many other utterances from the same pen which succeeded it—contributed something to elevate the standards of production and taste.[5] But other ideas and ideals of art arose in later days, and Ruskin came to doubt whether the theory of its spiritual quality and function had left much mark upon the world.

Ruskin's feelings in this matter must be referred to in some detail, in order to explain the subsequent history of the second volume. This follows in the main that of *Modern Painters* generally, as already told.[6] The second volume was reprinted in 1848, 1851, 1856, and 1869; it was included, of course, in the new edition of 1873.[7] He was averse from the republication of the book, and was especially out of humour with this second volume. He had outgrown its theological standpoint; he was ashamed of its sectarian narrowness;[8] and he was displeased by its affectations of style. Hence, when contemplating a revised series of his

[1] Introduction to the "Brantwood edition" of the separate issue of *Modern Painters*, vol. ii., New York, 1891, pp. ix.–x.

[2] See Vol. III. pp. xxxvii.–xli.

[3] See especially sec. i. ch. i. § 2, p. 26.

[4] "There is a passage in the second volume of *Modern Painters* [sec. i. ch. xv. § 12, p. 217], 'Theoria the Service of Heaven,' which I have chanted to myself in many a lonely lane, and which interprets many thoughts I have had" (*Letters of James Smetham*, p. 7).

[5] The testimony of the leading journal in an article on the day following Ruskin's death, is worth recording in this connection. "He constructed an ideal for the artist as well as an ideal of art. He showed the artistic profession that it has a mission like the pulpit. He inculcated upon it self-respect because its art is worthy of respect. If sometimes he bade the public look in a picture gallery for qualities it had no particular right to seek for there, he obliged it at least to use its eyes and test its judgment. Artists have not been tender in their retorts upon their critic. They may be excused for a sense of hurt at his frequent caprices, and at his unmeasured severity. They must not be unmindful that they owe the fuller recognition of their title to public admiration and public patronage in no small degree to the blaze of glory with which his meteoric pen has invested their whole vocation. Every painter has risen in stature by virtue of John Ruskin's vindication of the heights to which English art must, and English artists may, aspire" (*Times*, Jan. 22, 1900).

[6] See Vol. III. pp. xlvi.–l.

[7] For particulars of the separate editions, see Bibliographical Note below, p. liii.; for editions of the complete work, Vol. III. pp. lviii.–lxi.

[8] See, *e.g.*, *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 76, and, in this volume, notes of 1883 on pp. 61, 110, 199.

Works in 1870–1871, he excluded the second volume of *Modern Painters* from its scope.[1] Subsequently, however, he selected that very volume for separate and special republication. What caused Ruskin to change his mind was, firstly, the rise of the so-called æsthetic craze, with which by the ignorant he was sometimes himself connected; and, next, the constraint he felt to reinforce the system of "natural philosophy and natural theology," which he had accepted as the basis of his teaching and which had come to be assailed on so many sides. He had intended, he says, "never to have reprinted the second volume of *Modern Painters;*" but "I find now," he added, "that the 'general student' has plunged into such abysses, not of analytic, but of dissolytic,—dialytic—or even diarrhœic—lies, belonging to the sooty and sensual elements of his London and Paris life, that however imperfectly or dimly done, the higher analysis of that early work of mine ought at least to be put within his reach; and the fact, somehow, enforced upon him, that there were people before *he* lived, who knew what 'æsthesis' meant, though they did not think that pigs' flavouring of pigs'-wash was ennobled by giving it that Greek name: and that there were also people who knew what vital beauty meant, though they did not seek it either in the model-room, or the Parc aux Cerfs."[2] To the same effect, is the note added in 1883 to the first chapter of this volume (see p. 35), in protest against the "æsthetic" folly "which in recent days has made art at once the corruption, and the jest, of the vulgar world." Similarly, Ruskin felt impelled to republish his second volume as a protest against "so many baseless semblances of philosophy," and a vindication of the Faith "in the creating Spirit, as the source of Beauty."[3]

Accordingly in 1882 Ruskin prepared, and in the following year published, a new and revised edition of this second volume. Particulars of it will be found in the Bibliographical Note (p. liv.), and all matter added in it is incorporated in this edition—see the Preface (pp. 3–9); the Introductory Note to the second section (pp. 219–222); the author's footnotes —distinguished by the addition of "[1883]"—*passim;* and the Epilogue (pp. 343–357). Ruskin had come to feel, then, in the end that he had builded better than he knew, and that the volume, which he had thought of discarding, might yet be of special value in its time. "Looking back," he said at Oxford of *Modern Painters,* "I find that though all its Turner work was right and good, the essential business of the book was quite beyond that, and one I had never thought of. I had been as a faithful scribe, writing words I knew not the force of or final intent. I find now

[1] See *Sesame and Lilies,* 1871, Preface, § 2.
[2] *Love's Meinie* (1881), § 130.
[3] *Deucalion* (ii. ch. ii. "Revision," §§ 1–4), published in 1883.

the main value of the book to be exactly in that systematic scheme of it which I had despised, and in the very adoption and insistence upon the Greek term Theoria, instead of sight or perception, in which I had thought myself perhaps uselessly or affectedly refined."[1]

The *text* of the volume is that last revised by the author, *i.e.*, that of the edition of 1883. The re-numbering of chapters adopted in that edition has, however, for reasons stated below (p. lv.), not been adopted here; and one or two notes, which were omitted in that edition (published, as we have seen, for special purposes), have been restored (see pp. 37, 97, 131). One or two mistakes left uncorrected in the 1883 edition, but marked in Ruskin's own copy, have here been rectified (see pp. 146, 152). All the editions have been collated, and the variations are noted. The second volume was not, however, so largely revised by the author as was the first; so that the number of substantial and interesting variations, here noted underneath the text, is fewer, while that of minor variations, consigned to an appendix (pp. 396–399), is proportionately larger in this volume than in its predecessor.

The *manuscripts*, etc., of this volume to which the editors have had access are voluminous and interesting. They are fully described in Appendix I. (pp. 361–383). They fall under three heads: (1) materials for the first draft of the volume, and (2) the MS. of the volume in its published form. Several additional passages from the former source, and one from the latter, are printed in the Appendix; they were carefully written, and were discarded by the author not as inadequate, but owing to changes in the scheme of the volume. Particular attention may be called to a beautiful description of a storm at Chamouni (pp. 363–365), and to the notes for a chapter or chapters on Terror as an element of the Sublime (pp. 371–378). Ruskin's careful preservation of his first draft enables us also to trace with more or less precision the stages through which the volume passed on its way to final publication. The later MS. is also described in the Appendix (pp. 381–383); it has been further used in the annotation of the text, in order to illustrate the author's habits of revision and compression (see, *e.g.*, pp. 36, 218). When "the MS." is referred to in notes on the text, it means, unless otherwise stated, this later MS. (3) Thirdly, an additional chapter (pp. 384–389), and some "Supplementary Notes" (pp. 378–381) are here printed from MSS. preserved by Ruskin at Brantwood (see p. 383).

[1] Second lecture of the course "Readings in *Modern Painters*" (Nov. 8, 1877).

The *illustrations* introduced in this edition have for the most part not before been published, and are, with one exception, from drawings by the author. They fall into three classes, according as they are (*a*) drawings of places described in the volume, (*b*) studies belonging to the date of the book, or (*c*) copies by the author of works of art referred to by Ruskin.

It will be seen that he was much and painfully impressed by the destruction, called restoration, of ancient buildings during his Continental tour of 1845. Several of the drawings here given are of buildings which were then, or have since, suffered in that way.

To the destruction of the little church of Sta. Maria della Spina at Pisa (No. 4) reference will be found at p. 136, below. Ruskin's drawing (13 × 19), in pencil and white, was made in November 1840. It is at Brantwood.

To the scraping of the "Interior Court of the Ducal Palace" (No. 2) he refers in a letter to his father in 1845, cited at p. 41, below. He there refers to "the part I drew": see also p. 343, below. The drawing in question (pencil and sepia), here reproduced, was made in 1841. It is in the Ruskin Drawing School at Oxford (Reference Series, No. 64).

Three other architectural sketches belong to the year 1845. The "Exterior of the Ducal Palace" (No. 9) is in the Reference Series (No. 67). "The traceries," says Ruskin, in the *Catalogue of the Reference Series*, "are drawn to scale with care, and cannot be photographed from this point, as the view is taken from the water."

The "study of the marble inlaying on the front of Casa Loredan, Venice" (No. 8) is from a water-colour drawing of the same year, also in the Ruskin School at Oxford (Rudimentary Series, No. 22).

The "San Michele, Lucca" (No. 1), also sketched in 1845, shows a lateral view of the façade of the destroyed church as it appeared in that year. Another view is given in Vol. III. (Plate 1), where the building is described (p. 206 *n.*). The present drawing is No. 85 in the Educational Series of the Ruskin Drawing School.

As a sample of Ruskin's studies of landscape at this period, the "Stone Pine at Sestri" is given (No. 12). To this he refers in the Epilogue to the present volume (§ 4, p. 346, below). In a letter to his father (April 30, 1845), he says:—

> "I have been working all day like a horse, and have got a most valuable study of stone pine; rock to sit on, under the shade of an ilex, no wind, air all that's right."

The drawing is No. 22 in the Educational Series at Oxford.

The "Study of the Sea-Horse of Venice (actual size)" is of later date. It is here introduced (No. 5), because it is referred to in the text (see p. 154 *n.*). The original drawing by Ruskin, in pencil, is No. 43 in the Rudimentary Series at Oxford. The engraving here given was made some thirty years ago by Mr. George Allen, from the drawing by Ruskin, for publication in an intended "Oxford Art School Series."

The last group of illustrations consists of Ruskin's copies of, or studies from, works referred to in *Modern Painters*. To the drawings which he made in the Campo Santo at Pisa in 1845 he refers in the Epilogue to this volume (§ 8, p. 350, below, and see p. xxx., above). Most of the drawings there mentioned have not been found among Ruskin's collections; but one, "Abraham Parting from the Angels," is at Oxford[1] and is here reproduced (No. 10); it is of the greater interest from Ruskin's description of this portion of Benozzo Gozzoli's fresco in a letter to his father (see above, p. xxx., and *cf.* p. 316, below).

The other illustrations are from Ruskin's sketches from Tintoret's "Adoration of the Magi" (in the Scuola di San Rocco, Venice); these sketches are referred to in *Præterita*, ii. ch. vii. § 144. The picture is described in *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Venetian Index, *s.* "Rocco, Scuola di San," No. 2), and referred to in *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. vii. §§ 2, 3. The studies are here introduced as the only examples now available of Ruskin's work upon Tintoret in 1845 which bore so much fruit in the present volume. The drawings are at Herne Hill. No. 6, a sketch of the whole composition, is from a drawing in colour (28 × 40); No. 7, a study of the figures of the King and Attendants, is from a drawing in pencil and brush (13 × 20). No. 11, a study of the cherubs, is from a drawing in pencil ($14\frac{1}{2} \times 21\frac{1}{2}$).

The *frontispiece* is again, as in Vol. II., from a drawing of Chamouni, where, as will be seen, this second volume of *Modern Painters* had its birth (Appendix i., p. 363). The drawing is described in the Epilogue (§ 4, p. 345, below), and is here reproduced by kind permission of its owner, Lady Simon.

The *facsimile* of Ruskin's manuscript here given (between pp. 364–365) is from the Allen (now Pierpont Morgan) MS., described in Appendix i. (p. 361). The passage has not before been published.

E. T. C.

[1] Placed by Ruskin in his latest re-arrangement in the Educational Series, but not numbered or noticed in the printed catalogues.

Bibliographical Note.—Editions of the whole of *Modern Painters*, and selections from the various volumes, have already been enumerated in the Bibliographical Note to volume i. of the work. Here enumeration is made only of the separate editions of volume ii.

First Edition (1846).—The title-page was as follows :—

> Modern Painters. | Volume II. | Containing | Part III. | Sections 1 and 2. | Of the Imaginative and Theoretic Faculties | By a Graduate of Oxford | (*Quotation* from Wordsworth, as in vol. i.) | London : | Smith, Elder & Co., 65 Cornhill. | 1846.

Imperial 8vo, pp. xvi. + 217. For the increase of the size of the page, see above, p. xi. On p. v. was the Dedication (here on p. ix.); on pp. vii.–viii. the Advertisement (here p. xi.); Contents, pp. ix.–xvi.; Text, pp. 1–215; Addenda, pp. 216–217 (see here, pp. 36–37, 69–70, 121, 341–342). On the reverse of p. 217 there was the following list of Errata :—

> Pages 35, 37, 39 in headlines, *for* of unity, *read* of infinity.
> ,, 60, in side note, *for* Arts, *read* Art.
> ,, 92, line 8, *for* distinctiveness, *read* destructiveness.
> ,, 109, the extract from Wordsworth should read thus :—
> " In such high hour
> Of visitation from the Living God
> Thought was not."[1]
> ,, 126, line 15, *for* Corn, *read* Born.
> ,, 131, ,, 24, *for* steps, *read* stops.
> ,, 142, ,, 7, *for* Chamouix, *read* Chamonix.
> ,, 147. ,, 18, *for* imaginative, *read* unimaginative.
> ,, 151, ,, 17, *for* alternation, *read* alteration.

Issued on April 24, 1846, in green ornamental cloth boards, uniform with the third ed. of volume i. (see Vol. III. of this ed., p. lvii.). Price, 10s. 6d.

Second Edition (1848).—Title-page identical with first edition, except that the date is altered, and the words "Second Edition" are added below the quotation : pp. xvi. + 220. The text occupies pp. 1–213, and the Addenda pp. 215–220. These Addenda were new notes (see, here, pp. 333–341). Issued on January 1, 1849, in the same coloured boards and at the same price as the first edition. The text was considerably revised throughout (see, *e.g.*, pp. 52, 57, 61, 132, 137, 147, 149, 150, 190, 208, 215, 302, 307).

Third Edition (1851).—The alterations of the title-page are (1) "By John Ruskin, | Author of "The Stones of Venice," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," | etc., etc.," instead of "By a Graduate of Oxford"; (2) "Third Edition, revised by the author," instead of "Second Edition"; (3) new date. Issued in October 1851 in the same style and at the same price as the previous editions. The text was again revised throughout, but the alterations were not very important.

[1] [In the text the first two lines had been quoted as one line.]

Fourth Edition (1856).—Issued February 15; except for the number of the edition, and the date on the title-page, this was a reprint of the third edition. Price and binding as before.

Fifth Edition (1869).—Again a reprint of the third, except for the above-mentioned alterations and the substitution of the publisher's new address, "15 Waterloo Place." Price and binding as before.

Re-arranged Edition in two volumes (1883).—For the circumstances of this re-issue, see above, p. xlviii. The title-page was as follows:—

> Modern Painters. | Volume II. | "Of Ideas of Beauty," | and | "Of the Imaginative Faculty." | By John Ruskin, LL.D., | Honorary Student of Christ Church, Oxford; Honorary Fellow of | Corpus Christi College, Oxford; and Slade Professor, | of Fine Art, Oxford. | (*Quotation* from Wordsworth.) | Re-arranged in two volumes, and revised | By the Author. | Vol. I. (Vol. II.) | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent | 1883 | [*All rights reserved*].

Of this edition, vol. i. contained pp. xx.+360; vol. ii., pp. v.+248. Issued in April 1883, crown 8vo, in violet cloth boards, with white-paper black label, 10s. the two volumes. Two thousand copies were printed.

The first of these volumes contains a new preface (here, pp. 3–9), and Part III. Section I. of the one-volume edition, re-arranged with various additional notes; the second contains a long Introductory Note (here, pp. 219–222); Part III. Section II. of the one-volume edition, re-arranged with various additional notes; the Addenda; and an Epilogue (here, pp. 343–357). All the new matter of the two-volume edition was included in vol. ii. of the "Complete Edition" (1888), the new notes being given at the end; in this edition they are given below the text. The arrangement of sections and chapters was changed in the 1883 edition, as will be seen by comparing the Synopsis of Contents as reprinted below (pp. 11–21) with the following divisions in the 1883 edition:—

(Vol. I. Contents:—)

PART II.[1]

Of Ideas of Beauty.

SECTION I.

Of the Theoretic Faculty.

(Chs. 1–4 of the one-vol. edition.)

SECTION II.

Of Typical Beauty.

(Chs. 1–7, being chs. 5–11 of the one-vol. ed.)

SECTION III.

Of Vital Beauty.

(Chs. 1–4, being chs. 12–15 of the one-vol. ed.)

[1] This was a mistake for Part III., there having already been a Part II. in the first volume of the Work.

(Vol. II. Contents :—)

PART III.

Of the Imaginative Faculty.

(Chs. 1–5, being chs. 1–5 of Section II. of the one-vol. ed.).

This was perhaps an improved arrangement, but it has been thought better in this edition to retain the former arrangement, as more familiar, and also as agreeing (in the numbering of the *Parts*) with that of the other volumes of the work.

Re-issues of the Re-arranged Edition.—There have been no changes in the text. A *second* edition, similar to the first, was issued in May 1885. For a *third* (June 1888) the type was reset and the pagination altered (vol. i. 357 pp. instead of 360; vol. ii., 245 instead of 248); this was issued in dark green cloth. The collation of the *fourth* (May 1891), *fifth* (October 1893), and *sixth* (October 1896) editions agrees with the third. The price remained the same throughout, and of each edition 2000 copies were printed. In July 1897 the price was reduced to 5s., and the two volumes were bound in one cover.

An authorised *American edition* of the re-arranged edition of 1883 appeared in New York in 1891, with an introduction (pp. v.–x.) by Charles Eliot Norton.

MODERN PAINTERS

VOLUME II

PREFACE

TO THE RE-ARRANGED EDITION (1883)

1. My reasons for this carefully revised reprint of the second volume of *Modern Painters*, after so often declaring that I would reprint none of the book except the pieces relating to natural history, are given in the eighth number of *Deucalion*:[1] and I will only say farther here that many and many a time during the revision, I wished I had persisted in my old resolution; not in the mere wounded vanity of an old author looking back on his earliest essays, but in much shame, and some indignation, at finding the most solemn of all subjects of human thought handled at once with the presumption of a youth, and the affectation of an anonymous writer.

2. But that the confession of faults might be complete, I have made no attempt to amend the text. Not a word is omitted; and, I believe, only three or four changed, which were too obscure, or evidently at the time inadvertent.[2] A few, now useless, notes, referring to buildings since destroyed, or pictures carried away from their homes to Berlin or St. Petersburg, have been cancelled,—and a few pedantic ones shortened; while the parts of the text which needed contradiction, or correction, have been dealt with as they occurred, in notes distinguished from the old ones by being placed within marks of parenthesis.[3]

[1] [In ch. ii. ("Revision") of vol. ii. as *Deucalion*, issued in May 1883. See above, Introduction, p. xlviii.]

[2] [A few words in one sentence, omitted (possibly by accident) in the 1883 edition, are here restored (see p. 158). For words inserted and expressions altered, see pp. 29, 42, 50, 52, 59, 66, 139, 223.]

[3] [These notes are distinguished in the present edition by the addition of the date ("1883"). The cancelled notes, and passages of notes, are restored in this edition, as they were in that of 1883; see pp. 37, 97, 131.]

3. To the Addenda given in the former second edition I have subjoined a little piece of autobiography, which explains the peculiar temper in which the whole book was written: and it remains for me here, only to give such general account of its contents as may enable the reader to make what use of them may seem best to him.

Its first great assertion is, that beautiful things are useful to men because they are beautiful, and for the sake of their beauty only; and not to sell, or pawn—or, in any other way, turn into money. This, the beginning of all my political economy,[1] is very sufficiently established in the opening chapter.

It then proceeds to ask—What makes anything beautiful, or ugly, in itself? implying therefore that positive beauty, and positive ugliness, are independent of anybody's taste. This, parenthetically, it proceeds to prove; and the parenthetic chapters, (ii. to iv. of the first section,) are again sufficiently pointed and conclusive in their proof.

4. I next enter on the main task of defining the nature of Beauty itself, and of the faculties of mind which recognize it, and invent. Without analyzing the contents of separate chapters, I may at once explain the general theorem of the book by pointing to the passage at page 49, ending with, and summed in, the text—"Happy are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;"[2] words always understood by me as having reference, like the other Beatitudes, to actual human life, according to the word of Job—"I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee;"[3] this revelation being given to Job entirely through the forms and life of the natural world, severally shown him by their unseen Creator. The same confession of faith, after the same instruction, is again uttered by Linnæus in the beginning of the "Systema (properly *Imperium*) Naturæ:" "Deum

[1] [See, *e.g.*, *Unto This Last*, § 77, where Ruskin states, as his cardinal principle: "There is no wealth but life. Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration."]

[2] [With this general theorem of the volume compare *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. vii. ch. iv. § 24, and *Aratra Pentelici*, § 12, where the beautiful is defined as "what one noble spirit has created, seen and felt by another of similar or equal nobility."]

[3] [Job xlii. 5.]

sempiternum, immensum, omniscium, omnipotentem, expergefactus transeuntem * vidi, et obstupui." "As one awaked out of sleep, I saw the Lord passing by—eternal, infinite, omniscient, omnipotent, and I stood as in a trance."

5. He does not say "all-merciful"; the vision, to him, is as that of Eliphaz—"the hair of my flesh stood up";[1] yet note well, that the terror of Eliphaz, the self-abhorrence of Job, and the awe of Linnæus, are all entirely distinct from the spurious and prurient self-condemnation which is the watch-word of modern Protestantism. The *perfect virtue* of Job, of Daniel, and of Noah, is directly, and at length, *asserted by the Deity Himself*, before these three men are taken for His best beloved friends; and the words "Pure in heart" were never, in any place, used by me (and they are referred to again and again through the whole body of my works),[2] or at any moment thought of, by me, as expressing states of religious belief or fantasy, such as modern theological writers supposed to be signified by the "washing of sanctification,"[3] or any other parallel phrase of doctrinal mystery; but only the definite human virtue possible to human effort, and *commanded* in the plain words, "Cleanse your hands, ye sinners; and *purify your hearts, ye double-minded.*"[4]

6. And this should have been much more distinctly stated together with the general code of ethics founded on that understanding of the text, before I advanced to any argument

* More fully, "a tergo transeuntem," referring to the vision of Moses, Exodus xxxiii. 22. It may be well to translate here the instantly following expression of the chain of the earth's life, as dependent on the sun, since modern philosophers brandish and bellow this fact about, as if, forsooth, *they* had been the first to discover it! "*I saw* animals dependent on vegetables,—vegetables on things earthly,"—(air and water)—"things earthly on the globe of the earth,—then, by never shaken law, the globe of the earth to revolve round the sun, *from which it has its loan of life.*"[5]

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[1] [Job iv. 15.]

[2] [See below, sec. i. ch. ii. § 10; and cf. *Eagle's Nest*, §§ 121, 176; *St. Mark's Rest*, § 129; "Usury" in *On the Old Road*, vol. iii. 1899, § 179.]

[3] [1 Cor. vi. 11 and Titus iii. 5: "He saved us by the washing of regeneration."]

[4] [James iv. 8.]

[5] [Cf. *Deucalion* (vol. ii. ch. ii. § 18, ed. 1883, "Revision") for a further reference to "the nobly religious passion" of Linnæus.]

from it on laws of Art. For much of what I then wrote, and more of what I have since written, has been widely and loudly denied, because my readers had wholly different thoughts from mine of what is meant, in the Bible, by Righteousness, and Faith; or in heathen literature by Righteousness, Honour, and Piety. All these virtues imply radically the conception, —they lead ultimately to the revelation,*—of personal and governing Deity: but they begin, practically, and themselves consist to the end, in truthful knowledge of *human power* and *human worth;* in respect for the natural claims and feelings of others; and in the precision and thoroughness of our obedience to the primary laws of probity and truth,—"A just ephah, and a just hin;" "Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."[1]

This character, intelligently obedient to a moral law common to the Jew and Arab,—to the Greek and Christian, —the past world, the present world, and the world to come,— is assumed here, and in all my other writings whatever, as the *basis* of religion itself,—not religion as the basis of *it*,† and the first condition of true delight in the contemplation of any visible thing, or the conception of any invisible one; for only in this state of mind can we see that anything is Good, in the sense that its Creator pronounced it so.

7. Understanding thus much, and the quantity of careful thought and diligent reading which had led me to such conclusion, but of which it was not my business then to speak,

* Compare *Eagle's Nest,* Chap. II. § 30: "It is as little the part of a wise man to reflect much on the nature of things above him, as of beings beneath him. It is immodest to suppose that he can conceive the one, and degrading to suppose that he should be busied with the other. To recognize his everlasting inferiority, and his everlasting greatness; to know himself, and his place; to be content to submit to God without understanding Him; and to rule the lower creation with sympathy and kindness, yet neither sharing the passion of the wild beast, nor imitating the science of the insect,—this you will find is to be modest towards God, gentle to His creatures, and wise for himself."

† Compare *Ethics of the Dust,* Lecture vii. p. 142. [At that page in all previous eds., § 80.]

[1] [Leviticus xix. 36; Matthew v. 37.

the reader will find that the sentence, "Man's use and purpose," etc., which comes upon him with so startling suddenness in the opening chapter, is yet a most strict and close definition of necessary axiom; though I ought to have led up to it with some preface, and written much of what followed, so that it might still have been acceptable by those who were not prepared to admit the primary statement. In the same way, the use of the word "Theoria"[1] for "contemplation," and the sum of general inferences, by the untranslated quotation from Aristotle (p. 145), were not so much affectations, as an appeal to pre-established authority. For that great sentence of Aristotle's is the conclusion of all the moral philosophy then taught at our universities, and it goes far beyond what I have ever ventured to say myself. I translate it now, thankful that it does so, yet with some demur: "And perfect happiness is some sort of energy of Contemplation, for all the life of the gods is (therein) glad; and that of men, glad in the degree in which some likeness to the gods in this energy belongs to them. For none other of living creatures (but men only) can be happy, since in no way can they have any part in Contemplation."

This, as I have said, goes far beyond my own statement; for *I* call any creature "happy" that can love, or that can exult in its sense of life: and I hold the kinds of happiness common to children and lambs, to girls and birds, to good servants, and good dogs, for no less god-like than the most refined raptures of contemplation attained to by philosophers.

8. It must farther be pointed out, that the use of the Aristotelian word was in some passages of this book necessary, in order to distinguish the mental pleasures taken in beauty from those of the senses, vulgarly now also called from the Greek, "æsthetic."[2] I may, in a moment, illustrate the difference by answering a question often lately asked about me by

[1] [See also Introduction, p. xxii.; Appendix i., p. 362; and Vol. III. p. 676 of this edition.]

[2] [In describing Brantwood Mr. Collingwood writes:—"You expect that Gothic porch you read of in *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, and you are surprised to find a stucco classic portico in the corner, painted and *grained*, and heaped around

the æsthetic cliques of London,—why, in the pictures they have seen of my home, there is no attempt whatever to secure harmonies of colour, or form, in furniture. My answer is, that I am entirely independent for daily happiness upon the sensual qualities of form or colour; that, when I want them, I take them either from the sky or the fields, not from my walls, which might be either whitewashed, or painted like a harlequin's jacket, for aught I care; but that the slightest incident which interrupts the harmony of *feeling* and association in a landscape, destroys it all to me, poisoning the entire faculty of contemplation. From my dining-room, I am happy in the view of the lower reach of Coniston Water, not because it is particularly beautiful, but because it is entirely pastoral and pure. Were a single point of chimney of the Barrow ironworks to show itself over the green ridge of the hill, I should never care to look at it more.

9. It is to be noted, also, that the peculiar form of monastic life, which makes itself eminently comfortable in its cell instead of eminently miserable, is commonly provoked into farther extravagance by pride in its own good taste: while even the more amiable and domestic characters of mind which, for our true comfort and content, dispose us to make the most of what we can gather for the decoration of our homes, as chaffinches decorate their nests with lichen, have in these days taken an aspect of peculiar selfishness, in their carelessness of all mischief and suffering in the external world, as long as it is out of sight of the parlour window. I have already casually noticed,[1] in examining certain feelings respecting

with lucky horseshoes, brightly blackleaded. . . . (And then of Ruskin's study:—) Polished steel fender, very unæsthetic; curious shovel—his design, he will stop to remark, and forged by the village smith. Red mahogany furniture, with startling shiny emerald leather chair-cushions; red carpet and green curtains. Most of the room crowded with book-cases and cabinets for minerals, 'handsome and neat enough.'" (*Life*, 1900, pp. 341, 346.) Much of the furniture came from Denmark Hill, and he retained (he would say) what was good enough for his father as quite good enough for himself. A picture of Ruskin's study (after a drawing by A. Macdonald) had appeared in the *Art Journal* for Dec. 1881. Another, of Ruskin seated in his study, by T. Blake Wirgman, appeared in the *Graphic*, April 3, 1886.

[1] [In the Preface (§ 41) to the *Notes on Prout and Hunt* (1879–1880). See also *Præterita*, i. ch. vi. § 136; and *cf.* Vol. I. pp. 164–165.]

sublimity in landscape, which I share with Turner and Prout, that one great gift, common to us all, was the accurate sense of comparative magnitudes. This is not a trigonometric, but a tragic power; it indicates a general habit of just comparison and estimate, and means, for me, (answering only here for myself,) that I cannot be consoled by a bit of Venetian glass for the destruction of Venice, nor for the destitution of a London suburb by the softness of my own armchair.[1]

10. Some other points of idiosyncrasy, of which count should be taken in tracing the connection of this book with my subsequent writings, are touched upon in the Epilogue, and I will only say farther here, that, often repenting as aforesaid, during the labour of revision, my consent to republish so crude an essay, I am in the end satisfied of what is said in the closing pages (154 to 168)[2] of *Love's Meinie*, touching its usefulness at the present time: and can warrant my reader that whatever may be the shortcoming or over-forcing of its argument, its criticisms will be found permanently trustworthy and its conclusions inherently secure.[3]

[1] [So, a few years before the date of this preface, Ruskin wrote from Venice:—"Here is a little grey cockle-shell, lying beside me, which I gathered, the other evening, out of the dirt of the Island of St. Helena; and a brightly-spotted snail-shell, from the thirsty sands of Lido; and I want to set myself to draw these, and describe them, in peace. 'Yes,' all my friends say, 'that is my business; why can't I mind it, and be happy?' Well, good friends, I would fain please you, and myself with you; and live here in my Venetian palace, luxurious; scrutinant of dome, cloud, and cockle-shell. . . . But alas! my prudent friends, little enough of all that I have a mind to may be permitted me. For this green tide that eddies by my threshold is full of floating corpses, and I must leave my dinner to bury them, since I cannot save; and put my cockle-shell in cap, and take my staff in hand, to seek an unincumbered shore" (*Fors Clavigera*, Letter 72, "Venice, 9th November, 1876.")]

[2] [*i.e.* of the ed. of 1881, end of "The Dabchicks" chapter. In some editions, §§ 130 *seqq.* See above, Introduction, p. xlviii.]

[3] [The Introductory Note of 1883 to section ii. of this volume, which in the editions of 1888 and later years followed the above preface, is in this edition (as in that of 1883) placed at the beginning of section ii.: see below, p. 219.]

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[1] [This Synopsis was omitted in the 1883 edition.]

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PART III

OF IDEAS OF BEAUTY

SECTION I

OF THE THEORETIC FACULTY

CHAPTER I

OF THE RANK AND RELATIONS OF THE THEORETIC FACULTY *

ALTHOUGH the hasty execution and controversial tone of the former portions of this essay have been subjects of frequent regret to the writer, yet the one was in some measure excusable in a work referred to a temporary end, and the other unavoidable in one directed against particular opinions.[1] Nor is either of any necessary detriment to its availableness as a foundation for more careful and extended survey, in so far as its province was confined to the assertion of obvious and visible facts, the verification of which could in no degree be dependent either on the care with which they might be classed, or the temper in which they were regarded. Not so with respect to the investigation now before us, which, being not of things outward, and sensibly demonstrable, but of the value and meaning of mental impressions, must be entered upon with a modesty and cautiousness proportioned to the difficulty of determining the likeness, or community, of such impressions, as they are received by different men; and with seriousness proportioned

§ 1. *With what care the subject is to be approached.*

* This sounds very like the "peerage and baronetage" of the Theoretic Faculty; but must stand as it stood, meaning, of course, the place of said faculty with respect to others. [1883.]

[1] [See Vol. III. pp. 3, 7, 668.]

to the importance of rightly regarding those faculties over which we have moral power, and therefore in relation to which we assuredly incur a moral responsibility. There is not the thing left to the choice of man to do or not to do, but there is some sort or degree of duty involved in his determination; and by how much the more, therefore, our subject becomes embarrassed by the cross influences of variously admitted passion, administered discipline, or encouraged affection, upon the minds of men, by so much the more it becomes matter of weight and import to observe by what laws we should be guided, and of what responsibilities regardful, in all that we admit, administer, or encourage.

§ 2. *And of what importance considered.*

Nor indeed have I ever, even in the preceding sections, spoken with levity, though sometimes perhaps with rashness. I have never treated the subject as other than demanding heedful and serious examination, and taking high place among those which justify, as they reward, our utmost ardour and earnestness of pursuit. That it justifies them must be my present task to prove; that it demands them has never been doubted. Art, properly so called, is no recreation; it cannot be learned at spare moments, nor pursued when we have nothing better to do. It is no handiwork for drawing-room tables, no relief of the ennui of boudoirs; it must be understood and undertaken seriously, or not at all.* To advance it men's lives must be given, and to receive it, their hearts. "Le peintre Rubens s'amuse à être ambassadeur,"[1] said one with whom, but for his own words, we might have thought that effort had been absorbed in power, and the labour of his art in its felicity. "E faticoso lo studio

* I wish the "must" were indeed imperative. The violently increasing number of extremely foolish persons, who now concern themselves about pictures, may be counted among the meanest calamities of modern society. [1883.]

[1] [In 1628 Rubens made a journey to Madrid, at the invitation of the King of Spain. It was on this occasion that he was discovered by a courtier busily painting. "Ho!" cried the latter, "does his most Catholic Majesty's representative amuse himself with painting?" "No," was the reply, "the painter Rubens amuses himself with diplomacy."]

della pittura, e sempre si fa il mare maggiore,"[1] said he, who of all men was least likely to have left us discouraging report of anything that majesty of intellect could grasp, or continuity of labour overcome.* But that this labour, the necessity of which, in all ages, has been most frankly admitted by the greatest men, is justifiable from a moral point of view, that it is not a vain devotion of the lives of men, that it has functions of usefulness addressed to the weightiest of human interests, and that the objects of it have calls upon us which it is inconsistent alike with our human dignity and our heavenward duty to disobey, has never been boldly asserted nor fairly admitted;[2] least of all is it likely to be so in these days of despatch and display, where vanity, on the one side, supplies the place of that love of art which is the only effective patronage, and, on the other, that of *the incorruptible and earnest pride which no applause, no reprobation, can blind to its shortcomings, or beguile of its hope.*†

And yet it is in the expectation of obtaining at least a partial acknowledgment of this, as a truth decisive[3] both of aim and conduct, that I enter upon the second division of my subject. The time I have already devoted to the task I should have considered too great, and that which I fear may be yet required for its completion would have been cause to me of utter discouragement, but that the object I propose to myself is of no partial nor accidental importance.[4] It is not now to distinguish between disputed degrees of ability in individuals, or agreeableness in canvases; it is not now to

* Tintoret. (Ridolfi, Vita.)

† One of the best short statements of a true artist's mind which I have ever given. [1883. The passage was first italicised in that edition.]

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[1] [Ruskin himself had been drawn into this greater sea. "Tintoret swept me away at once," he says, in recalling his impressions at Venice in 1845, "into the 'mare maggiore' of the schools of painting which crowned the power and perished in the fall of Venice" (*Præterita*, ii. ch. vii. § 140). See also the closing passage of the lecture on "The Unity of Art" in *The Two Paths*, where "those great words of the aged Tintoret" are again quoted.]

[2] [See again the Letters to Gordon and Liddell, in Vol. III. pp. 665, 670.]

[3] [Ed. 1 reads "influential" instead of "decisive."]

[4] [See once more the Letters to Gordon and Liddell, in Vol. III., as cited above.]

expose the ignorance or defend the principles of party or person; it is to summon the moral energies of the nation to a forgotten duty, to display the use, force, and function of a great body of neglected sympathies and desires, and to elevate to its healthy and beneficial operation that art which, being altogether addressed to them, rises or falls with their variableness of vigour, now leading them with Tyrtæan fire, now singing them to sleep with baby murmurings.

§ 3. *The doubtful force of the term "utility."*

Because that with many of us the recommendation of our own favourite pursuits is, I fear, rooted more in conceit of ourselves, than in affection towards others, so that sometimes in our very pointing of the way we had rather that the intricacy of it should be admired than unfolded, whence a natural distrust of such recommendation may well have place in the minds of those who have not yet perceived any value in the thing praised; and because, also, men in the present century understand the word Useful in a strange way, or at least (for the word has been often so accepted from the beginning of time) since in these days they act its more limited meaning farther out, and give to it more practical weight and authority; it will be well in the outset that I define exactly what kind of Utility I mean to attribute to art, and especially to that branch of it which is concerned with those impressions of external Beauty, whose nature it is our present object to discover.

§ 4. *Its proper sense.*

That is, to everything created pre-eminently useful, which enables it rightly and fully to perform the functions appointed to it by its Creator. Therefore, that we may determine what is chiefly useful to man, it is necessary first to determine the use of Man himself.

Man's use and function (and let him who will not grant me this follow me no farther,* for this I purpose always to assume) are, to be the witness of the glory of God, and to

* Many readers in old times, *did* follow me no farther; the passage being indeed offensively aggressive in its pietism, and rude in its brevity. For its better explanation see the preface to this edition (p. 7). [1883.]

advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness.[1]

Whatever enables us to fulfil this function is, in the pure and first sense of the word, Useful to us: pre-eminently, therefore, whatever sets the glory of God more brightly before us. But things that only help us to exist are, (*only*)[2] in a secondary and mean sense, useful; or rather, if they be looked for alone, they are useless, and worse, for it would be better that we should not exist, than that we should guiltily disappoint the purposes of existence.

§ 5. *How falsely applied in these times.*

And yet people speak in this working age, when they speak from their hearts, as if houses and lands, and food and raiment were alone useful, and as if Sight, Thought, and Admiration* were all profitless, so that men insolently call themselves Utilitarians, who would turn, if they had their way, themselves and their race into vegetables;† men who think, as far as such can be said to think, that the meat is more than the life, and the raiment than the body,[3] who look to the earth as a stable, and to its fruit as fodder; vinedressers and husbandmen, who love the corn they grind, and the grapes they crush, better than the gardens of the angels upon the slopes of Eden;‡ hewers of wood and drawers of water,[4] who think that it is to give them wood to hew and water to draw, that the pine-forests cover the mountains like the shadow of God, and the great rivers move like His eternity. And so comes upon us that Woe of the preacher, that though God "hath made everything beautiful in his time, also He hath set the

* "We live by admiration, hope, and love."—*Excursion*, book iv.

† I ought to have said, vegetable manure. [1883.]

‡ All the same, I wish, myself, that the angels gave us some clearer notion of them. [1883.]

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[1] [A reminiscence of the answer to the first question in the Shorter Catechism (which Ruskin learnt when a child): "Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever:" see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 75, Notes and Correspondence, iv.]

[2] [The word "only" in brackets and italics was here inserted in the 1883 ed.]

[3] [Matthew vi. 25.]

[4] [Joshua ix. 21.]

world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end."[1]

§ 6. *The evil consequences of such interpretation. How connected with national power;*

This Nebuchadnezzar curse, that sends men to grass like oxen,[2] seems to follow but too closely on the excess or continuance of national power and peace.[3] In the perplexities of nations, in their struggles for existence, in their infancy, their impotence, or even their disorganization, they have higher hopes and nobler passions. Out of the suffering comes the serious mind; out of the salvation, the grateful heart; out of endurance, fortitude; out of deliverance, faith: but when they have learned to live under providence of laws and with decency and justice of regard for each other, and when they have done away with violent and external sources of suffering, worse evils seem to arise out of their rest; evils that vex less and mortify more, that suck the blood though they do not shed it, and ossify the heart though they do not torture it. And deep though the causes of thankfulness must be to every people at peace with others and at unity in itself, there are causes of fear, also, a fear greater than of sword and sedition: that dependence on God may be forgotten, because the bread is given and the water sure; that gratitude to Him may cease, because His constancy of protection has taken the semblance of a natural law; that heavenly hope may grow faint amidst the full fruition of the world; that selfishness may take place of undemanded devotion, compassion be lost in vainglory, and love in dissimulation; * that enervation may succeed to strength, apathy to patience, and the noise of jesting words and foulness of dark thoughts, to the earnest purity of the girded loins and the burning lamp.[4] About the river of human life there is a wintry wind, though a heavenly sunshine; the iris colours its

* Rom. xii. 9.

[1] [Ecclesiastes iii. 11. See also Psalm lxxx. 7–10: "Turn us again, O God of hosts, and cause thy face to shine. . . . The hills were covered with the shadow of it." The whole passage is a good instance of Ruskin's use of Biblical words and phrases (see Vol. III. p. 674). See further, Matthew vi. 25; Luke xii. 23; Joshua ix. 21.]

[2] [Daniel iv. 25.]

[3] [On the effect of long peace on a nation, see *Crown of Wild Olive*, App., § 161.]

[4] [Luke xii. 35.]

agitation, the frost fixes upon its repose. Let us beware that our rest become not the rest of stones,[1] which, so long as they are torrent-tossed and thunder-stricken, maintain their majesty, but when the stream is silent, and the storm passed, suffer the grass to cover them and the lichen to feed on them, and are ploughed down into dust.*

§ 7. *How to be averted.*

And though I believe that we have salt enough of ardent and holy mind amongst us to keep us in some measure from this moral decay, yet the signs of it must be watched with anxiety, in all matters however trivial, in all directions however distant. And at this time, when the iron roads are tearing up the surface of Europe, as grapeshot do the sea; when their great net[2] is drawing and twitching the ancient frame and strength[3] together, contracting all its various life, its rocky arms and rural heart, into a narrow, finite, calculating metropolis of manufactures; when there is not a monument throughout the cities of Europe that speaks of old years and mighty people, but it is being swept away to build cafés and gaming-houses;[4] when the honour of God is thought

* I have suffered these passages to remain unaltered, because, though recent events have turned them into irony, they are, perhaps, not undeserving of attention, as having marked, during a period of profound and widely extended peace, some of the sources of the national debasement which, on the continent of Europe, has precipitated its close, and been manifested alike in the dissolution of authority, the denial of virtue, and the unresisted victory of every dream of folly and every shape of sin.[5]

[1] [*Cf.* below, sec. i. ch. vi. § 2, p. 93, "not like the dead and cold peace of undisturbed stones," etc.]

[2] [Eds. 1 and 2 read "sagene" (Greek σαγήνη, Italian *sagena*, French *seine*)=a large drag net.]

[3] [Eds. 1 and 2 had "of England."]

[4] [A long note was here appended in the earlier editions, but was cancelled in that of 1883. It is here, for better convenience, printed, with various elucidatory passages from Ruskin's diaries, at the end of the chapter, p. 37. Cf. *On the Old Road*, 1899, i. § 265.]

[5] [In the ed. of 1883 Ruskin added the following further note:—

"Note of 1856, alluding to the Crimean and other wars. The words 'denial of virtue' refer to the physical philosophy of automatic necessity, which has become every day more absurd and mischievous since this was written."

It was not, however, a note of 1856, for it appeared in the second (1848) edition of the volume. In the ed. of 1888 the reference to the Crimean War was accordingly omitted by the publisher, and "Note of 1848" substituted; the actual reference was to the political upheavals of that year. For Ruskin's view on the Crimean War, in the same sense as the above passage, see the next volume, ch. xviii.]

to consist in the poverty of His temple, and the column is shortened and the pinnacle shattered, the colour denied to the casement and the marble to the altar, while exchequers are exhausted in luxury of boudoirs and pride of reception-rooms; when we ravage without a pause all the loveliness of creation which God in giving pronounced Good,[1] and destroy without a thought all those labours which men have given their lives and their sons' sons' lives to complete, and have left for a legacy to all their kind, a legacy of more than their hearts' blood, for it is of their souls' travail;—there is need, bitter need, to bring back into men's minds, that to live is nothing, unless to live be to know Him by whom we live;[2] and that He is not to be known by marring His fair works, and blotting out the evidence of His influences upon His creatures; nor amidst the hurry of crowds and crash of innovation, but in solitary places, and out of the glowing intelligences which He gave to men of old. He did not teach them how to build for glory and for beauty; He did not give them the fearless, faithful, inherited energies that worked on and down from death to death, generation after generation, that we[3] might give the work of their poured-out spirit to the axe and the hammer; He has not cloven the earth with rivers,[4] that their white wild waves might turn wheels and push paddles, nor turned it up under as it were fire,[5] that it might heat wells and cure diseases; He brings not up His quails by the east wind only to let them fall in flesh about the camp of men;[6] He has not heaped the rocks of the mountain only for the quarry, nor clothed the grass of the field only for the oven.[7]

Science and art are either subservient to life or the objects of it.[8] As subservient to life, or practical, their results are,

[1] [Genesis i. 10.]
[2] [John xvii. 3.]
[3] [Ed. 1 reads, "we, foul and sensual as we are, might . . ."]
[4] [Habakkuk, iii. 9.]
[5] [Job xxviii. 5.]
[6] [Numbers xi. 31: "And there went forth a wind from the Lord, and brought quails from the sea, and let them fall by the camp."]
[7] [Matthew vi. 30.]
[8] [Ed. 1 reads, "All science and all art may be divided into that which is subservient to life, or which is the object of it."]

in the common sense of the word, Useful. As the object of life or theoretic,* they are, in the common sense, Useless. And yet the step between practical and theoretic science is the step between the miner and the geologist, the apothecary and the chemist; and the step between practical and theoretic art is that between the builder and the architect, between the plumber and the artist; and this is a step allowed on all hands to be from less to greater. So that the so-called useless part of each profession does, by the authoritative and right instinct of mankind, assume the more noble place; even though books be sometimes written, and that by writers of no ordinary mind, which assume that a chemist is rewarded for the years of toil which have traced the greater part of the combinations of matter to their ultimate atoms, by discovering a cheap way of refining sugar; and date the eminence of the philosopher whose life has been spent in the investigation of the laws of light, from the time of his inventing an improvement in spectacles.

§ 8. *Division of the pursuits of men into subservient and objective.*

But[1] the common consent of men admits that whatever branch of any pursuit ministers to the bodily comforts, and regards material uses, is ignoble, and whatever part is addressed to the mind only is noble; and that geology does better in reclothing dry bones and revealing lost creations, than in tracing veins of lead and beds of iron; astronomy

* With juvenile vanity I begin using this word in my own peculiar sense, before it is explained to the reader in any sense at all. He must please remember that Theory, from the beginning to the end of this part of *Modern Painters,* is used in the sense of contemplation, whenever it is used carefully. Passages may perhaps occur in which I have used the word accidentally in its ordinary sense of "supposition;" but I will try to catch these in revising.[2] [1883.]

[1] [Ruskin in his copy for revision omits § 8 down to this point, and reads here, "And even the common consent . . ." The rest of § 8 is § 3 in *Frondes Agrestes.* For "admits that whatever branch," ed. 1 reads "proves and accepts the proposition, that whatever part . . ."]

[2] [There were, however, no such passages caught, though a passage on p. 64 might have been noticed. In a later note of 1883, Ruskin inadvertently uses the word "theory" in its ordinary sense: see p. 233.]

better in opening to us the houses of heaven, than in teaching navigation; botany better in displaying structure than in expressing juices; surgery better in investigating organization than in setting limbs.* Only it is ordained that, for our encouragement, every step we make in the more exalted range of science adds something also to its practical applicabilities; that all the great phenomena of nature, the knowledge of which is desired by the angels only, by us partly, as it reveals to farther vision the being and the glory of Him in whom they rejoice, and we live, dispense yet such kind influences, and so much of material blessing, as to be joyfully felt by all inferior creatures, and to be desired by them with such single desire as the imperfection of their nature may admit; † that the strong torrents which, in their own gladness, fill the hills with hollow thunder and the vales with winding light, have yet their bounden charge of field to feed, and barge to bear: that the fierce flames to which the Alp owes its upheaval, and the volcano its terror, temper for us the metal vein and warm the quickening spring; and that for our incitement,—I say not our reward, for knowledge is its own reward,—herbs have their healing, stones their preciousness, and stars their times.

§ 9. *Their relative dignities.*

It would appear, therefore, that those pursuits which are altogether theoretic, whose results are desirable or admirable in themselves and for their own sake, and in which no farther end to which their

* All this, though right, is much too violently expressed—the juvenile vanity again appearing in the desire, to say what might appear strange, in the most striking way; and what might be questioned by many readers, in the most positive way. As I grew older, I more and more respected vulgar uses; and in the 8th chapter of *Deucalion*[1] which I am at present arranging, it will be found that they are regarded as a leading test of rightly systematized science. [1883.]

† Hooker, *Eccl. Pol.*, book II. chap. ii. § 2.

[1] [Ruskin meant the 8th *Part* (*i.e.* ch. ii. of vol. ii. as originally published, entitled "Revision"), where he says:—"It is perhaps, of all the tests of difference between the majestic science of those days, and the wild theories or foul curiosities of our own, the most strange and the most distinct, that the practical suggestions which are scattered through the writings of the older naturalists tend always directly to the benefit of the general body of mankind."]

productions or discoveries are referred can interrupt the contemplation of things as they are, by the endeavour to discover of what selfish uses they are capable (and of this order are painting and sculpture), ought to take rank above all pursuits which have any taint * in them of subserviency to life, in so far as all such tendency is the sign of less eternal and less holy function.† And such rank these two sublime arts would indeed assume in the minds of nations, and become objects of corresponding efforts, but for two fatal and widespread errors respecting the great faculties of mind concerned in them.

§ 10. *How reversed through erring notions of the contemplative and imaginative faculties.*

The first of these, or the Theoretic faculty, is concerned with the moral perception and appreciation of ideas of beauty. And the error respecting it is, the considering and calling it Æsthetic,‡ degrading it to a mere operation of sense, or

* "Taint" is a false word. The entire system of useful and contemplative knowledge is one; equally pure and holy: its only "taints" are in pride, and subservience to avarice or destruction; but see the footnote. [1883. The "footnote" is the earlier one that follows †.]

† I do not assert that the accidental utility of a theoretic pursuit, as of botany for instance, in any way degrades it, though it cannot be considered as elevating it. But essential utility, a purpose to which the pursuit is in some measure referred, as in architecture, invariably degrades, because then the theoretic part of the art is comparatively lost sight of; and thus architecture takes a level below that of sculpture or painting, even when the powers of mind developed in it are of the same high order.

When we pronounce the name of Giotto, our venerant thoughts are at Assisi and Padua, before they climb the Campanile of Santa Maria del Fiore. And he who would raise the ghost of Michael Angelo must haunt the Sistine and San Lorenzo, not St. Peter's.**

‡ It is one of the principal reasons for my reprinting this book, that it contains so early and so decisive warning against the then incipient folly, which in recent days has made art at once the corruption, and the jest, of the vulgar world. [1883.]

** This old note already anticipates the subjection of the constructive to the decorative science of architecture which gave so much offence, to architects capable only of construction, in the *Seven Lamps*, written two years later, and *Stones of Venice*.[1] The obscure sentence about Michael Angelo signifies that he is to be judged by his sculpture and painting—not his dome building, which is true enough — and I wish now very heartily that he had never done anything but domes. [1883.]

[1] [*Seven Lamps*, ch. i. § 1; *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. ch. ii., "The Virtues of Architecture."]

perhaps worse, of custom; so that the arts which appeal to it sink into a mere amusement, ministers to morbid sensibilities, ticklers and fanners of the soul's sleep.[1]

The second great faculty is the Imaginative, which the mind exercises in a certain mode of regarding or combining the ideas it has received from external nature, and the operations of which become in their turn objects of the theoretic faculty to other minds. And the error respecting this faculty is, in considering that its function is one of falsehood, that its operation is to exhibit things as they are *not*, and that in so doing it mends the works of God.

§ 11. *Object of the present section.*

Now, as these are the two faculties to which I shall have occasion constantly to refer during that examination of the Ideas of Beauty and Relation on which we are now entering, because it is only as received and treated by these that those ideas become exalted and profitable, it becomes necessary for me in the outset[2] to explain their power and define their sphere; and to vindicate, in the system of our nature, their true place for the intellectual lens and moral retina, by which, and on which, our informing thoughts are concentrated and represented.

Note.—The reader will probably recollect the two sonnets of Wordsworth which were published at the time when the bill for the railroad between Kendal and Bowness was laid before Parliament. His remonstrance was of course in vain; and I have since heard that there are proposals entertained

[1] [In the MS. there was an additional passage here, which is worth printing as an illustration of the author's compression in final revision:—

"... fanners of the soul's sleep. This can hardly be the case with the sciences; one may indeed collect spars and gather weeds and cheapen coins for mere amusement; but then one cannot have anything to do with the science properly so-called; one may be a spar-collector in idleness, but one cannot be a geologist in idleness, nor a botanist,—there must be work, memory, thought, activity, or one is nothing. But it unfortunately happens in the case of art that it is exceedingly possible to be an artist, and an amateur also, in idleness; that the amusing and æsthetic part of the science is not boldly marked off from the great or theoretic part, and of course it is the very necessity of human weakness to stop the greater number of votaries in this easy stage until the whole function of art is forgotten and despised."]

[2] [In his copy for revision Ruskin underlines this word, writing in the margin "and in the end-set and in-set"; he underlines also the words "the intellectual lens and moral retina."]

for continuing this line to Whitehaven through *Borrowdale*. I transcribe the note prefixed by Wordsworth to the first sonnet.

"The degree and kind of attachment which many of the yeomanry feel to their small inheritances can scarcely be overrated. Near the house of one of them stands a magnificent tree, which a neighbour of the owner advised him to fell for profit's sake. 'Fell it!' exclaimed the yeoman; 'I had rather fall on my knees and worship it.' It happens, I believe, that the intended railway would pass through this little property, and I hope that an apology for the answer will not be thought necessary by one who enters into the strength of the feeling."

The men who thus feel will always be few, and overborne by the thoughtless avaricious crowd: but is it right, because they are a minority, that there should be no respect for them, no concession to them, that their voice should be utterly without regard in the council of the nation; and that any attempt to defend one single district from the offence and foulness of mercenary uses, on the ground of its beauty and power over men's hearts, should be met, as I doubt not it would be, by total and impenetrable scorn?[1]

[The following is the note referred to above on p. 31. In the re-arranged edition of 1883, this note was omitted, and the following substituted:—

> "I cancel the long note, then irrelevant, and now useless, specifying instances of destruction in progress—since irremediably fulfilled. Nearly all that was historically of value in the great cities of Europe, has been swept away by their shopkeepers, since this book was last printed."]

The extent of ravage among works of art, or of historical interest, continually committing throughout the continent may, perhaps, be in some measure estimated from the following facts, to which the experience of every traveller may add indefinitely:—

At Beauvais.—The magnificent old houses at the corner of the market-place, supported on columns of workmanship (so far as I recollect) unique in the North of France, have recently been destroyed for the enlarging of some ironmongery and grocery warehouses. The arch across the street leading to the cathedral has been destroyed also, for what purpose I know not.

At Rouen.—The last of the characteristic houses on the quay is now disappearing. When I was last there, I witnessed the destruction of the noble Gothic portal of the church of St. Nicholas, whose position interfered with the

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[1] [In ed. 1 this note was printed among the Addenda at the end of the volume (see below, p. 333.) In the re-arranged edition of 1883, Ruskin added the following note:—

> "This was, I believe my first protest against railroads. The 'men who thus feel' are not so few as I then thought, and it has since become every year a more pressing question with me, how the joys and interests of gentle and sensible persons are to be supported against the violence, restlessness, and avarice of what I believe to be indeed a minority, though an intensely active and powerful one."

Ruskin had a few years before writing this note seen a scheme for railway extension in the Lake District defeated; see his preface to R. Somervell's *Protest against the Extension of Railways in the Lake District*, 1876, reprinted in *On the Old Road*, vol. ii. (ed. 1899), §§ 261 *seq.*, and in a later volume of this edition, where other protests in similar cases are collected.]

courtyard of a hotel; the greater part of the ancient churches are used as smithies, or warehouses for goods.

So also at Tours (St. Julien).—One of the most interesting pieces of middle-aged domestic architecture in Europe, opposite the west front of the cathedral, is occupied as a café; and its lower storey concealed by painted wainscotings, representing, if I recollect right, twopenny rolls surrounded by circles of admiring cherubs.[1]

At Geneva.—The wooden projections or[2] loggias, which were once the characteristic feature of the city, have been entirely removed within the last ten years.[3]

At Pisa.—The old Baptistery is at this present time in process of being "restored," that is, dashed to pieces; and common stone, painted black and varnished, substituted for its black marble. In the Campo Santo, the invaluable frescoes, which might be protected by merely glazing the arcades, are left exposed to wind and weather. While I was there in 1846,[4] I saw a monument to some private person put up against the lower part of the wall. The bricklayers knocked out a large space of the lower brickwork, with what beneficial effect to the loose and blistered stucco on which the frescoes are painted above, I leave the reader to imagine; inserted the tablet, and then plastered over the marks of the insertion, destroying a portion of the border of one of the paintings. The greater part of Giotto's "Satan before God" has been destroyed by the recent insertion of one of the beams of the roof.

The tomb of Antonio Puccinello, which was the last actually put up against the frescoes, and which destroyed the terminal subject of the Giotto series, bears date 1808.[5]

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[1] [For vandalism at Tours, *cf.* Vol. I. p. 430.

[2] [So, correctly, in the MS.; all previous eds. read "of" for "or."]

[3] [See the description of Old Geneva in *Præterita*, ii. ch. v. § 92.]

[4] [This should be 1845; and so below, "June 1846" and "September 1846" should in each case be 1845. Ed. 1 reads "last year," "June last year," and "September last." These were in later editions wrongly altered to "1846."]

[5] [Ruskin had been much exercised, while at Pisa in May 1845, at the neglect of the Campo Santo. See the passage from a letter given in Vol. III. p. 205, and cf. *Præterita*, ii. ch. vi. § 130. In another letter to his father (Pisa, May 14), he writes:—

> "Two thousand pounds would put glass round the whole of the Campo Santo, and preserve all that remains of the frescoes, and our Government give 2500 for a rascally Guido not worth sixpence. Seriously I am going to write to George Richmond and Sir R. Inglis, and anyone else I can think of and see if I can't get a subscription set on foot. Two thousand pounds only, to save Giotto, Simon Memmi, Andrea Orcagna, Antonio Veneziano, and Benozzo Gozzoli! and there will not be a fragment left in thirty years more, unless it be done."

Of the Baptistery he writes (May 21):—

> "Poor dear old Baptistery, all its precious old carving is lying kicking about the grass in front of it, the workmen are wonderful at the 'knocking down' like Sam Weller. Where there used to be black marble, they put up common stone painted and varnished, but it don't matter. All's one for that: the old Baptistery is gone. I have picked up some of the old bits for love, and shall send them home to McCracken in a box with the Lucca fragments. I wish to heaven this town were inhabited by bats and monkeys instead of these men."

For Sam Weller and the "knockin' down" see *Pickwick*, chs. xxxvii. and xxxviii. McCracken was the principal shipping agent of the day; advertisements of his

It has been proposed (or at least it is so reported) that the church of La Spina should be destroyed in order to widen the quay.[1]

At Florence.—One of its most important and characteristic streets, that in which stands the church of Or San Michele, has been within the last five years entirely destroyed and rebuilt in the French style; consisting now almost exclusively of shops of Bijouterie and Parfumerie. Owing to this direction of public funds, the fronts of the Duomo, Santa Croce, San Lorenzo, and half the others in Florence, remain in their original bricks.[2]

The old refectory of Santa Croce, containing an invaluable Cenacolo, if not

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firm may be seen in old editions of Murray's *Handbooks*. He was also a great admirer of Ruskin and afterwards of the Pre-Raphaelites: see *Letters of D. G. Rossetti to William Allingham*, edited by G. Birkbeck Hill, 1897, p. 25. Of the vandalism in putting up monuments in the Campo Santo, Ruskin writes (May 25):—

> "I saw some of the improvements going on in the Campo Santo yesterday. They were going to put up a monument to some apothecary, and so three workmen came and knocked a great hole in the wall; of course every blow of the hammer causing the fresco plaster, already loose, to detach itself more and more from the wall, and tearing down at the same time half of what remained of a head of Antonio Veneziano. Then they put up a slab with the apothecary's name upon it, and saying that it was a great pity he was dead (*I* think it's a pity that anybody here is left alive); and then they knocked down some more fresco to put up his bust. This they put up so as to conceal all that they had left of the Antonio head; and then they filled up the whole with wet plaster, and plastered away half a yard more of the old fresco decorated border on each side, to make the wall flat, and so they left it to damp all the painting above and prepare it for tumbling off next time. But they won't let me take tracings, not they! I shall certainly get into the habit of swearing in Italy. I am beginning to do so mentally to a considerable extent."]

[1] [For the subsequent destruction of this church, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 18 and 20.]

[2] [Of the rebuilding of Florence Ruskin also gave an account in a letter to his father (Florence, May 30, 1845):—

> "... Do you recollect the street that used to run from the post office to the cathedral, or baptistery—very narrow and Italian, all full of crimson draperies and dark with old roofs? Judge of my horror, when on turning the corner, I beheld (as it seemed) the Rue St. Honoré at Paris, with a whole row of confectioners' shops fresh gilt, and barbers' between, and 'Parfumerie et Quincaillerie,' within ten yards of Brunelleschi's monument! They have actually pulled down the whole street and built a new one instead, and a fit one it is for these Italians as they are now, full of bonbons, segars, and pomatum. And actually when in total despair I was walking home with my eyes on the gutter, wishing I could wash the whole population of Florence down with it into the sewer, I was aroused by nearly tumbling over one of the parapet stones of the divine old church of Or San Michele, which they have got scaffolding on both sides of at once. I think verily the Devil is come down upon earth, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time [Rev. xii. 12]. And a short time he will have if he goes on at this rate, for in ten years more there will be nothing in the world but eating-houses and gambling-houses and worse, and then he'll have nothing more to do. The French condemned the Convent of San Marco where I am just going, and all the pictures of Fra Angelico were only saved by their being driven out. If I ever write anything that this foul world will listen to (which, unless I get more wicked or more foolish, I suppose I never shall), and don't black those Frenchmen's faces for them to some purpose, I wish my tongue may cleave to the roof of my mouth."

The front of the Duomo has only now (1903) been entirely completed, though the

by Giotto, at least one of the finest works of his school, is used as a carpet manufactory.[1] In order to see the fresco, I had to get on the top of a loom. The *cenacolo* (of Raffaelle?) recently discovered I saw when the refectory it adorns was used as a coach-house. The fresco which gave Raffaelle the idea of the Christ of the Transfiguration is in an old wood-shed at San Miniato, concealed behind a heap of faggots. In June, 1846, I saw Gentile da Fabriano's picture of the Adoration of the Magi, belonging to the Academy of Florence, put face upmost in a shower of rain in an open cart; on my suggesting the possibility of the rain's hurting it, an old piece of matting was thrown over its face, and it was wheeled away "per essere pulita." What fate this signified is best to be discovered from the large Perugino in the Academy; whose divine distant landscape is now almost concealed by the mass of French ultramarine painted over it, apparently with a common house-brush, by the picture-cleaner.

Not to detain the reader by going through the cities of Italy, I will only further mention, that at Padua the rain beats through the west window of the Arena chapel, and runs down *over* the frescoes;[2] that at Venice, in September, 1846, I saw three buckets set in the Scuola di San Rocco to catch the rain which came *through* the *canvases* of Tintoret on the roof;[3] and that, while the old works of art are left thus unprotected, the palaces are being restored in the following modes:[4] The English residents knock out bow windows to see

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greater part was finished in 1887. The façade of S. Croce was cased in white and green marbles in 1863, from funds in large measure supplied by an Englishman, Mr. Sloane. The construction of the façade of San Lorenzo is now in contemplation.]

[1] [It was the monks who let out the Great Refectory of S. Croce as a carpet manufactory; since the suppression of the Convent, the carpets have gone, and the Refectory is used for the exhibition of various fragments of sculpture, etc. Ruskin bought a piece of carpet there "partly for memory of the place, partly to keep me well up to the boiling-point against the nation and its ways, for I will not forgive them" (letter to his father, June 7). The so-called "Last Supper of Raphael" is in the Refectory of the Convent of Sant' Onofrio, which now belongs to the Government and is well kept; on the other walls are reproductions of "Last Suppers" by other masters. The discovery of Raphael's name on the dress of St. Thomas led to the fresco being attributed to him; it is now generally assigned to "the School of Perugino." The fresco from which it has been suggested that Raphael derived the idea of his "Transfiguration" is in the vestibule that serves as an entrance to the church of San Miniato al Monte. It was in 1845 also that Ruskin saw the picture of Gentile da Fabriano being carted off; the incident is described in his Diary. The picture (No. 165 in the Accademia) is generally accounted the painter's masterpiece. The Perugino referred to is the "Assumption of the Virgin" (No. 57) for which see below, p. 84.]

[2] [Of Padua in 1845, Ruskin wrote to his father that it was unspoilt (Padua, Oct. 15):—

> "This place is the only town in Italy in which I have found no important change, and there is in consequence still a sweet and feeling character about it; and it is associated moreover with all my childish pleasure in going to Venice, so that I shall always love it."]

[3] [See the letter to Severn in Appendix iii., below, p. 395.]

[4] [Of the state of things at Venice (where in 1845 the railway was approaching completion), he wrote (Sept. 10):—

> "The afternoon was cloudless; the sun intensely bright—the gliding down the canal of the Brenta exquisite. We turned the corner of the bastion where Venice once appeared, and behold—the Greenwich railway, only with less arches and more dead walls, entirely cutting off the whole open sea and

Court of the Ducal Palace, Venice.
(1841)

up and down the canal; the Italians paint all the *marble* white or cream colour, stucco the fronts, and paint them in blue and white stripes to imitate alabaster. This has been done with Danieli's hotel, with the north angle of the church of St. Mark (there taking the place of the real alabasters which have been torn down), with a noble old house in St. Mark's Place, and with several in the narrow canals. The marbles of St. Mark's, and carvings, are being *scraped* down to make them look bright; the lower arcade of the Doge's palace is white-washed; the entrance porch is being restored, the operation having already proceeded so far as the knocking off of the heads of the old statues; an iron railing painted black and yellow has been put round the court. Faded tapestries and lottery tickets (the latter for the benefit of charitable institutions) are exposed for sale in the council chambers.[1]

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half the city—which now looks as nearly as possible like Liverpool at the end of the dockyard wall. The railway covered with busy workmen—scaffolding and heaps of stones—an iron station where the Madonna del Acqua [see Vol. I. p. 543, II. p. 227] used to be, and a group of omnibus gondolas, so—[sketch]. When we entered the Grand Canal, I was yet more struck, if possible, by the fearful dilapidation which it has suffered in these last five years. Not only are there two-thirds of the palaces under *repair*—we know what that means, but they could not stand without it; they are mouldering down as if they were all leaves and autumn had come suddenly. Few boats about—all deathlike and quiet—save for the scaffolding and plastering. Danieli's is peculiarly remarkable in this respect; he has done the thing thoroughly. All its rich marble front is covered with a smooth polished bright white stucco—painted in stripes, so—[sketch], in imitation of marble, with the grand big blue sign in brilliant relief. . . . Of all the fearful changes I ever saw wrought in a given time, that on Venice since I was last here beats. It amounts to destruction—all that can be done of picture now is in the way of restoration. The Foscari palace is all but a total ruin—the rents in its walls are half a foot wide. The interior court of the Doge's palace, especially the part I drew, is being repaired—covered with scaffolding, and as a preparatory step they have already knocked off the heads of the statues. The area is already on one side bound by iron railings of this pattern [sketch], the heads being painted orange yellow, the rest black—Austrian colours, you know. The front of St. Mark's is being fitted with grand new windows, and the exterior arcade of the Doge's palace has been brilliantly whitewashed inside, splashing the capitals all over,—breaking most of them."]

[1] [Ruskin was to live to see an extension of the lottery under the shadow of St. Mark which grieved him yet more. (See *Notes on Prout and Hunt*, and *St. Mark's Rest*, ch. ii.).]

CHAPTER II

OF THE THEORETIC FACULTY AS CONCERNED WITH PLEASURES OF SENSE

§ 1. *Explanation of the term "Theoretic."*

I PROCEED, therefore, first to examine the nature of what I have called the Theoretic faculty, and to justify my substitution of the term "Theoretic" for "Æsthetic," which is the one commonly now[1] employed with reference to it.

Now the term "æsthesis" properly signifies mere sensual perception of the outward qualities and necessary effects of bodies; in which sense only, if we would arrive at any accurate conclusions on this difficult subject, it should always be used. But I wholly deny that the impressions of beauty are in any way sensual; they are neither sensual nor intellectual, but moral: and for the faculty receiving them, whose difference from mere perception I shall immediately endeavour to explain, no term can be more accurate or convenient than that employed by the Greeks, "Theoretic," which I pray permission, therefore, always to use, and to call the operation of the faculty itself, Theoria.

§ 2. *Of the differences of rank in Pleasures of Sense.*

Let us begin at the lowest point, and observe, first, what differences of dignity may exist between different kinds of æsthetic or sensual pleasure, properly so called.

Now it is evident that the being common to brutes, or peculiar to man, can alone be no rational test of inferiority or dignity in pleasures. We must not assume that man is the nobler animal, and then deduce the nobleness

[1] [The word "now" was inserted in the 1883 ed., with the following note :—
"It was, of course, never so used by good or scholarly English writers, nor ever could be."]

of his delights; but we must prove the nobleness of the delights, and thence the nobleness of the animal. The dignity of affection is no way lessened, because a large measure of it may be found in lower animals; neither is the vileness of gluttony and lust abated, because they are common to men. It is clear, therefore, that there is a standard of dignity in the pleasures and passions themselves, by which we also class the creatures capable of, or suffering them.

§ 3. *Use of the terms "temperate," and "intemperate."*

The first great distinction, we observe, is that noted by Aristotle,[1] that men are called temperate and intemperate with regard to some, and not so with respect to others; and that those with respect to which they are so called, are, by common consent, held to be the vilest. But Aristotle, though exquisitely subtle in his notation of facts, does not frequently give us satisfactory account of, or reason for them. Content with stating the fact of these pleasures being held the lowest, he shows not why this estimation of them is just, and confuses the reader by observing casually respecting the higher pleasures, what is indeed true, but appears at first opposed to his own position, namely, that, "in these also men may be conceived as taking pleasure either rightly, or more or less than is right."* Which being so, and evident capability of excess or defect existing in pleasures of this higher order, let us consider[2] how it happens that men are not called intemperate when they indulge in excess of this kind;

* ὡς δεῖ, καὶ καθ' ὑπερβολὴν καὶ ἔλλειψιν.[3]

[1] [*Ethics*, iii. 10, 2–4: "When he who loves honour or learning is delighted by that which he loves, it is not his body that is affected, but his mind. But men are not called either temperate or intemperate for their behaviour with regard to these pleasures; nor for their behaviour with regard to any other pleasures that are not of the body. For instance, those who are fond of gossip and of telling stories, and spend their days in trifles, are called babblers, but not intemperate; nor do we apply this term to those who grieve at the loss of money or friends. Intemperance, then, will be concerned with the pleasures of the body, but not with all even of these: for those who delight in the case of their eyesight, in colours and forms and painting, are not called temperate or intemperate" (F. H. Peters's translation, slightly altered).]

[2] [Ed. 1 reads here "we ought to have been told," and at the end of the paragraph adds, "This let us attempt to ascertain."]

[3] [These words follow immediately on the passage quoted in the last note but one: "and yet in these also men may be conceived," etc.]

and what is that difference in nature of the pleasure, which diminishes the criminality of its excess.

§ 4. *Right use of the term "intemperate."*

Men are held intemperate, only when their desires *overcome or prevent the action of their reason;*[1] and they are indeed intemperate in the exact degree in which such prevention or interference takes place, and therefore in many instances and acts which do not lower the world's estimation of their temperance. For so long as it can be supposed that the reason has acted imperfectly, owing to *its own* imperfection, or to the imperfection of the premises submitted to it,—as when men give an inordinate preference to their own pursuits, because they cannot, in the nature of things, have sufficiently experienced the goodness and benefit of others;—and so long as it may be presumed that men have referred to reason in what they do, and have not suffered its orders to be disobeyed through mere impulse and desire, though those orders may be full of error owing to the reason's own feebleness; so long, men are not held intemperate. But when it is palpably evident that the reason cannot have erred, but that its voice has been deadened or disobeyed; and that the reasonable creature has been dragged dead round the walls of his own citadel by mere passion, then, and then only, men are of all held intemperate. And this is evidently the case with respect to inordinate indulgence in pleasures of touch and taste; for these, being destructive in their continuance not only of all other pleasures, but of the very sensibilities by which they themselves are received, and this penalty being actually known and experienced by those indulging in them, so that the reason cannot but pronounce right respecting their perilousness, there is no palliation of the wrong choice; and the man, as utterly incapable of Will,* is called intemperate, or ἀκόλαστος.

It would be well if the reader would for himself follow out

* Comp. Hooker, *Eccl. Pol.*, book i. chap. viii.

[1] [The italics in this paragraph were introduced in the 1883 edition. In ed. 1 Aristotle's word ἀκόλαστοι was added in brackets after "held intemperate." For other minor variations here, see Appendix iv., p. 396.]

this subject, which it would be irrelevant here to pursue farther, observing how a certain degree of intemperance is suspected and attributed to men with respect to higher impulses; as, for instance, in the case of anger, or any other passion criminally indulged; and yet is not so attributed as in the case of sensual pleasures: because in anger the reason is supposed not to have had time to operate, and to be itself affected by the presence of the passion, which seizes the man involuntarily and before he is aware; whereas, in the case of the sensual pleasures, the act is deliberate, and determined on beforehand, in direct defiance of reason. Nevertheless, if no precaution be taken against immoderate anger, and the passions gain upon the man, so as to be evidently wilful and unrestrained, and admitted contrary to all reason, we begin to look upon him as, in the real sense of the word, intemperate; and, in consequence, assign to him his place, for the time, among the beasts, as definitely as if he had yielded to the pleasurable temptations of touch or taste.

§ 5. Grounds of inferiority in the pleasures which are subjects of intemperance.

We see, then, that the primal ground of inferiority in these pleasures is that which *proves* their indulgence to be contrary to reason; namely, their destructiveness upon prolongation, and their incapability of coexisting continually with the better delights and true perfections of human nature.[1]

And this incapability of continuance directs us to the second cause of their inferiority; namely, that they are given to us as subservient to life, as instruments of our preservation, compelling us to seek the things necessary to our being, and that, therefore, when this their function is fully performed, they ought to have an end; and can be only artificially, and under high penalty, prolonged. But the pleasures of sight and hearing are given as gifts. They answer not any purposes of mere existence; for the distinction of all that is useful or

[1] [In all eds. previous to 1883 these words read, "with other delights and true perfections of the system." They were left in the 1883 ed., Ruskin adding in the text:—"('With the better delights and true perfections of human nature,' I should have said)." The revised reading was given in the 1888 and following eds., and is here retained.]

dangerous to us might be made, and often is made, by the eye, without its receiving the slightest pleasure of sight. We might have learned to distinguish fruits and grain from flowers, without having any superior pleasure in the aspect of the latter; and the ear might have learned to distinguish the sounds that communicate ideas, or to recognize intimations of elemental danger, without perceiving either melody[1] in the voice, or majesty in the thunder.* And as these pleasures have no function to perform, so there is no limit to their continuance in the accomplishment of their end, for they are an end in themselves, and so may be perpetual with all of us; being in no way destructive, but rather increasing in exquisiteness by repetition.

§ 6. Evidence of higher rank in pleasures of Sight and Hearing.

Herein, then, we find very sufficient ground for the higher estimation of these delights; first, in their being eternal and inexhaustible, and, secondly, in their being evidently no means or instrument of life, but an object of life. Now, in whatever is an object of life, in whatever may be infinitely and for itself desired, we may be sure there is something of divine; for God will not make anything an object of life to His creatures which does not point to, or partake of, Himself.† And so, though we were to regard the pleasures of sight merely as the highest of sensual pleasures, and though they were of rare occurrence, and, when occurring, isolated and imperfect, there would still be a supernatural character about them, owing to their self-sufficiency.[2] But when, instead of being scattered, interrupted,

* Modern philosophy, on the other hand, supposes the colours of flowers to be of no use to *us* at all;—and that a bee couldn't have found its way to a thistle unless the flower had been purple![3] [1883.]

† An entirely unwarranted assertion, made evidently without reflection, and on hearsay. The paragraph down to "self-sufficiency" is just as unnecessary as it is insecure. The rest of the page [*i.e.* the rest of § 6] is true, and the proper basis of following argument. [1883.]

[1] ["music" in ed. 1.]

[2] [Ed. 1 reads, "owing to their permanence and self-sufficiency, where no other sensual pleasures are permanent or self-sufficient."]

[3] [See letter about a paper on flowers and insects by Sir John Lubbock (Lord Avebury) in *Hortus Inclusus* (p. 103, ed. 1887; p. 119, ed. 1902).]

or chance-distributed, they are gathered together, and so arranged to enhance each other as by chance they could not be, there is caused by them not only a feeling of strong affection towards the object in which they exist, but a perception of purpose and adaptation of it to our desires; a perception, therefore, of the immediate operation of the Intelligence which so formed us, and so feeds us.

Out of which perception arise Joy, Admiration, and Gratitude.

Now the mere animal consciousness of the pleasantness I call Æsthesis; but the exulting, reverent, and grateful perception of it I call Theoria. For this, and this only, is the full comprehension and contemplation of the Beautiful as a gift of God; a gift not necessary to our being, but added to, and elevating it, and twofold: first of the desire, and secondly of the thing desired.

§ 7. *How the lower pleasures may be elevated in rank.*

And that this joyfulness and reverence are a necessary part of Theoretic pleasure, is very evident, when we consider that, by the presence of these feelings, even the lower and more sensual pleasures may be rendered Theoretic. Thus Aristotle has subtly noted that "we call not men intemperate so much with respect to the scents of roses or herb-perfumes as of ointments and of condiments," though the reason that he gives for this be futile enough.[1] For the fact is, that of scents artificially prepared the extreme desire is intemperance; but of natural and God-given scents, which take their part in the harmony and pleasantness of creation, there can hardly be intemperance: not that there is any absolute difference between the two kinds, but that these are likely to be received with gratitude and joyfulness rather than those; so that we despise the seeking of essences and unguents, but not the sowing of violets

[1] [Here, in the 1883 ed., Ruskin noted :—

"I forget what it is; and the reader need not be troubled to find out."

The passage follows that from the *Ethics* cited above (iii. 10, 6): "for the intemperate delight in these smells because they remind them of the things that they lust after. You may, indeed, see other people taking delight in the smell of food when they are hungry; but to take delight in such smells (constantly) is the mark of the intemperate man, as he (alone) is (constantly) lusting after such things."]

along our garden banks. But all things may be elevated by affection, as the spikenard of Mary, and in the Song of Solomon the myrrh upon the handles of the lock,[1] and the sense of Isaac of the field-fragrance upon his son.[2] And the general law for all these pleasures is, that, when sought in the abstract and ardently, they are foul things; but when received with thankfulness and with reference to God's glory, they become Theoretic: and so we may find something divine in the sweetness of wild fruits, as well as in the pleasantness of the pure air, and the tenderness of its natural perfumes that come and go as they list.

§ 8. *Ideas of Beauty, how essentially moral;*

It will now be understood[3] why it was formerly said in the chapter respecting ideas of beauty, that those ideas were the subject of moral, and not of intellectual, nor altogether of sensual perception; and why I spoke of the pleasures connected with them as derived from "those material sources which are agreeable to our moral nature in its purity and perfection."[4] For, as it is necessary to the existence of an idea of beauty, that the sensual pleasure which may be its basis should be accompanied first with joy, then with love of the object, then with the perception of kindness in a superior intelligence, finally, with thankfulness and veneration towards that intelligence itself;* and as no idea can be at all considered as in any way an idea of beauty, until it be made up of these emotions, any more than we can be said to have an idea of a letter of which we perceive the

* All this is right; and more sincerely and passionately written than its affected manner would permit many readers to believe. It unfortunately affects brevity as well as accuracy, and crowds the statements which should have been successively made and patiently explained, into a single sentence, by some tempers entirely inacceptable. [1883.]

[1] ["I rose up to open to my beloved; and my hands dropped with myrrh, and my fingers with sweet smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock" (v. 5). The other Bible references here are, Mark xiv. 3, Luke vii. 37, John xii. 3, and Genesis xxvii. 27.]

[2] [Ed. 1 read, "and that of Isaac concerning his son."]

[3] [The passage beginning here, and down to the end of § 9, was read by Ruskin in the first lecture (Nov. 6, 1877) of his Oxford course, "Readings in *Modern Painters*," in order to show that "whatever other changes or additions may have occurred in my teaching, in this [*i.e.* in protest against sensual theories of art] it has been consistent and reiterated."]

[4] [*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. i. sec. i. ch. vi. § 2; Vol. III. p. 110 of this edition.]

perfume and the fair writing, without understanding the contents of it, or intent of it; and as these emotions are in no way resultant from, nor obtainable by, any operation of the Intellect; it is evident that the sensation of beauty is not sensual on the one hand, nor is it intellectual on the other, but is dependent on a pure, right, and open state of the heart.[1] Dependent both for its truth and for its intensity, insomuch that even the right after-action of the Intellect upon facts of beauty so apprehended, is dependent on the acuteness of the heart-feeling about them. And thus the Apostolic words come true, in this minor respect, as in all others, that men are "alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, having the *Understanding* darkened because of the hardness of their *hearts*, and so, being past feeling, give themselves up to lasciviousness."[2] For we do indeed see constantly that men having naturally acute perceptions of the beautiful, yet not receiving it with a pure heart, nor into their hearts at all, never comprehend it, nor receive good from it; but make it a mere minister to their desires, and accompaniment and seasoning of lower sensual pleasures, until all their emotions take the same earthly stamp, and the sense of beauty sinks into the servant of lust.

§ 9. *How degraded by heartless reception.*

Nor is what the world commonly understands by the cultivation of 'taste,' anything more or better than this; at least in times of corrupt and over-pampered civilization, when men build palaces, plant groves, and gather luxuries, that they and their devices may hang in the corners of the world like fine-spun cobwebs, with greedy, puffed-up, spider-like lusts in the middle. And this, which in Christian times is the abuse and corruption of the sense of beauty, was in that Pagan life of which St. Paul speaks, little less than the essence of it, and the

[1] [In all eds. before 1883 there was only a comma here, and the word "dependent" did not occur. In breaking up the sentences in 1883, Ruskin noted :—

"I am shorter breathed at sixty-three than I was at six-and-twenty; and am obliged to help myself to a comfortable full-stop, before I can get on with my own sentence."]

[2] [Ephesians iv. 18, 19. The quotation marks and italics were introduced in the 1883 ed. ; as in the case of the word "heart" at the end of § 10.]

best they had. I do not know that of the expressions of affection towards external nature to be found among Heathen writers, there are any of which the leading thought leans not towards the sensual parts of her. Her beneficence they sought, and her power they shunned; her teaching through both they understood never. The pleasant influences of soft winds, and ringing streamlets, and shady coverts, of the violet couch and plane-tree shade, they received, perhaps, in a more noble way than we; but they found not anything, except fear, upon the bare mountain, or in the ghostly glen. They loved the Hybla heather * more for its sweet hives than its purple hues. But the Christian Theoria seeks not, though it accepts and touches with its own purity, what the Epicurean sought; but finds its food and the objects of its love everywhere, in what is harsh and fearful as well as in what is kind: nay, even in all that seems coarse and commonplace, seizing that which is good; and sometimes delighting more at finding its table spread in strange places, and in the presence of its enemies, and its honey coming out of the rock, than if all were harmonized into a less wondrous pleasure; hating only what is self-sighted and insolent of men's work, despising all that is not of God, unless reminding it of God, yet able to find evidence of Him still where all seems forgetful of Him, and to turn that into a witness of His working which was meant to obscure it; and so with clear and unoffended sight beholding Him for ever, according to the written promise, "Blessed are the pure in *heart*, for they shall see God." [1]

§ 10. How exalted by affection.

* In the old edition, "the Hybla heather they loved," because I thought it classical and dignified to put subject before predicate. So above, "her teaching they understood never," with double inversion, verb before adverb. The contents of the paragraph are good, and were developed at length in the third volume.[2] [1883.]

[1] [Matthew v. 8.]
[2] [Ch. xiii., "Of Classical Landscape."]

CHAPTER III

OF ACCURACY AND INACCURACY IN IMPRESSIONS OF SENSE *

HITHERTO we have observed only the distinctions of dignity among pleasures of sense, considered merely as such, and the way in which *any* of them may become theoretic in being received with right feeling.

§ 1. *By what test is the health of the Perceptive faculty to be determined?*

But as we go farther, and examine the distinctive nature of ideas of beauty, we shall, I believe, perceive something in them besides æsthetic pleasure, something which attests a more important function belonging to them than attaches to other sensual ideas, and exhibits a more exalted character in the faculty by which they are received. And this was what I alluded to when I said in the chapter already referred to (§ 1)[1] that "we may indeed perceive, as far as we are acquainted with the nature of God, that we have been so constructed as in a healthy state of mind to derive pleasure from whatever things are illustrative of that nature."

This point it is necessary now farther to develope.

* Without giving new headings to chapters, I think it will be useful to mark occasionally for the reader, in simpler terms than he finds in the text, the real progress of the argument.

The first chapter asserts, and I think with sufficient force proves, that the external creation is not merely useful to man in furnishing him with food, but chiefly in giving him subjects of admiration and reflection.

The second chapter asserts (but has not yet attempted to prove) that this creation cannot be rightly admired, nor truly thought of, but as the work and gift of a loving Creator.

The third chapter now enters on the question, what parts or characters of natural things bear most clearly the evidence of having been so created; and by what faculties we discern and prefer them.[2] [1883.]

[1] [The chapter, referred to above (p. 48), on "Ideas of Beauty," in vol. i. of the book, Vol. III. p. 109 in this edition.]

[2] [This note was in the ed. of 1883 printed at the head of the chapter.]

Our first inquiry must evidently be, how we are authorized to affirm of any man's mind, that it is in a healthy state or otherwise, respecting impressions of sight;[1] and what canon or test there is by which we may determine of these impressions that they are or are not *rightly* esteemed beautiful. For it does not at first appear easy to prove that men ought to like one thing rather than another; and although this is granted generally by men's speaking of 'bad' or 'good' taste, yet the right of individual opinion (sometimes claimed even in moral matters, though then palpably without foundation) does not appear altogether irrational in matters æsthetic, wherein little operation of voluntary choice is supposed possible. It would appear strange, for instance, to assert, respecting a particular person who preferred the scent of violets to that of roses, that he had no right to do so. And yet, while I have said that the sensation of beauty is intuitive and necessary, as men derive pleasure from the scent of a rose, I have assumed that there are some sources from which it is rightly derived, and others from which it is wrongly derived; in other words, that men have no right to think some things beautiful and no right to remain apathetic with regard to others.

§ 2. And in what sense may the terms "right" and "wrong" be attached to its conclusions?

Hence then arise two questions, according to the sense in which the word *right* is taken: the first, in what way an impression of sense may be *deceptive*, and therefore a conclusion respecting it untrue; and the second, in what way an impression of sense, or the preference of one, may be a subject of *will*, and therefore of moral duty or delinquency.

[1] [The words "respecting impressions of sight," were transposed to this place in the 1883 ed.; in previous eds. they came after "any man's mind"; the 1883 ed. also inserted the "and" before "what canon." The latter passage was different in ed. 1, which reads thus:—

"What canon or test is there . . . beautiful? To what authority, when men are at variance with each other on this subject, shall it be deputed to judge which is right? or is there any such authority or canon at all?

"For it does not . . . taste, it is frequently denied, when we press to particulars, by the assertion of each individual that he has a right to his opinion—a right which is sometimes claimed even in moral matters, though then palpably without foundation, but which does not appear," etc.]

To the first of these questions I answer, that we cannot speak of the immediate impression of sense as false, nor of its preference to others as mistaken: for no one can be deceived respecting the actual sensation he perceives or prefers.* But falsity may attach to his assertion or supposition, that what he himself perceives is from the same object perceived by others, or is always to be by himself perceived, or is always to be by himself preferred; and when we speak of a man as wrong in his impressions of sense, we either mean that he feels differently from all, or from a majority, respecting a certain object, or that he prefers at present those of his impressions which ultimately he will not prefer.

To the second I answer, that over immediate impressions and immediate preferences we have no power, but over *ultimate* impressions, and especially ultimate preferences, we have; and that, though we can neither at once choose whether we shall see an object red, green, or blue, nor determine to like the red better than the blue, or the blue better than the red, yet we can, if we choose, make ourselves ultimately susceptible of such impressions in other degrees, and capable of pleasure in them in different measure. And seeing that wherever power of any kind is given there is responsibility attached, it is the duty of men to prefer certain impressions of sense to others, *because* they have the power of doing so.† And this

* I have not sufficiently carried out the analysis here. No note is taken in the passage of diseased conditions of the organs; or imperfect ones; jaundice or colour-blindness is not thought of as affecting the argument. But it is supposed that there may not be exact similarity in sensations, even among healthy and well-organized persons, and that when we say that we dislike, or like, peppermint or aniseed, it is conceivable that peppermint to some noses may not be exactly the same thing as peppermint to others. It is, however, most rational and simple to assume what is certainly the clearest probability, that the general sensations of humanity are approximately alike; that a taste for garlic or aniseed is an artificially acquired one, and that one for castor oil or asafœtida[1] would only be acquired by great perseverance. [1883.]

† This rather astounding paragraph was anciently parted from the preceding text only by a semicolon! I have fenced it, at least, with two full-stops; for it is, in fact, the radical theorem, not only of this book, but of all my writings on art. [1883.]

[1] [*Cf.* a similar remark in *Letters to a College Friend*, Vol. I. p. 450.]

is precisely analogous to the law of the moral world, whereby men are supposed not only capable of governing their likes and dislikes, but the whole culpability or propriety of actions is dependent upon this capability; so that men are guilty or otherwise, not for what they do, but for what they desire, the command being not Thou shalt obey, but Thou shalt love, the Lord thy God; a vain command if men were not capable of governing and directing their affections.[1]

§ 3. What power we have over impressions of sense.

I assert, therefore, that even with respect to impressions of sense, we have a power of preference, and a corresponding duty; and I shall show first the nature of the power, and afterwards the nature of the duty.

Let us take an instance from one of the lowest of the senses, and observe the kind of power we have over the impressions of lingual taste. On the first offering of two different things to the palate, it is not in our power to prevent or command the instinctive preference. One will be unavoidably and helplessly preferred to the other. But if the same two things be submitted to judgment frequently and attentively, it will be often found that their relations change. The palate, which at first perceived only the coarse and violent qualities of either, will, as it becomes more experienced, acquire greater subtlety of discrimination, perceiving in both characters[2] at first unnoticed, which on continued experience will probably become more influential than the first impressions; and whatever this final verdict may be, it is felt by the person who gives it, and received by others, as a more correct one than the first.

§ 4. Depends on acuteness of attention.

So, then, the power we have over the preference of impressions of taste is not actual nor immediate, but only a power of testing and comparing them frequently and carefully, until that which is the more permanent, the more consistently agreeable, be determined.

[1] [Matthew xxii. 37. Ed. 1 reads: "which, if men were not . . . affections, would be the command of an impossibility."]

[2] [For "characters" ed. 1 reads "agreeable or disagreeable qualities."]

But when the instrument of taste is thus in some degree perfected and rendered subtle, by its being practised upon a single object, its conclusions will be more rapid with respect to others; and it will be able to distinguish more quickly in other things, and even to prefer at once those qualities which are calculated finally to give it most pleasure, though more capable with respect to those on which it is more frequently exercised; whence people are called 'judges' with respect to this or that particular object of Taste.

§ 5. *Ultimate conclusions universal.*

Now, that verdicts of this kind are received as authoritative by others, proves another and more important fact; namely, that not only changes of opinion take place in consequence of experience, but that those changes are from *variation* of opinion to *unity* of opinion;—and that whatever may be the differences of estimate among unpractised or uncultivated tastes, there will be unity of taste among the experienced; and that, therefore, the result of repeated trial and experience is to arrive at principles of preference in some sort common to all, and which are a part of our nature.

I select the sense of taste for an instance, because it is the least favourable to the position I hold, since there is more latitude allowed, and more actual variety of verdict, in the case of this sense than of any other, and yet, however susceptible of variety even the ultimate approximations of its preferences may be, the authority of judges is distinctly allowed; and we hear every day the admission, by those of unpractised palate, that they are, or may be, wrong in their opinions respecting the real pleasurableness of things either to themselves or to others.

§ 6. *What duty is attached to this power over impressions of sense.*

The sense, however, in which they thus use the word "wrong" is merely that of falseness or inaccuracy in conclusion, not of moral delinquency. But there is, as I have stated, a duty, more or less imperative, attached to every power we possess, and therefore to this power over the lower senses as well as to all others.

And this duty is, evidently, to bring every sense into that state of cultivation in which it shall form the truest conclusions respecting all that is submitted to it, and procure us the greatest amount of pleasure consistent with its due relation to other senses and functions. Which three constituents of perfection in sense, (1) true judgment, (2) maximum sensibility, and (3) right relation to others, are invariably coexistent and involved one by the other; for the true judgment is the result of the high sensibility, and the high sensibility of the right relation.* Thus, for instance, with respect to pleasures of taste, it is our duty not to devote such inordinate attention to the discrimination of them as must be inconsistent with our pursuit, and destructive of our capacity, of higher and preferable pleasures, but to cultivate the sense of them in that way which is consistent with all other good; by temperance, namely, and by such attention as the mind, at certain resting moments, may fitly pay even to so ignoble a source of pleasure as this. By which discipline we shall bring the faculty of taste itself to its real maximum of sensibility; † for it cannot be doubted that health, hunger, and such general refinement of bodily habits as shall make the body a perfect and fine instrument in all respects, are better promoters of actual enjoyment of taste, than the sickened, sluggish, hard-stimulated fastidiousness of Epicurism.

§ 7. *How rewarded.*

So also it will certainly be found with all the senses, that they individually receive the greatest and purest pleasure when they are in right condition and degree of subordination to all the rest; and that by the overcultivation of any one (for morbid sources of pleasure, and correspondent temptations to irrational indulgence, confessedly are attached to all) we shall add more to their power as instruments of punishment than of pleasure.

* This paragraph reads rather headlong, again; but it is well considered and extremely weighty and valuable. [1883.]

† Alas, for all this fine talking, I never took pains enough to learn from my father to be a good judge of wine; an unfilial folly of which I daily repent,—with such a sense of its cruelty and absurdity as—I need not try to express, since it would not be believed. [1883.]

If then, as we find in this example of the lowest sense, the power we have over sensation depends mainly on the exercise of attention through certain prolonged periods; and if by this exercise we arrive at ultimate, constant, and common sources of agreeableness, casting off those which are external, accidental, and individual;[1] that which is required in order to the attainment of accurate conclusions respecting the essence of the Beautiful is nothing more than earnest, loving, and unselfish attention to our impressions of it, by which those which are shallow, false, or peculiar to times and temperaments, may be distinguished from those that are eternal. And this dwelling upon and fond contemplation of them (the Anschauung of the Germans),* is perhaps as much as was meant by the Greek Theoria: and it is indeed a very noble exercise of the souls of men, and one by which they are peculiarly distinguished from the anima of lower creatures, which cannot, I think, be proved to have any capacity of contemplation at all, but only a restless vividness of perception and conception, the "fancy" of Hooker (*Eccl. Pol.*, book i. chap. vi. 2).[2]

But two very important points are to be observed respecting the direction and discipline of the attention in the early

* I have not the least idea, now, what the "Anschauung" of the Germans is; and whatever it may be, beg my pupils to have nothing to do with it. [1883.][3]

[1] [Ed. 1 does not contain the passage "If then, as we find . . . individual," but reads, "That then which is required," etc.]

[2] [Ed. 1 adds a further sentence to this paragraph thus :—

"And yet this dwelling upon them comes not up to that which I wish to express by the word Theoria, unless it be accompanied by full perception of their being a gift from and manifestation of God, and of all those other nobler emotions before described, since not until so felt is their essential nature comprehended."]

[3] [But see in *Love's Meinie,* ch. iii., a passage in which Ruskin explains that "for what is now called 'æsthesis' he used the word 'sensation' (the sensation of cold or heat, of a peacock's or a lark's cry, etc.). "But," he adds, "for the Perception of Beauty, I always used Plato's word, which is the proper word in Greek, and the only possible *single* word that can be used in any other language by any man who understands the subject, — 'Theoria,' — the Germans only having a term parallel to it, 'Anschauung,' assumed to be its equivalent in p. 22 of the old edition of *Modern Painters,* but which is not its real equivalent, for Anschauung does not (I believe) *include* bodily sensation, whereas Plato's Theoria does, so far as is necessary; and mine, somewhat more than Plato's." For Ruskin's dislike of German philosophy, see the parody in the next volume, ch. xii. § 3 *n.* and Appendix ii., and *Præterita,* i. ch. xii. § 252.]

stages of judgment. The first, that, for beneficent purposes, the nature of man has been made reconcilable by custom to many things naturally painful to it, and even improper for it; and that therefore, though by continual experience, united with thought, we may discover that which is best of several, yet if we submit ourselves to authority or fashion, and close our eyes, we may be by custom made to tolerate, and even to love and long for, that which is naturally painful and pernicious to us; whence arise incalculable embarrassments on the subject of art.

§ 8. *Errors induced by the power of habit.*

The second, that, in order to the discovery of that which is better of two things, it is necessary that both should be equally submitted to the attention, and therefore that we should have so much faith in authority as shall make us repeatedly observe and attend to that which is said to be right, even though at present we may not feel it so. And in the right mingling of this faith with the openness of heart which proves all things, lies the great difficulty of the cultivation of the taste, as far as the spirit of the scholar is concerned; though, even when he has this spirit, he may be long retarded by having evil examples submitted to him by ignorant masters.*

§ 9. *The necessity of submission in early stages of judgment.*

The temper,[1] therefore, by which right taste is formed, is characteristically patient. It dwells upon what is submitted to it. It does not trample upon it, lest it should be pearls, even though it look like husks. It is a good ground, soft, penetrable, retentive; it does not send up thorns of unkind thoughts, to choke the weak seed; it is hungry and thirsty too, and drinks all the dew that falls on it. It is "an honest and good

* This and the next paragraph are of extreme value and importance. The eleventh paragraph should be also remembered in connection with them. [1883.]

[1] [The passage from here to the end of § 9 is § 2 in *Frondes Agrestes*. For "characteristically" ed. 1 reads "first"; and in ed. 1 there are commas and in ed. 2 semicolons instead of full-stops, after "submitted to it," "husks," and "falls on it."]

heart,"[1] that shows no too ready springing before the sun be up, but fails not afterwards; it is distrustful of itself, so as to be ready to believe and to try all things, and yet so trustful of itself, that it will neither quit what it has tried, nor take anything without trying. And the pleasure which it has in things that it finds true and good is so great, that it cannot possibly be led aside by any tricks of fashion, or diseases of vanity; it cannot be cramped in its conclusions by partialities and hypocrisies; its visions and its delights are too penetrating, too living, for any whitewashed object or shallow fountain long to endure or supply. It clasps all that it loves so hard, that it crushes it if it be hollow.

§ 10. *The large scope of matured judgment.*

Now, the conclusions of this disposition are sure to be eventually right; more and more right according to the general maturity of all the powers, but it is sure to come (*quite*) * right at last, because its operation is in analogy to, and in harmony with, the whole spirit of the Christian moral system, and must ultimately love and rest in the great sources of happiness common to all the human race, and based on the relations they hold to their Creator.

These common and general sources of pleasure consist, I believe, in a certain seal, or impress of divine work and character, upon whatever God has wrought in all the world; only, it being necessary for the perception of them, that their contraries should also be set before us, these divine characteristics, though inseparable from all divine works, are yet suffered to exist in such varieties of degree, that their most limited manifestation shall, in opposition to their most abundant, act as a foil or contrary; just as we conceive of cold as contrary to heat, though the most extreme cold we can produce or conceive is not inconsistent with an unknown amount of heat in the body.

* I have inserted this "quite" because I meant it, and the sentence needs it; but I must beg the reader to observe that I don't, even now, think myself *quite* right in *all* matters, even of taste. [1883.]

[1] [Luke viii. 15.]

§ 11. *How distinguishable from false taste.*

Our purity of taste, therefore, is best tested by its universality; for if we can only admire this thing or that, we may be sure that our cause for liking is of a finite and false nature. But if we can perceive beauty in everything of God's doing, we may argue that we have reached the true perception of its universal laws. Hence, false taste may be known by its fastidiousness, by its demands of pomp, splendour, and unusual combination, by its enjoyment only of particular styles and modes of things, and by its pride also: for it is for ever meddling, mending, accumulating, and self-exulting; its eye is always upon itself, and it tests all things round it by the way they fit it. But true taste is for ever growing, learning, reading, worshipping, laying its hand upon its mouth because it is astonished, lamenting over itself, and testing itself by the way that it fits things.[1] And it finds whereof to feed, and whereby to grow, in all things. The complaint so often heard from young artists, that they have not within their reach materials or subjects enough for their fancy, is utterly groundless, and the sign only of their own blindness and inefficiency; for there is that to be seen in every street and lane of every city,—that to be felt and found in every human heart and countenance,—that to be loved in every roadside weed and moss-grown wall which, in the hands of faithful men, may convey emotions of glory and sublimity continual and exalted.

§ 12. *The danger of a spirit of choice;*

Let therefore the young artist beware of the spirit of Choice;* it is an insolent spirit at the best, and commonly a base and blind one too, checking all progress and blasting all power, encouraging weaknesses, pampering partialities, and teaching us to look to accidents of nature for the help and the joy which should come from our own hearts. He draws nothing well who

* "Nothing comes amiss,
A good digestion turneth all to health."—G. Herbert.[2]

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[1] [Very true of Ruskin himself; see above, Introduction, p. xxxix.]
[2] [*The Church Porch*, lx.]

thirsts not to draw *every*thing; when a good painter shrinks, it is because he is humbled, not fastidious; when he stops, it is because he is surfeited, and not because he thinks Nature has given him unkindly food, or that he fears famine.* [1]

§ 13. *And criminality.*

Hence, it becomes a more imperative duty to accustom ourselves to the enjoyment of those pleasures of sight which are most elevated in character, because these are not only the most acute, but the most easily, constantly, and unselfishly attainable.† For had it been ordained by the Almighty [2] that the highest pleasures of sight should be those of most difficult attainment, and that to arrive at them it should be necessary to accumulate gilded palaces, tower over tower, and pile artificial mountains around insinuated lakes, there would have been a direct contradiction between the unselfish duties and inherent desires of every individual. But no such contradiction exists in the system of Divine Providence; which, leaving it open to us if we will, as creatures in probation, to abuse this sense like every other, and pamper it with selfish and thoughtless vanities as we pamper the palate with deadly meats, until the appetite of tasteful cruelty is lost in its sickened

* Yet note the difference between the choice that comes of Pride, and the choice that comes of Love, and compare Chap. XV. § 6.

† This is all true, in the sense attached to it; but requires reconciliation with what I have said elsewhere of the rarity of extremely beautiful things.[3] I will not trouble the reader at present with more than the immediate statement in the text. [1883.]

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[1] [Ed. 1 adds a sentence, and reads as follows :—

" . . . fears famine. I have seen a man of true taste pause for a quarter of an hour to look at the channellings that recent rain had traced in a heap of cinders.

"And here is evident another reason of that duty which we owe respecting our impressions of sight, namely, to discipline ourselves to the enjoyment of those which are eternal in their nature, not only because these are the most acute, but because they are the most easily . . . "]

[2] [The passage "For had it been" down to the end of § 13 is § 4 in *Frondes Agrestes*, where, at this point, Ruskin added the following note :—

"The reader must observe, that having been thoroughly disciplined in the Evangelical schools, I supposed myself, at four-and-twenty, to know all about the ordinances of the Almighty. Nevertheless, the practical contents of the sentence are good; if only they are intelligible, which I doubt."]

[3] [See *Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. iv. § 3, Vol. III. p. 156 of this edition.]

satiety, incapable of pleasure, unless, Caligula like,[1] it concentrate the labour of a million of lives into the sensation of an hour, leaves it also open to us, by humble and loving ways, to make ourselves susceptible of deep delight from the meanest objects of creation;—a delight which shall not separate us from our fellows, nor require the sacrifice of any duty or occupation, but which shall bind us closer to men and to God, and be with us always, harmonized with every action, consistent with every claim, unchanging and eternal.

§ 14. *How certain conclusions respecting beauty are by reason demonstrable.*

Seeing then that these qualities of material objects which are calculated to give us this universal pleasure, are demonstrably constant in their address to human nature, they must belong in some measure to whatever has been esteemed beautiful throughout successive ages of the world, and they are also by their definition common to all the works of God. Therefore it is evident that it must be possible to reason them out, as well as to feel them out; possible to divest every object of that which makes it accidentally or temporarily pleasant, and to strip it bare of distinctive qualities, until we arrive at those which it has in common with all other beautiful things, which we may then safely affirm to be the cause of its ultimate and true delightfulness.

§ 15. *With what liabilities to error.*

Now this process of reasoning will be that which I shall endeavour to employ in the succeeding investigations, a process perfectly safe, so long as we are quite sure that we are reasoning concerning objects which produce in us one and the same sensation, but not safe if the sensation produced be of a different nature,* though it may be equally agreeable; for what produces a different

* The word "nature" is not sufficiently explained in this passage; and it ought to have reiterated in full,—what produces "a sensation of a different nature" must be a different cause; for instance, the prick of a thorn on the tongue as distinguished from the pungency of a flavour. Mr. Alison would have called both beautiful, or both ugly, indiscriminately. [1883.]

[1] [The reference is to Caligula's scheme for building a city upon the highest Alps, or to the bridge which he threw across from Baiae to Puteoli, upwards of three miles in length, in order to march along it in state and furnish a two days' wonder to the world; see Suetonius, c. 19.]

sensation must be a different cause. And the difficulty of reasoning respecting Beauty arises chiefly from the ambiguity of the word, which stands in different people's minds for totally different sensations, for which there can be no common cause.

When, for instance, Mr. Alison endeavours to support his position, that "no man is sensible to beauty in those objects with regard to which he has not previous ideas," by the remark that "the beauty of a theory, or of a relic of antiquity, is unintelligible to a peasant,"[1] we see at once that it is hopeless to argue with a man who, under his general term Beauty, may, for anything we know, be sometimes speaking of mathematical demonstrability and sometimes of historical interest.[2] While, even if we could succeed in limiting the term to the sense of external attractiveness, there would be still room for many phases of error; for though the beauty of a snowy mountain and of a human cheek or forehead, so far as both are considered as mere matter, is the same, and traceable to certain qualities of colour and line, common to both, and by reason extricable; yet the flush of the cheek and moulding of the brow, as they express modesty, affection, or intellect, possess sources of agreeableness * which are not common to the snowy mountain, and the interference of whose influence we must be cautious to prevent in our examination of those which are material or universal.†

The first thing, then, that we have to do, is accurately to

* The general tendency of modern art, under the guidance of Paris, renders it necessary to explain now to the reader, what I before left him to feel, that the sexual instinct is entirely excluded from consideration throughout the argument of this essay; I take no notice of the feelings of the beautiful, which we share with flies and spiders. Conf. the 2nd paragraph of next chapter. [1883.]

† Compare Spenser (Hymn to Beauty):

> "But ah, believe me, there is more than so,
> That works such wonders in the minds of men."

[1] [*Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste*, by Archibald Alison, LL.B., F.R.S. (1st ed. 1790), Essay i., ch. i. § 3 (vol. i. p. 37 of the 4th ed. of 1815).]

[2] [*Cf.* a similar remark in *Letters to a College Friend*, Vol. I. p. 450.]

discriminate and define those appearances from which we are about to reason as belonging to beauty, properly so called, and to clear the ground of all the confused ideas and erroneous theories with which the misapprehension or metaphorical use of the term has encumbered it.

§ 16. *The term "beauty," how limitable in the outset. Divided into typical and vital.*

By the term Beauty, then, properly are signified two things. First, that external quality of bodies already so often spoken of, and which, whether it occur in a stone, flower, beast, or in man, is absolutely identical, which, as I have already asserted, may be shown to be in some sort typical of the Divine attributes, and which therefore I shall, for distinction's sake, call Typical Beauty: and, secondarily, the appearance of felicitous fulfilment of function in living things, more especially of the joyful and right exertion of perfect life in man; and this kind of beauty I shall call Vital Beauty.

Any application of the word Beautiful to other appearances or qualities than these is either false or metaphorical; as, for instance, to the splendour of a discovery, the fitness * of a proportion, the coherence of a chain of reasoning,[1] or the power of bestowing pleasure which objects receive from association, a power confessedly great, and interfering, as we shall presently find, in a most embarrassing way with the attractiveness of inherent beauty.

But in order that the mind of the reader may not be biassed at the outset by that which he may happen to have received of current theories respecting beauty, founded on the

* *Constructive* fitness, I should have said, or mechanical; as between the length of arms in a lever. [1883.]

[1] [In the first draft this point, of the loose use of the term beauty, is put in a more familiar way :—

"The clown in every Christmas pantomime licking the freshly purloined ham, immediately informs us that it's 'Beautiful.' 'Beautiful,' exclaims the young surgeon beneath his breath, as he watches the quivering muscles and curdling veins writhe and knot beneath the swift knife of the practised operator. 'Beautiful,' exclaims the mathematician, as he finishes the investigation of one of Newton's boldest problems. Are we to suppose because in these three cases the same word is used that there is anything of common feeling between any one of them and the artist who stands for the first time before Raphael's St. Catherine?"]

above metaphorical uses of the word (theories which are less to be reprobated as accounting falsely * for the sensations of which they treat, than as confusing two or more pleasurable sensations together), I shall briefly glance at the four erroneous positions most frequently held upon this subject, before proceeding to examine those typical and vital properties of things, to which I conceive that all our original conceptions of beauty may be traced.

* I meant, that they are not so false, or sometimes are not false at all, in accounting, etc. [1883.]

CHAPTER IV

OF FALSE OPINIONS HELD CONCERNING BEAUTY*

§ 1. *Of the false opinion that Truth is Beauty, and vice versâ.*

I PURPOSE at present to speak only of four of the more current opinions respecting Beauty, for of the errors connected with the pleasurableness of constructive[1] proportion, and of the expression of right feelings in the countenance, I shall have opportunity to treat in the succeeding chapters (compare Ch. VI., Ch. XIV.).

Those erring or inconsistent positions which I would at once dismiss are: the first, that the Beautiful is the True; the second, that the Beautiful is the Useful; the third, that it is dependent on Custom; and the fourth, that it is dependent on the Association of Ideas.

(A) To assert that the Beautiful is the True, appears, at first, like asserting that propositions are matter, and matter propositions. But giving the best and most rational interpretation we can, and supposing the holders of this strange position to mean only that things are beautiful which appear what they indeed are, and ugly which appear what they are not, we find them instantly contradicted by each and every conclusion of experience. A stone looks as truly a stone as a rose looks a rose, and yet is not so beautiful: a cloud may look more like a castle than a cloud, and be the more beautiful on that account. The mirage of the desert is fairer than its sands; the false image of the under heaven fairer than the

* The whole of this chapter is extremely well reasoned and clearly put; nor can I in any necessary point better it. The importance of its contents to future analysis may justify my requesting the reader's fixed attention to its distinctions and definitions. [1883.][2]

[1] [The word "constructive" was inserted in the 1883 ed.]

[2] [This note was in the ed. of 1883 printed at the head of the chapter.]

sea.* I am at a loss to know how any so untenable a position could ever have been advanced; but it may, perhaps, have arisen from some confusion of the beauty of art with the beauty of nature, and from an illogical expansion of the very certain truth, that nothing is beautiful in art, which, professing to be an imitation, or a statement, is not as such in some sort true.†

§ 2. *Of the false opinion that Beauty is Usefulness. Compare Chap. XII.* § 5.

(B) That the Beautiful is the Useful, is an assertion evidently based on that limited and false sense of the latter term which I have already deprecated. As it is the most degrading and dangerous supposition which can be advanced on the subject, so, fortunately, it is the most palpably absurd. It is to confound admiration with hunger, love with lust, and life with sensation; it is to assert that the human creature has no ideas and no feelings except those ultimately referable to its brutal appetites. It has not a single fact nor appearance of fact to support it, and needs no combating; at least until its advocates have obtained the consent of the majority of mankind, that the most beautiful productions of nature are seeds and roots; and of art, spades and millstones.

§ 3. *Of the false opinion that Beauty results from Custom. Compare Chap. VI.* § 1.

(C) Somewhat more rational grounds appear for the assertion that the sense of the Beautiful arises from Familiarity with the object, though even this could not long be maintained by a thinking person. For all that can be alleged in defence of such a supposition is, that familiarity deprives some objects, which at first appeared ugly, of much of their repulsiveness;‡ whence it is as rational to conclude that

* I should have written, "image of heaven under the sea, fairer than the sea itself." [1883.]

† Observe the careful limitation,—*in some sort* true. Altogether true, it never can be,—far short of true, it often *ought* to be. [1883.]

‡ The sternest sense of Johnson, and brightest wit of Goldsmith, have been used to exhibit the follies of fashion, and show the power of national habit; but they never seriously deny the reality of beauty, however the Chinese Citizen of the World may be shocked by the white teeth and long feet of English ladies.[1] [1883.]

[1 These references are explained in the next volume, ch. iii. §§ 1, 2, where Ruskin reverts to the subject here discussed.]

familiarity is the cause of beauty, as it would be to argue that because it is possible to acquire a taste for olives, therefore custom is the cause of lusciousness in grapes.[1] Nevertheless, there are some phenomena resulting from the tendency of our nature to be influenced by habit, of which it may be well to observe the limits.

§ 4. *The two-fold operation of Custom. It deadens sensation, but confirms affection.*

Custom has a two-fold operation; the one to deaden the frequency and force of repeated impressions, the other to endear the familiar object to the affections. Commonly, where the mind is vigorous, and the power of sensation very perfect, it has rather the last operation than the first; with meaner minds, the first takes place in the higher degree, so that they are commonly characterized by a desire of excitement, and the want of the loving, fixed, theoretic power. But both take place in some degree with all men; so that as life advances impressions of all kinds become less rapturous, owing to their repetition. It is however beneficently ordained that repulsiveness shall be diminished by custom in a far greater degree than the sensation of beauty; so that the anatomist in a little time loses all sense of horror in the torn flesh and carious bone, while the sculptor ceases not to feel, to the close of his life, the deliciousness of every line of the outward frame. So then, as in that with which we are made familiar the repulsiveness is constantly diminishing, and such claims as it may be able to put forth on the affections are daily becoming stronger, while, in what is submitted to us of new or strange, that which may be repulsive is felt in its full force while no hold is as yet laid on the affections, there is a very strong preference induced in most minds for that to which they are accustomed over that they know not, and this is strongest in those which are least open to sensations of positive beauty.

§ 5. *But never either creates or destroys the essence of Beauty.*

But however far this operation may be carried, its utmost effect is but the deadening and approximating of the sensations of beauty and ugliness. It never mixes, nor crosses, nor in any way alters them; it

[1] [For another refutation of the theory that beauty results from custom, see *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, § 10.]

has not the slightest connection with, or power over, their nature. By tasting two wines alternately, we may deaden our perception of their flavour; nay, we may even do more than can ever be done in the case of sight, we may confound the two flavours together; but it will hardly be argued, therefore, that custom is the cause of either flavour. And so, though by habit we may deaden the effect of ugliness or beauty, it is not for that reason to be affirmed that habit is the cause of either sensation. We may keep a skull beside us[1] as long as we please, we may overcome its repulsiveness, we may render ourselves capable of perceiving many qualities of beauty about its lines, we may contemplate it for years together if we will, —it and nothing else,—but we shall not get ourselves to think as well of it as of a child's fair face.

§ 6. *Instances.*

It would be easy to pursue the subject farther, but I believe that every thoughtful reader will be perfectly well able to supply farther illustrations, and sweep away the sandy fountains of the opposite theory, unassisted. Let it, however, be observed, that, in spite of all custom, an Englishman instantly acknowledges, and at first sight, the superiority of the turban to the hat, or of the plaid to the coat; that, whatever the dictates of immediate fashion may compel, the superior gracefulness of the Greek or middle-age costumes is invariably felt; and that, respecting what has been asserted of negro nations looking with disgust on the white face, no importance whatever is to be attached to the opinions of races who have never received any ideas of beauty whatsoever (these ideas being only received by minds under some certain degree of cultivation),[2] and whose disgust arises

[1] [As Ruskin himself at one time did; see *Præterita*, iii. ch. ii. § 25, and *cf.* Vol. II. p. 57 *n.* of this edition.]

[2] [Ed. 2 here adds a footnote, given in ed. 1 among the Addenda at the end, as follows:—

"Some confusion may arise in the mind of the reader on comparing this passage with others in the course of the volume, such as the second paragraph of the next chapter, in which the instinctive sense of beauty is asserted as existing in the child. But it is necessary always to observe the distinction made in the second chapter between the instinctive, or æsthetic, and the real or theoretic perception of Beauty; and farther, it is to be remembered, that every elevated human instinct is in a measure put under voluntary power, and

naturally from what they may suppose to be a sign of weakness or ill health. It would be futile to proceed into farther detail.

I pass to the last and most weighty theory, that the agreeableness in objects which we call Beauty, is the result of the Association with them of agreeable or interesting ideas.

§ 7. Of the false opinion that Beauty depends on the Association of Ideas.

(D) Frequent has been the support and wide the acceptance of this supposition, and yet I suppose that no two consecutive sentences were ever written in defence of it, without involving either a contradiction or a confusion of terms.[1] Thus Alison: "There are scenes undoubtedly more beautiful than Runnymede, yet, to those who recollect the great event that passed there, there is no scene perhaps which so strongly seizes on the imagination[2]:"—where we are wonder-struck at the audacious obtuseness which would prove the power of imagination by its *overcoming that very other power* (of inherent beauty) whose existence the arguer denies. For the only logical conclusion which can possibly be drawn from the above sentence is, that imagination is *not* the source of beauty, for although no scene seizes so strongly on the imagination, yet there are scenes "more beautiful than Runnymede." And though instances of self-contradiction as laconic and complete as this are[3] to be found in few writers except Alison,* yet if the arguments on the subject be fairly sifted from the mass of confused language with which they are always encumbered, and placed

* The reader must not confuse the metaphysician with the historian. I know no work of as wide range in which the argument is more logically sustained, or more justly in many points conclusive, than that of Sir A. Alison's *History of Europe*. [1883.][4]

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when highly cultivated, appears in increasing purity and intensity in each succeeding generation, or, on the other hand, diminishes until the race sinks into degradation nearly total, out of which no general laws may safely be deduced."]

[1] [On this subject, cf. *Letters to a College Friend*, Vol. I. p. 450.]

[2] [*Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste*, 1815 ed., i. 25.]

[3] [For "are to be found . . . Alison," eds. 1 and 2 read "are rare," and also omit the words "and placed in logical form," and instead of "involve . . . syllogisms," read "fall into . . . forms."]

[4] [For a less favourable opinion of Alison's *History of Europe*, see Vol. I. p. 458.]

in logical form, they will be found invariably to involve one of these two syllogisms: either, Association gives pleasure, and Beauty gives pleasure, therefore Association is Beauty; or, the power of Association is stronger than the power of Beauty, therefore the power of Association *is* the power of Beauty.[1]

§ 8. *Association is, first, rational. It is of no efficiency as a cause of Beauty.*

Nevertheless * it is necessary for us to observe the real value and authority of association in the moral system, and how ideas of actual beauty may be affected by it, otherwise we shall be liable to embarrassment throughout the whole of the succeeding argument.

Association is of two kinds, Rational and Accidental. By Rational Association I understand the interest which any object may bear historically, as having been in some way connected with the affairs or affections of men; an interest shared in the minds of all who are aware of such connection: which to call beauty is mere and gross confusion of terms; it is no theory to be confuted, but a misuse of language to be set aside, a misuse involving the positions that in uninhabited countries the vegetation has no grace, the rock no dignity, the cloud no colour, and that the snowy summits of the Alps receive no loveliness from the sunset light, because they have not been polluted by the wrath, ravage, and misery of men.†

By Accidental Association, I understand the accidental

* The four false theories are now dismissed; nor farther regarded throughout the whole essay. [1883.]

† It is curious to note in this passage the single emotion of youth, so often described by Wordsworth.[2] The more advanced perception indicated in the opening paragraph of the "Lamp of Memory," in the *Seven Lamps*, should be compared. As I have grown older, the aspects of nature conducive to human life have become hourly more dear to me; and I had rather now see a brown harvest field than the brightest Aurora Borealis. [1883.]

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[1] [For some additional passages on this subject, printed from the author's first draft, see Appendix i., pp. 365–366.]

[2] [As, for instance, in the passage quoted below, at the end of § 11, and in the *Ode on Intimations of Immortality;* in which connection see *Præterita*, i. ch. xii. § 244.]

§ 9. *Association accidental. The extent of its influence.*

connection of ideas and memories with material things, owing to which those material things are regarded as agreeable or otherwise, according to the nature of the feelings or recollections they summon; the association being commonly involuntary and oftentimes so vague as that no distinct image is suggested by the object, but we feel a painfulness in it or pleasure from it, without knowing wherefore. Of this operation of the mind (which is that of which I spoke as causing inextricable embarrassments on the subject of beauty) the experience is constant, so that its more energetic manifestations require no illustration. But I do not think that the minor degrees and shades of this great influence have been sufficiently appreciated. Not only all vivid emotions, and all circumstances of exciting interest, leave their light and shadow on the senseless things and instruments among which, or through whose agency, they have been felt or learned, but I believe that the eye cannot rest on a material form, in a moment of depression or exultation, without communicating to that form a spirit and a life,—a life which will make it afterwards in some degree loved or feared,—a charm or a painfulness for which we shall be unable to account even to ourselves, which will not indeed be perceptible, except by its delicate influence on our judgment in cases of complicated beauty.[1] Let the eye but rest on a rough piece of branch of curious form during a conversation with a friend, rest however unconsciously, and though the conversation be forgotten, though every circumstance connected with it be as utterly lost to the memory as though it had not been, yet the eye will, through the whole life after, take a certain pleasure in such boughs which it had not before, a pleasure so slight, a trace of feeling so delicate, as to leave us utterly unconscious of its peculiar power; but undestroyable by any reasoning, a part, thenceforward, of our constitution, destroyable only by the same arbitrary process

[1] [The words, "which will not . . . beauty," were omitted in ed. 2, which also reads "some rude or uncouth form" for "a rough piece of branch of curious form," and, five lines lower down, "forms" for "boughs."]

of association by which it was created. Reason has no effect upon it whatsoever. And there is probably no one opinion which is formed by any of us, in matters of taste, which is not in some degree influenced by unconscious association of this kind. In many who have no definite rules of judgment, preference is decided by little else, and thus, unfortunately,* its operations are mistaken for, or rather substituted for, those of inherent beauty, and its real position and value in the moral system are in a great measure overlooked.

§ 10. *The dignity of its function.*

For I believe that mere pleasure and pain have less associative power than duty performed or omitted, and that the great use of the Associative faculty is not to add beauty to material things, but to add force to the Conscience. But for this external and all-powerful witness, the voice of the inward guide might be lost in each particular instance, almost as soon as disobeyed; the echo of it in after time, whereby, though perhaps feeble as warning, it becomes powerful as punishment, might be silenced, and the strength of the protection pass away in the lightness of the lash. Therefore it has received the power of enlisting external and unmeaning things in its aid, and transmitting to all that is indifferent its own authority to reprove or reward; so that, as we travel the way of life, we have the choice, according to our working, of turning all the voices of Nature into one song of rejoicing, and all her lifeless creatures into a glad company, whereof the meanest shall be beautiful in our eyes by its kind message, or of withering and quenching her sympathy into a fearful withdrawn silence of condemnation, or into a crying out of her stones, and a shaking of her dust against us. Nor is it any marvel that the theoretic faculty should be overpowered by this momentous operation, and the indifferent appeals and inherent glories of external things in the end overlooked, when the perfection of God's works is felt only as the sweetness of His

* "Unfortunately" is a wrong word here. Nothing is unfortunate in the system of our nature; we become unfortunate in refusing to understand it and obey. See the more careful sequel, § 11, "And it is well for us," etc. [1883.]

promises, and their admirableness only as the threatenings of His power.

§ 11. *How it is connected with impressions of beauty.*

But it is evident that the full exercise of this noble function of the Associative faculty is inconsistent with absolute and incontrovertible conclusions on subjects of theoretic preference. For it is quite impossible for any individual to distinguish in himself the unconscious underworking of indefinite association peculiar to him individually, from those great laws of choice under which he is comprehended with all his race. And it is well for us that it is so, the harmony of God's good work is not in us interrupted by this mingling of universal and peculiar principles: for by these such difference is secured in the feelings as shall make fellowship itself more delightful, by its inter-communicate character; and such variety of feeling also in each of us separately as shall make us capable of enjoying scenes of different kinds and orders, instead of morbidly seeking for some perfect epitome of the Beautiful in one. And also that deadening by custom of theoretic impressions to which I have above alluded, is counterbalanced by the pleasantness of acquired association; and the loss of the intense feeling of the youth, "which had no need of a remoter charm, by thought supplied, or any interest unborrowed from the eye,"[1] is replaced by the gladness of conscience, and the vigour of the reflecting and imaginative faculties, as they take their wide and aged grasp of the great relations between the earth and its dead people.*

§ 12. *And what caution it renders necessary in the examination of them.*

In proportion therefore to the value, constancy, and efficiency of this influence, we must be modest and cautious in the pronouncing of positive opinions on the subject of beauty. For every one of us has peculiar sources of enjoyment necessarily opened to him in certain scenes and things, sources which are sealed to

* And, much more, its living people, and those hereafter to live. [1883.]

[1] [Wordsworth: *Tintern Abbey*; the lines are quoted also in *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. xvii. § 2, and in a letter to Liddell, Vol. I. p. 671.]

others; and we must be wary, on the one hand, of confounding these in ourselves with ultimate conclusions of taste, and so forcing them upon all as authoritative, and on the other, of supposing that the enjoyments of others which we cannot share are shallow or unwarrantable, because incommunicable. I fear, for instance, that in the former portion of this work I may have attributed too much community and authority to certain affections of my own for scenery inducing emotions of wild, impetuous, and enthusiastic characters, and too little to those which I perceive in others for things peaceful, humble, meditative, and solemn. So also between youth and age there will be found differences of seeking, which are not wrong, nor of false choice in either, but of different temperament; the youth sympathizing more with the gladness, fulness, and magnificence of things, and the grey hairs with their completion, sufficiency, and repose. And so, neither condemning the delights of others, nor altogether distrustful of our own, we must advance, as we live on, from what is brilliant to what is pure, and from what is promised to what is fulfilled, and from what is our strength to what is our crown, only observing in all things how that which is indeed wrong, and to be cut up from the root, is *dislike*,* and not affection. For by the very nature of these Beautiful qualities, which I have defined to be the signature of God upon His works, it is evident that in whatever we altogether dislike, we see not all; that the keenness of our vision is to be tested by the expansiveness of our love, and that as far as the influence of association has voice in the question, though it is indeed possible that the inevitable painfulness of an object, for which we can render no sufficient reason, may be owing to its recalling of a sorrow, it is more probably dependent on its accusation of a crime.

* An admirable conclusion,—yet needing this much of drawback, that things justly disliked, and ascertained to be so, ought to be disliked more and more until we put an end to them; and that we have always to beware of getting used to evil, no less than of forgetting good. [1883.]

CHAPTER V[1]

OF TYPICAL BEAUTY:—FIRST, OF INFINITY, OR THE TYPE OF DIVINE INCOMPREHENSIBILITY*

THE subject being now in some measure cleared of embarrassment, let us briefly distinguish those qualities or types on whose combination is dependent the power of mere material loveliness. I pretend neither to enumerate nor to perceive them all: for it may be generally observed that whatever good there may be desirable by man, more especially good belonging to his moral nature, there will be a corresponding agreeableness in whatever external object reminds him of such good, whether it remind him by arbitrary association, or by typical resemblance; and that the infinite ways, whether by reason or experience discoverable, by which[2] matter in some sort may remind† us of moral perfections, are hardly within any reasonable limits to be explained, if even by any single mind they might all be traced. Yet certain palpable and powerful modes there are, by observing which we may come at such general conclusions on the subject as may be practically useful, and more than these I shall not attempt to obtain.

§ 1. Impossibility of adequately treating the subject.

* The preceding chapter, though one of great importance, is throughout a parenthesis, and the proper subject of enquiry is now taken up, a little too hurriedly. The word "typical" might also have been better chosen; especially since it has lately been used so often to signify representative examples of things. It means here any character in material things by which they convey an idea of immaterial ones. [1883.]

† "Put us in mind" would have been a better phrase; as a rock, of stability—or its shadow, of kindness, etc. [1883.]

[1] [In the "re-arranged" 1883 ed. a new Section (II.) began here, "Of Typical Beauty," this being ch. i. "Of Infinity," etc.]

[2] [Ed. 2 reads, " . . . resemblance; and that the numberless ways in which matter . . . " Ed. 1 reads as here; in ed. 3 Ruskin returned to the first form of the passage.]

§ 2. *With what simplicity of feeling to be approached.*

And first, I would ask of the reader to enter upon the subject with me, as far as may be, as a little child, ridding himself of all conventional and authoritative thoughts, and especially of such associations as arise from his respect for Pagan art, or which are in any way traceable to classical readings. I recollect that Mr. Alison traces his first perceptions of beauty in external nature to this most corrupt source,[1] thus betraying so total and singular a want of natural sensibility as may well excuse the deficiencies of his following arguments.[2] For there was never yet the child of any promise (so far as the Theoretic faculties are concerned) but awaked to the sense of beauty with the first gleam of reason; and I suppose there are few among those who love Nature otherwise than by profession and at second-hand, who look not back to their youngest and least-learned days as those of the most intense, superstitious, insatiable, and beatific perception of her splendours.[3] And the bitter decline of this

[1] [The reference appears to be to scattered remarks in the earlier pages of Alison's *Essays on . . . Taste*, in which the writer refers to classical allusions as giving sublimity to natural scenery; as, for instance, remembrances of the *Georgics*, or of Hannibal's march over the Alps.]

[2] [In the first draft this point was elaborated at much greater length; see passages from the MSS. in Appendix i. pp. 367–368.]

[3] [Ruskin is here recording his own experience, as in the following argument he is adopting the philosophy of recollection which Wordsworth, in his *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, borrowed from Plato. Ruskin's love of nature in his earliest years has been sufficiently illustrated in his Juvenilia, and especially in the *Poems* (Vol. II.). Already, when he was thinking of this volume of *Modern Painters*, he was conscious at times of losing something of his earliest rapture. Thus he writes in his diary of 1844—at Geneva (June 1):—

> "I have been singularly down-hearted all this journey, and conceive not why. I have felt more than I ever did, I think; and yet not with the buoyancy or life of old time. I think always of those who have no power of seeing what I see, and am full of remorse that I see it, and of the time that may—and that must come—when I shall not see it myself."

And so, again, even at Chamouni (June 6):—

> "A lovely day, to light me to my own valley. I have just come down (½ past 8) from my old seat on the block of the Brevent. But I do not feel as I ought to feel. For the first time in my life, I begin to miss the exhilaration of spirit which these scenes awakened in my childhood. I am not likely to wake to-morrow mad with delight at the idea of climbing a hill, I shall not be singing about the passages at the thought of sketching among rocks—the sketching has become a labour, the climbing a tranquil enjoyment; I am a man in feeling, though not in knowledge, and deeply am I grieved to find it so. But it is perhaps better for me."

But this mood soon passed. "I enjoyed the whole day," he writes on June 8, "*in my old way*, and walked home all the way from the Flégère, level and all, with *a child's springiness of mind and step*" (so italicised by Ruskin in reading his diary for *Præterita*).]

glorious feeling, though many note it not, partly owing to the cares and weight of manhood, which leave them not the time nor the liberty to look for their lost treasure, and partly to the human and divine affections which are appointed to take its place, yet has formed the subject, not indeed of lamentation, but of holy thankfulness for the witness it bears to the immortal origin and end * of our nature, to one whose authority is almost without appeal in all questions relating to the influence of external things upon the pure human soul.

> "Heaven lies about us in our infancy.
> Shades of the prison-house begin to close
> Upon the growing boy:
> But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
> He sees it in his joy.
> The youth, who daily farther from the east
> Must travel, still is nature's priest,
> And by the vision splendid
> Is on his way attended.
> At length the man perceives it die away
> And fade into the light of common day." [1]

And if it were possible for us to recollect all the unaccountable and happy instincts of the careless time, and to reason upon them with the maturer judgment, we might arrive at more rapid and right results than either the philosophy or the sophisticated practice of art has yet attained. But we lose the

* To the origin and *purpose* of it, yes; but not to the immortality of it,—else the lamb might be proved as immortal as its slaughterer. Wordsworth is indeed "almost without appeal" as to the impressions of natural things on the human mind,—but by no means as to the logical conclusions to be surely drawn from them. [1883.][2]

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[1] [So in eds. 1, 3, and others. In ed. 2 Ruskin substituted some other lines from the same poem, thus:—

> "Not for these I raise
> The songs of thanks and praise,
> But for these obstinate questionings
> Of sense, and outward things,
> Fallings from us: vanishings,
> Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized."]

[2] [Ruskin had two or three years before the date of this note been analyzing Wordsworth's position as a poet; see *Fiction Fair and Foul, e.g.* §§ 50–52, 79, 80. See also *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. xvii. § 11; and on the *Ode*, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 92, and *Præterita*, i. ch. xii. § 244.]

perceptions before we are capable of methodizing or comparing them.

One, however, of these child instincts, I believe that few forget, the emotion, namely, caused by all open ground, or lines of any spacious kind against the sky, behind which there might be conceived the Sea. It is an emotion more pure than that caused by the sea itself, for I recollect distinctly running down behind the banks of a high beach to get their land line cutting against the sky, and receiving a more strange delight from this than from the sight of the ocean.[1] I am not sure that this feeling is common to all children, (or would be common, if they were all in circumstances admitting it,) but I have ascertained it to be frequent among those who possess the most vivid sensibilities for nature;[2] and I am certain that the modification of it which belongs to our after years is common to all, the love, namely, of a light distance appearing over a comparatively dark horizon. This I have tested too frequently to be mistaken, by offering to indifferent spectators forms of equal abstract beauty in half tint, relieved, the one against dark sky, the other against a bright distance. The preference is invariably given to the latter; and it is very certain that this preference arises not from any supposition of there being greater truth in this than the other, for the same preference is unhesitatingly accorded to the same effect in Nature herself. Whatever beauty there may result from effects of light on foreground objects,—from the dew of the grass, the flash of the cascade, the glitter of the birch trunk, or the fair daylight hues of darker things (and joyfulness there is in all of them), there is yet a light which the eye invariably seeks with a deeper feeling of the beautiful,—the light of the declining or breaking day, and the flakes of scarlet cloud burning like watch-fires in the green sky of the horizon; a deeper feeling, I say, not perhaps more acute, but having more of spiritual hope and

§ 3. *The child instinct respecting space.*

§ 4. *Continued in after life.*

[1] [For Ruskin's early love of the sea, cf. *Præterita*, i. ch. iv. § 86. But as a child, he says, he "cared more for a beach on which the waves broke than for wide sea" (*ibid.* ch. vi. § 121).]

[2] [Ed. 2 (only) omits the words "have ascertained . . . and I."]

longing, less of animal and present life, more manifest, invariably, in those of more serious and determined mind, (I use the word serious, not as being opposed to cheerful, but to trivial and volatile,) but I think, marked and unfailing even in those of the least thoughtful dispositions. I am willing to let it rest on the determination of every reader, whether the pleasure which he has received from these effects of calm and luminous distance be not the most singular and memorable of which he has been conscious; whether all that is dazzling in colour, perfect in form, gladdening in expression, be not of evanescent and shallow appealing, when compared with the still small voice of the level twilight behind purple hills, or the scarlet arch of dawn over the dark troublous-edged sea.

§ 5. Whereto this instinct is traceable.

Let us try to discover that which effects of this kind possess or suggest, peculiar to themselves,[1] and which other effects of light and colour possess not. There *must* be something in them of a peculiar character, and that, whatever it be, must be one of the primal and most earnest motives of beauty to human sensation.

Do they show finer characters of form than can be developed by the broader daylight? Not so; for their power is almost independent of the forms they assume or display; it matters little whether the bright clouds be simple or manifold, whether the mountain line be subdued or majestic; the fairer forms of earthly things are by them subdued and disguised, the round and muscular growth of the forest trunks is sunk into skeleton lines of quiet shade, the purple clefts of the hill-side are labyrinthed in the darkness, the orbed spring and whirling wave of the torrent have given place to a white, ghastly, interrupted gleaming. Have they more perfection or fulness of colour? Not so; for their effect is oftentimes deeper when their hues are dim, than when they are blazoned with crimson and pale gold: and assuredly, in the blue of the rainy sky, in the many tints of morning flowers, in the sunlight on summer foliage and field, there are more sources of

[1] [Ed. 2 (only) was here again shorter; reading, instead of "and which . . . and that," simply "for this . . ." For "earnest" ed. 2 reads "effectual."]

mere sensual[1] colour-pleasure than in the single streak of wan and dying light. It is not then by nobler form, it is not by positiveness of hue, it is not by intensity of light (for the sun itself at noonday is effectless upon the feelings), that this strange distant space possesses its attractive power. But there is one thing that it has, or suggests, which no other object of sight suggests in equal degree, and that is—Infinity. It is of all visible things the least material, the least finite, the farthest withdrawn from the earth prison-house, the most typical of the nature of God, the most suggestive of the glory of His dwelling-place. For the sky of night, though we may know it boundless, is dark; it is a studded vault, a roof that seems to shut us in and down; but the bright distance has no limit, we feel its infinity, as we rejoice in its purity of light.

§ 6. *Infinity, how necessary in art.*

Now not only is this expression of infinity in distance most precious wherever we find it, however solitary it may be, and however unassisted by other forms and kinds of beauty, but it is of that value that no such other forms will altogether recompense us for its loss; and, much as I dread the enunciation of anything that may seem like a conventional rule, I have no hesitation in asserting that no work of any art, in which this expression of infinity is possible, can be perfect, or supremely elevated, without it, and that, in proportion to its presence, it will exalt and render impressive even the most tame and trivial themes. And I think if there be any one grand division, by which it is at all possible to set the productions of painting, so far as their mere plan or system is concerned, on our right and left hands, it is this of light and dark background, of *heaven light* or of *object light*.* For I know not any truly great painter of any time, who manifests not the most intense pleasure in the luminous space of his backgrounds, or who ever sacrifices

* This quite true conclusion reaches farther than I then knew, or at least felt clearly enough to express. Not only light *in* the sky, but light *from* it, is essential to the greatest work; the diffused light of heaven on all sides, as distinguished from chiaroscuro in a room. [1883.]

[1] ["sensual" is omitted in ed. 2 only.]

this pleasure where the nature of his subject admits of its attainment; as, on the other hand, I know not that the habitual use of dark backgrounds can be shown as having ever been coexistent with pure or high feeling, and, except in the case of Rembrandt (and then under peculiar circumstances only), with any high power of intellect. It is, however, necessary carefully to observe the following modifications of this broad principle.

§ 7. *Conditions of its necessity.*

The absolute necessity, for such I indeed consider it, is of no more than such a mere luminous distant point as may give to the feelings a species of escape from all the finite objects about them. There is a spectral etching of Rembrandt, a Presentation of Christ in the Temple,[1] where the figure of a robed priest stands glaring by its gems out of the gloom, holding a crozier. Behind it there is a subdued window-light, seen in the opening between two columns, without which the impressiveness of the whole subject would, I think, be incalculably brought down. I cannot tell whether I am at present allowing too much weight to my own fancies and predilections,* but without so much escape into the outer air and open heaven as this, I can take permanent pleasure in no picture.

§ 8. *And connected analogies.*

And I think I am supported in this feeling by the unanimous practice, if not the confessed opinion, of all artists. The painter of portrait is unhappy without his conventional white stroke under the sleeve, or beside the arm-chair; the painter of interiors feels like a caged bird, unless he can throw a window open, or set the door ajar; the landscapist dares not lose himself in forest without a gleam of light under its farthest branches, nor venture out in rain unless he may somewhere pierce to a better promise in the distance, or cling to some closing gap of variable blue above.

* No: but far too much weight to little matters. A vulgar picture cannot be made a religious one by a hole in a wall. [1883.]

[1] [There are two impressions of this in the British Museum Collection; Nos. 275 and 276 in the Exhibition Catalogue of 1899. For Ruskin's later criticism of such passages in Rembrandt's work, see *Cestus of Aglaia*, §§ 52–54.]

Escape, Hope, Infinity, by whatever conventionalism sought, the desire is the same in all, the instinct constant: it is no mere point of light that is wanted in the etching of Rembrandt above instanced, a gleam of armour or fold of temple curtain would have been utterly valueless; neither is it liberty, for though we cut down hedges and level hills, and give what waste and plain we choose, on the right hand and the left, it is all comfortless and undesired, so long as we cleave not a way of escape forward; and however narrow and thorny and difficult the nearer path, it matters not, so only that the clouds open for us at its close.* Neither will any amount of beauty in nearer form make us content to stay with it, so long as we are shut down to that alone; † nor is any form so cold or so hurtful but that we may look upon it with kindness, so only that it rise against the infinite hope of light beyond. The reader can follow out the analogies of this unassisted.

§ 9. *How the dignity of treatment is proportioned to the expression of Infinity.*

But although this narrow portal of escape be all that is absolutely necessary, I think that the dignity of the painting increases with the extent and amount of the expression. With the earlier and mightier painters of Italy, the practice is commonly to leave their distance of pure and open sky, of such simplicity that it in nowise shall interfere with, or draw the attention from, the interest of the figures; and of such purity that, especially towards the horizon, it shall be in the highest degree expressive of the infinite space of heaven. I do not mean to say that they did this with any occult or metaphysical motives. They did it, I think, with the unpretending simplicity of all earnest men; they did what they loved and felt; they sought what the heart naturally seeks, and gave what it most gratefully receives; and I look to them as in all points of principle (not, observe, of knowledge or empirical attainment)

* All this is—in the main—true; but much too emphatically put. Disagreeable things may be less disagreeable when one sees a way out of them, but one prefers things pleasant in the meantime, whether there's a way out, or not. [1883.]

† Well; I don't feel justified in saying that, till I've had the chance. [1883.]

as the most irrefragable authorities, precisely on account of the child-like innocence, which never deemed itself authoritative, but acted upon desire, and not upon dicta, and sought for sympathy, not for admiration.

§ 10. *Examples among the Southern schools;*

And so we find the same simple and sweet treatment, the open sky, the tender, unpretending horizontal white clouds, the far winding and abundant landscape, in Giotto, Taddeo Gaddi, Laurati, Angelico, Benozzo, Ghirlandajo, Francia, Perugino, and the young Raffaelle;[1] the first symptom of conventionality appearing in Perugino, who, though with intense feeling of light and colour he carried the glory of his luminous distance far beyond all his predecessors, began at the same time to use a somewhat morbid relief of his figures against the upper sky. This he has done in the Assumption of the Florentine Academy, in that of l'Annunziata, and of the Gallery of Bologna;[2] in all which pictures the lower portions are incomparably the finest, owing to the light distance behind the heads.* Raffaelle, in his fall,

* This is quite true; but not for metaphysical reasons only. Against a light background, the dark points and half tones of a head have double power; and are just so far additional elements in its expression. [1883.]

[1] [All these painters had been studied by Ruskin in 1845 at Pisa and Florence. Laurati (so called by Vasari) is more generally known as Pietro Lorenzetti; frescoes by him in the Campo Santo at Pisa were much admired by Ruskin.]

[2] [In his picture diary of 1845 Ruskin notices among other things the re-painting of Perugino's Assumption in the Florentine Academy :—

> "The Assumption of the Virgin.—The four figures at the bottom of this picture would by themselves with the bright distance be perfectly exquisite, but the upper figures which come light against the dark upper half of the sky are a little inferior in effect, the angels especially fluttery and poor. (Indeed there is a little tendency to this fault in Perugino not infrequently. It occurs again, I see, as far as one can judge of engravings, in his works at Siena, and in the Assumption here in the Annunziata it is very painful. Notwithstanding, this latter is for the grace and unity of action in its many figures most distinguished, and far from deserving the unkind mention of it in Rio.) The distance of this . . . picture (the Assumption) has once been very heavenly. Vestiges of its lovely trees and delicate hills are just perceptible under the load of French ultra-marine, which the picture-cleaner has laid on apparently with the house-painter's brush. Where any of the real distance is left, he has changed its colour and turned all the greens to the same crude blue."

(The word left blank is indecipherable). Rio's "unkind mention" of the Assumption in the Annunziata is that, "to the triumph of his enemies, it was not thought worthy to occupy the place that had been reserved for it;" and that it "unfortunately confirms the severe judgment passed upon it by his contemporaries" (*The Poetry of Christian Art*, 1854, p. 177).]

betrayed the faith he had received from his father and his master, and substituted for the radiant sky of the Madonna del Cardellino, the chamber-wall of the Madonna della Seggiola, and the brown wainscot of the Baldacchino.[1] Yet it is curious to observe how much of the dignity even of his later pictures depends on such portions as the green light of the lake, and sky behind the rocks, in the St. John of the Tribune; and how the repainted distortion of the Madonna dell' Impannata is redeemed into something like elevated character, merely by the light of the linen window from which it takes its name.

§ 11. *Among the Venetians.*

That which was done by the Florentines in pure simplicity of heart, the Venetians did through love of the colour and splendour of the sky itself, even to the frequent sacrificing of their subject to the passion of its distance. In Carpaccio, John Bellini, Giorgione, Titian, Veronese,

[1] [The Madonna del Cardellino (painted about 1506) is in the Tribune of the Uffizi. Plate No. 11 in vol. iii. of *Modern Painters* (ch. xviii. § 12) is engraved from Ruskin's drawing of the background. The Madonna della Seggiola (or della Sedia) is in the Pitti; painted between 1510 and 1514. The Madonna del Baldacchino (left unfinished by Raphael before 1508) is also in the Pitti, as also is the Madonna dell' Impannata (painted about 1513). Ruskin's notes on these pictures, in his Florentine diary of 1845, are as follows:—

> "The Seggiola struck me exactly as it did before—a clever, well-finished, vulgar, piece of maternity, very uncopiable. The Madonna dell' Impannata I thought less of than ever before. I see the execution is chiefly attributed to Raffaelle's scholars, but it does not matter who it is by, the picture is a coarse and vulgar one, full of grimace without feeling. The figures are all brought out in full light, except only the left limb of St. John, which shows its dark side against the light. Owing to this, the picture would have appeared intolerably vulgar and modern, if one were only to take away the green window behind, from which it has its name.
>
> "Madonna del Baldacchino.—I had several times past this, not only without knowing it to be a Raffaelle, but thinking it one of the worst pictures in the Gallery, before I accidentally cast my eye on its name in the catalogue. Without any exception it is the worst Raffaelle I ever saw. The architecture behind is brown, without air, tone, and more like wood than stone, the conical canopy looks as if the Virgin had been a Chinese instead of an Israelite. Vulgar, kicking angels, with ragged straggly hair drifting in the Salvator style, hold up the curtain with the studied grace of infant phenomena at the Olympic. The Madonna of most common type with a frizzed head-dress, attacked most justly by Rio; the bishops and saints silly, affected, and beggarly studies—I should say from the Pincian steps; they are moreover carelessly painted and unfinished, their great black eyes as meaningless as Murillo's, the flesh is throughout brown, and the blues of the drapery are raw and vapid."

Rio's remark is that "the strange and artificial arrangement of the hair . . . seems to have been adopted for the express purpose of spoiling the effect," a fault which he attributes to other hands than Raphael's (*l.c.* p. 218).]

and Tintoret, the preciousness of the luminous sky, so far as it might be at all consistent with their subject, is nearly constant; abandoned altogether in portraiture only, seldom even there, and never with advantage. Titian and Veronese, who had less exalted feeling than the others, afford a few instances of exception: the latter overpowering his silvery distances with foreground splendour; the former sometimes sacrificing them to a luscious fulness of colour, as in the Flagellation in the Louvre, by a comparison of which with the unequalled majesty of the Entombment opposite, the applicability of the general principle may at once be tested.[1]

§ 12. *Among the painters of landscape.*

But of the value of this mode of treatment there is a farther and more convincing proof than its adoption either by the innocence of the Florentine or the ardour of the Venetian; namely, that when retained or imitated from them by the landscape painters of the seventeenth century, when appearing in isolation from all other good, among the weaknesses and paltrinesses of Claude, the mannerisms of Gaspar, and the caricatures and brutalities of Salvator, it yet redeems and upholds all three, conquers all foulness by its purity, vindicates all folly by its dignity,* and puts an uncomprehended power of permanent address to the human heart upon the lips of the senseless and the profane.†

* Too fast and far again! by much; the impetus of phrase running away with me. See the mischief of fine writing. [1883.]

† In one of the smaller rooms of the Pitti Palace, over the door, is a Temptation of St. Anthony, by Salvator, wherein such power as the artist possessed is fully manifested, and less offensively than is usual in his sacred subjects.[2] It is a vigorous and ghastly thought, in that kind of horror which is dependent on scenic effect perhaps unrivalled, and I shall have occasion to refer to it again in speaking of the powers of Imagination. I allude to it here, because the sky of the distance affords a remarkable instance of the power of light at present under discussion. It is formed of flakes of black cloud, with rents and openings of intense and lurid green, and at least half of the impressiveness of the picture depends on these openings. Close them, make the sky one mass of gloom, and the spectre will be awful no longer. It

[1] [For Ruskin's notes on these pictures, in his 1844 diary, see *Præterita*, ii. ch. v. § 102.]

[2] [Ed. 1 reads, "fully manifested with little, comparatively, that is offensive." For another reference to the picture, see below, sec. ii. ch. v. § 7 *n.*, p. 319.]

Now although I doubt not that the general value of this treatment will be acknowledged by all lovers of art, it is not certain that the point to prove which I have brought it forward will be as readily conceded; namely, the inherent power of all representations of infinity over the human heart. For there are, indeed, countless associations of pure and religious kind, which combine with each other to enhance the impression when presented in this particular form, whose power I neither deny nor am careful to distinguish, seeing that they all tend to the same point, and have reference to heavenly hopes; delights they are in seeing the narrow, black, miserable earth fairly compared with the bright firmament; reaching forward unto the things that are before, and joyfulness in the apparent, though unreachable, nearness and promise of them. But there are other modes in which infinity may be represented, which are confused by no associations of the kind, and which would, as being in mere matter, appear trivial and mean, but for their incalculable influence on the forms of all that we feel to be beautiful. The first of these is the curvature of lines and surfaces, wherein it at first appears futile to insist upon any resemblance or suggestion of infinity, since there is certainly, in our ordinary contemplation of it, no sensation of the kind. But I have repeated again and again that the ideas of beauty are instinctive, and that it is only upon consideration, and even then in doubtful and disputable way, that they appear in their typical character. Neither do I intend at all to insist upon the particular meaning which they appear to myself to bear, but merely on their actual and demonstrable agreeableness: so that in the present case, while I assert positively,

§ 13. *Other modes in which the power of Infinity is felt.*

§ 14. *The beauty of Curvature.*

owes to the light of the distance both its size and its spirituality. The time would fail me, if I were to name the tenth part of the pictures, which occur to me, whose vulgarity is redeemed by this circumstance alone: and yet let not the artist trust to such morbid and conventional use of it as may be seen in the common blue and yellow effectism of the present day. Of the value of moderation and simplicity in the use of this, as of all other sources of pleasurable emotion, I shall presently have occasion to speak farther.

and have no fear of being able to prove, that a curve of any kind is more beautiful than a right line, I leave it to the reader to accept or not, as he pleases, that reason of its agreeableness which is the only one that I can at all trace; namely, that every curve divides itself infinitely by its changes of direction.

§ 15. *How constant in external nature.*

That all forms of acknowledged beauty are composed exclusively of curves will, I believe, be at once allowed; but that which there will be need more especially to prove is, the subtlety and constancy of curvature in all natural forms whatsoever.[1] I believe that, except in crystals, in certain mountain forms admitted for the sake of sublimity or contrast (as in the slope of débris), in rays of light, in the levels of calm water and alluvial land,* and in some few organic developments, there are no lines nor surfaces of nature without curvature; though as we before saw in clouds, more especially in their under lines towards the horizon, and in vast and extended plains, right lines are often suggested which are not actual. Without these we could not be sensible of the value of the contrasting curves; and while, therefore, for the most part the eye is fed in natural forms with a grace of curvature which no hand nor instrument can follow, other means are provided to give beauty to those surfaces which are admitted for contrast, as in water by its reflection of the gradations which it possesses not itself. In freshly broken ground which Nature has not yet had time to model, in quarries and pits which are none of her cutting, in those convulsions and evidences of convulsion of whose influence on ideal landscape I shall presently have occasion to speak,[2] and generally in all ruin and disease, and interference of one order of being with another

* These seem important exceptions; they are not so, and are themselves liable to much exception. Crystals are indeed subject to rectilinear limitations; but their real surfaces are continually curved. Rays of light are varied, by infinite gradation—the level of calm water is only right-lined when it is shoreless. [1883.]

[1] [On this subject, cf. *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. ch. xx. § 19, and vol. iii. ch. i. § 8.]
[2] [See below, sec. ii. ch. v. § 9, p. 320.]

(as in the browsing[1] line of park trees), the curves vanish, and violently opposed or broken and unmeaning lines take their place.

§ 16. *The beauty of Gradation.*

What curvature is to lines, gradation is to shades and colours. It is their infinity, and divides them into an infinite number of degrees. Absolutely without gradation no natural surface can possibly be, except under circumstances of so rare conjunction as to amount to a lusus naturæ: for we have seen that few surfaces are without curvature, and every curved surface must be gradated by the nature of light;[2] and for the gradation of the few plane surfaces that exist, means are provided in local colour, aërial perspective, reflected lights, etc., from which it is but barely conceivable that they should ever escape. For instances of the complete absence of gradation we must look to man's work, or to his disease and decrepitude. Compare the gradated colours of the rainbow with the stripes of a target, and the gradual deepening of the youthful blood in the cheek with an abrupt patch of rouge, or with the sharply drawn veins of old age.

§ 17. *How found in nature.*

Gradation is so inseparable a quality of all natural shade, that the eye refuses in painting to understand a shadow which appears without it; while, on the other hand, nearly all the gradations of nature are so subtle, and between degrees of tint so slightly separated, that no human hand can in any wise equal, or do anything more than suggest the idea of them. In proportion to the space over which gradation extends, and to its invisible subtlety, is its grandeur: and in proportion to its narrow limits and violent degrees, its vulgarity. In Correggio, it is morbid in spite of its refinement of execution, because the eye is drawn to it, and it is made the most observable character of the picture; whereas natural gradation is for ever escaping observation to that degree that the greater part of artists in working from nature

[1] [Eds. 1 and 2 read "cattle" for "browsing," and, four lines lower, ed. 1 italicises "*their* infinity."]

[2] [Ed. 1 here adds, "which is most intense when it impinges at the highest angle."]

see it not,[1] but either lay down such continuous lines and colours as are both disagreeable and impossible; or, receiving the necessity of gradation as a principle instead of a fact,* use it in violently exaggerated measure, and so lose both the dignity of their own work, and, by the constant dwelling of their eyes upon exaggeration, their sensibility to that of the natural forms. So that we find the majority of painters divided between the two evil extremes of insufficiency and affectation; and only the greatest men capable of making gradation continuous and yet extended over enormous spaces and within degrees of narrow difference, as in the body of a strong light.†

§ 18. *How necessary in art.*

From the necessity of gradation results what is commonly given as a rule of art, though its authority as a rule obtains only from its being a fact of nature, that the extremes of high light and pure colour can exist only in points. The common rules respecting sixths and eighths, held concerning light and shade, are entirely absurd and conventional; according to the subject and the effect of light, the greater part of the picture will be, or ought to be, light or dark; but that principle which is not conventional is, that of all light, however high, there is some part that is higher than the rest; and that of all colour, however pure, there is some part that is purer than the rest; and that generally of all shade, however deep, there is some part deeper than the rest, though this last fact is frequently sacrificed in art, owing to the narrowness of its means. But on the right gradation of focusing of light and colour depends, in great measure, the value of both. Of this I have spoken sufficiently in pointing out the singular constancy of it in the works of Turner. (Part II. Sec. II. Chap. II. § 16.) And it is generally to be

* I meant, as a trick for the emphasis of colour, instead of an exponent of actual form or effect. This, however, is done legitimately in illumination, and other merely decorative, not imitative, coloured work. [1883.]

† This is a valuable practical passage, of which the substance is often reiterated in my later works. [1883.][2]

[1] [Ed. 1 inserts "(except in certain of its marked developments)."]

[2] [See, *e.g.*, *Lectures on Art*, ch. vi., "Light."]

observed that even raw and valueless colour, if rightly and subtly gradated, will, in some measure, stand for light; and that the most transparent and perfect hue will be, in some measure, unsatisfactory if entirely unvaried. I believe the early skies of Raffaelle owe their luminousness more to their untraceable and subtle gradation than to inherent quality of hue.

§ 19. *Infinity not rightly implied by vastness.*

Such are the expressions of infinity which we find in creation,* of which the importance is to be estimated rather by their frequency than by their distinctness. Let, however, the reader bear constantly in mind that I insist not on his accepting any interpretation of mine, but only on his dwelling so long on those objects which he perceives to be beautiful, as to determine whether the qualities to which I trace their beauty be necessarily there or not. Farther expressions of infinity there are in the mystery of Nature, and, in some measure, in her vastness; but these are dependent on our own imperfections, and therefore, though they produce sublimity, they are unconnected with beauty. For that which we foolishly call vastness is, rightly considered, not more wonderful, not more impressive, than that which we insolently call littleness: and the infinity of God is not mysterious, it is only unfathomable; not concealed, but incomprehensible; it is a clear infinity, the darkness of the pure unsearchable sea.

* I meant, "in those conditions of the creation which appeal to the pleasure of the human eyes." Of course those which appeal to thought are themselves infinite. This last paragraph is heedlessly and insolently written; yet not wholly valueless, for the gist of it in the close is true; that the lessons of Heaven are not written illegibly for its creatures: and that all the smoke of the darkness which hides the Maker from this world, is of the world's making. [1883.]

CHAPTER VI [1]

OF UNITY, OR THE TYPE OF THE DIVINE COMPREHENSIVENESS [2]

§ 1. *The general conception of divine Unity.*

"All things," says Hooker, "God only excepted, besides the nature which they have in themselves, receive externally some perfection from other things."[3] Hence the appearance of separation or isolation in anything, and of self-dependence, is an appearance of imperfection; and all appearances of connection and brotherhood are pleasant and right, both as significative of perfection in the things united, and as typical of that Unity which we attribute to God, and of which our true conception is rightly explained and limited by Dr. Brown in his XCII.nd lecture;[4] that Unity which consists not in His own singleness or separation, but in the necessity of His inherence in all things that be, without which no creature of any kind could hold existence for a moment. Which necessity of divine essence I think it better to speak of as Comprehensiveness, than as Unity; because unity is often understood in the sense of oneness or singleness, instead of universality; whereas the only unity which by any means can become grateful or an object of hope to men, and whose types therefore in material things can be beautiful, is that on which turned the last words and prayer of Christ before His crossing of the Kedron brook, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word; that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee." [5]

[1] [The ed. of 1883 makes this ch. ii. of section ii. ("Of Typical Beauty").]

[2] [On unity as a principle in decoration, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. ch. xxi. § 33, and *cf.* vol. iii. ch. i. § 26.]

[3] [*Ecclesiastical Polity*, I. xi. 1.]

[4] [*Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind.* By Thomas Brown, M.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. (Lecture xcii.: "On the Existence of the Deity.")]

[5] [John xvii. 20.]

§ 2. *The glory of all things is their Unity.*

And so there is not any matter, nor any spirit, nor any creature, but it is capable of a unity of some kind with other creatures; and in that unity is its perfection and theirs, and a pleasure also for the beholding of all other creatures that can behold. So the unity of spirits * is partly in their sympathy, and partly in their giving and taking, and always in their love; and these are their delight and their strength; for their strength is in their co-working and army fellowship, and their delight is in the giving and receiving of alternate and perpetual good; their inseparable dependency on each other's being, and their essential and perfect depending on their Creator's. And so the unity of earthly creatures is their power and their peace; not like the dead and cold peace of undisturbed stones and solitary mountains; but the living peace of trust, and the living power of support; of hands that hold each other and are still.[1] And so the unity of matter is, in its noblest form, the organization of it which builds it up into temples for the spirit; and in its lower form, the sweet and strange affinity which gives to it the glory of its orderly elements, and the fair variety of change and assimilation that turns the dust into the crystal, and separates the waters that be above the firmament from the waters that be beneath: and, in its lowest form, it is the working and walking and clinging together that gives their power to the winds, and its syllables and soundings to the air, and their weight to the waves, and their burning to the sunbeams, and

* I meant, of course, human spirits: modern desecration of the latter word has cast so much shadow on it that one cannot read it without shrinking.

This second paragraph is one of the most valuable in essential contents I have ever written, but the literary art and pedantry of it, employed to express the most solemn of truths in a tinkle that shall be pleasant to the ear, are now very grievous to me. It was well meant at the time, however, and may perhaps yet have its use. [1883.]

[1] [§ 2 down to this point is § 72 of *Frondes Agrestes*, where Ruskin added the following note:—

"A long, affected, and obscure second volume sentence, written in imitation of Hooker. One short sentence from Proverbs is the sum of it: 'How can one be warm alone?'"

The sentence is from Ecclesiastes iv. 11: "Two have heat, how can one be warm alone." Eds. 1 and 2 went on "breathlessly," with only a colon after "are still."]

their stability to the mountains, and to every creature whatsoever operation is for its glory and for others' good.

Now of that which is thus necessary to the perfection of all things, all appearance, sign, type, or suggestion must be beautiful, in whatever matter it may appear; and the appearance of some species of unity is, in the most determined sense of the word, essential to the perfection of beauty in lines, colours, or forms.[1]

§ 3. *The several kinds of Unity. Subjectional. Original. Of Sequence and of Membership.*

But of the appearances of unity, as of unity itself, there are several kinds, which it will be found hereafter convenient to consider separately.* Thus there is the Unity of different and separate things, subjected to one and the same influence, which may be called Subjectional Unity; and this is the unity of the clouds, as they are driven by the parallel winds, or as they are ordered by the electric currents; this the unity of the sea-waves, this of the bending and undulation of the forest masses; and in creatures capable of will it is the unity of will or of impulse. And there is Unity of Origin, which we may call Original Unity; which is of things arising from one spring and source, and speaking always of this their brotherhood; and this in matter is the unity of the branches of the trees, and of the petals and starry rays of flowers, and of the beams of light; and in spiritual creatures it is their filial relation to Him from whom they have their being. And there is unity of Sequence, which is that of things that form links in chains, and steps in ascents, and stages in journeys; and this, in matter, is the unity of communicable forces in their continuance from one thing to another; and it is the passing upwards and downwards of beneficent effects among

* Yes, I should rather think so; and they ought to have been *named* separately, too, and very slowly; and not upset in a heap on the floor, as they are in this terrific two-page sentence. It is all right, however, when once it is sorted. See note † on p. 99.[2] [1883.]

[1] [For "and the appearance . . . forms," ed. 1 reads:—

"And so to the perfection of beauty in lines, or colours, or forms, or masses, or multitudes, the appearance of some species of Unity is in the most determined sense of the word essential."]

[2] [The reference was wrongly given in previous eds. as "note at end of chapter."]

all things,[1] the melody of sounds, the continuity of lines, and the orderly succession of motions and times; and in spiritual creatures it is their own constant building up, by true knowledge and continuous reasoning, to higher perfection, and the singleness and straightforwardness of their tendencies to more complete communion with God. And there is the unity of Membership, which we may call Essential Unity, which is the unity of things separately imperfect into a perfect whole; and this is the great unity of which other unities are but parts and means; it is in matter the harmony of sounds and consistency of bodies, and among spiritual creatures their love and happiness and very life in God.

§ 4. *Unity of Membership. How secured.*

Now of the nature of this last kind of unity, the most important whether in moral or in those material things with which we are at present concerned, there is this necessary to be observed; that it cannot exist between things similar to each other. Two or more equal and like things cannot be members one of another, nor can they form one, or a whole thing. Two they must remain, both in nature, and in our conception, so long as they remain alike, unless they are united by a third different from both. Thus the arms, which are like each other, remain two arms in our conception. They could not be united by a third arm; they must be united by something which is not an arm, and which, imperfect without them as they without it, shall form one perfect body. Nor is unity even thus accomplished, without a difference and opposition of direction in the setting on of the like members. Therefore, among all things which are to have unity of membership one with another, there must be difference of variety; and though it is possible that many like things may be made members of one body, yet it is remarkable that this structure appears characteristic of the lower creatures, rather than the higher, as the many legs of a caterpillar, and the many arms and suckers of the radiata;[2]

[1] [Ed. 1 reads "all things, and it is the melody of sounds, and the beauty of continuous lines, and . . ."]

[2] [In Cuvier's system of classification the 4th grand branch of the animal kingdom, containing the radiated animals or zoöphytes (polypi, infusoria, etc.). "The lower groups," says Huxley, "which he (Cuvier) knew least and which he threw into a great

and that, as we rise in order of being, the number of similar members becomes less, and their structure commonly seems based on the principle of the unity of two things by a third, as Plato states it in the Timæus, § 11.[1]

§ 5. *Variety. Why required.*

Hence, out of the necessity of Unity, arises that of Variety; a necessity often more vividly, though never so deeply felt, because lying at the surface of things, and assisted by an influential principle of our nature, the love of change, and by the power of contrast. But it is a mistake which has led to many unfortunate results, in matters respecting art, to insist on any inherent agreeableness of variety, without reference to a farther end. For it is not even true that variety as such, and in its highest degree, is beautiful. A patched * garment of many colours is by no means so agreeable as one of a single and continuous hue; the splendid colours of many birds are eminently painful from their violent separation, and inordinate variety, while the pure and colourless swan is, under certain circumstances, the most beautiful of all feathered creatures.† A forest of all manner of trees is poor, if not disagreeable, in effect;‡ a mass of one species of tree is sublime. It is therefore only harmonious and chordal variety, that variety which is necessary to secure and extend unity (for the greater the number of objects which by their differences become members of one another, the more extended and sublime is their unity), which is rightly

* I meant, *discordantly* patched—else the sentence is simply untrue. [1883.][2]

† Compare Chap. IX. § 5, note.

‡ Spenser's *various* forest is the Forest of Error.

heterogeneous assemblage, the Radiata, have been altogether remodelled and rearranged. . . . Whatever form the classification of the animal kingdom may eventually take, the Cuvierian Radiata is in my judgment effectually abolished" (*Classification*, 1869, p. 86).]

[1] [P. 31 of the ordinary arrangement: "Are we right in saying that there is one heaven, or shall we rather say that there are many and infinite? There is one, if the created heaven is to accord with the pattern. For that which includes all other intelligible creatures cannot have a second or companion; in that case there would be no need of another living being which would include these two, and of which they would be parts, and the likeness would be more truly said to resemble not those two, but that other which included them" (Jowett's translation).]

[2] [*Cf.* what Ruskin says of the quality of spottiness (ποικιλία) in art: *Aratra Pentelici*, § 204, and *cf.* below, p. 134 (note of 1883).]

agreeable; and so I name not Variety as essential to beauty, because it is only so in a secondary and casual sense.*

§ 6. *Change, and its influence on beauty.*

Of the Love of Change as a principle of human nature, and the pleasantness of variety resulting from it, something has already been said (Ch. IV. § 4); only as there I was opposing the idea that our being familiar with objects was the cause of our delight in them, so here I have to oppose the contrary position that their strangeness is the cause of it. For neither familiarity nor strangeness has more operation on, or connection with, impressions of one sense than of another; and they have less power over the impressions of sense, generally, than over the intellect in its joyful accepting of fresh knowledge, and dull contemplation of that it has long possessed. Only in their operation on the senses they act contrarily at different times; as for instance, the newness of a dress, or of some kind of unaccustomed food, may make it for a time delightful, but as the novelty passes away, so also may the delight, yielding to disgust or indifference; which in their turn, as custom begins to operate, may pass into affection and craving, and that which was first a luxury, and then a matter of indifference, become a necessity: † whereas in subjects of the intellect,

* It must be matter of no small wonderment to practical men, to observe how grossly the nature and connection of Unity and Variety have been misunderstood and misstated by those writers upon taste who have been guided by no experience of art, most singularly perhaps by Mr. Alison, who, confounding Unity with *Uniformity*, and leading his readers through thirty pages of discussion respecting *Uniformity* and Variety, the intelligibility of which is not by any means increased by his supposing Uniformity to be capable of existence in single things, at last substitutes for these two terms, sufficiently contradictory already, those of Similarity and Dissimilarity, the reconciliation of which opposites in one thing we must, I believe, leave Mr. Alison to accomplish.[1]

† Καὶ τὸ ταὐτὰ πράττειν πολλάκις ἡδύ· . . τὸ γὰρ σύνηθες ἡδὺ ἦν. καὶ τὸ μεταβάλλειν ἡδύ· εἰς φύσιν γὰρ γίγνεται μεταβάλλειν.—Arist. *Rhet.* I. c. 11.[2]

[1] [See *Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste*, ch. iv. pt. iii., vol. ii. pp. 8 *seq.* in ed. of 1815.]

[2] ["And to do the same things often is pleasant . . . for what we are accustomed to is pleasant. And to change is pleasant, for change is according to nature." The reference was wrongly given in all previous eds. as chapter 2, and ταὐτὰ was printed ταῦτα. In the 1883 edition the quotation was not given, and Ruskin noted:—

"I have cut out here a quotation from Aristotle—which was only put in to show that I had read him."]

the chief delight they convey is dependent upon their being newly and vividly comprehended; and as they become subjects of contemplation they lose their value, and become tasteless and unregarded, except as instruments for the reaching of others; only that though they sink down into the shadowy, effectless heap of things indifferent, which we pack, and crush down, and stand upon, to reach things new, they sparkle afresh at intervals as we stir them by throwing a new stone into the heap, and letting the newly admitted lights play upon them. And, both in subjects of the intellect and the senses, it is to be remembered that the love of change is a weakness and imperfection of our nature, (and implies in it the state of probation;)* and that it is to teach us that things about us here are not meant for our continual possession or satisfaction, that ever such passion of change was put in us as that "custom lies upon us with a weight, heavy as frost, and deep almost as life;"[1] and only such weak thews[2] and baby grasp given to our intellect as that "the best things we do are painful, and the exercise of them grievous, being continued without intermission, so as in those very actions whereby we are especially perfected in this life we are not able to persist."† And so it will be found that they are the weakest-minded and the hardest-hearted men that most love variety and change: for the weakest-minded are those who both wonder most at things new, and digest worst things old; in so far that everything they have lies rusty, and loses lustre for want of use, neither do they make any stir among their possessions, nor look over them to see what may be made of them, nor keep any great store, nor are householders with storehouses of things new and old; but they

§ 7. *The love of change, how morbid and evil.*

* The words I have now put in parenthesis are false. Heaven itself may be as changeful as a kaleidoscope, for aught we know. [1883.]

† Hooker,[3] I think, by the sound of it: to whom Pope would have quietly and rightly answered—"Why *wish* to persist, then, when God says you have done enough?" [1883.]

[1] [Wordsworth: *Intimations of Immortality;* the lines are quoted again in *Modern Painters,* vol. iii. ch. xxvii. § 23.]

[2] [Ed. 1 read "back."]

[3] [*Ecclesiastical Polity,* I. xi. 3.]

catch at the new-fashioned garments, and let the moth and thief look after the rest; and the hardest-hearted men are those that least feel the endearing and binding power of custom, and hold on by no cords of affection to any shore, but drive with the waves that cast up mire and dirt. And certainly it is not to be held that the perception of beauty, and desire of it, are greatest in the hardest heart and weakest brain;* but the love of variety is so, and therefore variety can be no cause of the beautiful, except, as I have said, when it is necessary for the perception of unity. Neither is there any better test of beauty than its surviving or annihilating the love of change; a test which the best judges of art have need frequently to use; for there is much that surprises by its brilliancy, or attracts by its singularity, that can hardly but by course of time, though assuredly it *will* by course of time, be winnowed away from the right and real beauty whose retentive power is for ever on the increase, a bread of the soul for which the hunger is continual.

§ 8. *The conducing of variety towards Unity of Subjection,*

Receiving, therefore, variety only as that which accomplishes unity, or makes it perceived, its operation is found to be very precious, both in that which I have called Unity of Subjection, and Unity of Sequence, as well as in Unity of Membership;† for although things in all respects the same may, indeed, be subjected to one influence, yet the power of the influence, and their obedience to it, are best seen by varied operation of them on their individual differences; as in clouds and waves there is a glorious unity of rolling, wrought out by the wild and wonderful differences of their absolute forms; which differences, if removed, would leave in them only multitudinous

* Not proved. The adversary may ask,—and lately, not without good grounds for inquiry,—Why it is not to be held? [1883.]

† The four unities above specified were,—

1. Of Subjection.
2. Of Origin.
3. Of Sequence.
4. Of Membership.

That of Origin is omitted here, because things springing from one root must be of one nature. [1883.]

and petty repetition, instead of the majestic oneness of shared passion. And so in the waves and clouds of human multitude when they are filled with one thought; as we find frequently in the works of the early Italian men of earnest purpose, who despising, or happily ignorant of, the sophistications of theories and the proprieties of composition, indicated by perfect similarity of action and gesture on the one hand, and by the infinite and truthful variation of expression on the other, the most sublime strength, because the most absorbing unity, of multitudinous passion that ever human heart conceived. Hence, in the cloister of St. Mark's, the intense, fixed, statue-like silence of ineffable adoration upon the spirits in prison at the feet of Christ, side by side, the hands lifted, and the knees bowed, and the lips trembling together;* and in St.

* Fra Angelico's fresco in a cell of the upper cloister.[1] He treated the subject frequently. Another characteristic example occurs in the Vita di Cristo of the Academy, a series now unfortunately destroyed by the picture cleaners.[2] Simon Memmi, in Santa Maria Novella, has given another very beautiful instance.[3] In Giotto the principle is universal, though his multitudes are somewhat more dramatically and powerfully varied in gesture than Angelico's. In Mino da Fiesole's altar-piece in the church of St. Ambrogio at Florence, close by Cosimo Rosselli's fresco, there is a beautiful example in marble.[4]

[1] [Of San Marco, at Florence.]

[2] [In his note-book of 1845, Ruskin writes:—

"With the Vita di Cristo, at the Accademia, I was grievously disappointed. I strongly suspect that the whole of this series has been lately, and since Kugler saw it, through the picture-dealer's hands, and that the greater part of Angelico's work has been washed off, and as little of the picture-cleaner put on. At all events the pictures are now in the most miserable condition, some two-thirds effaced, others so daubed and defaced as to alter the expression of the faces and make them monstrous or ludicrous; many appear to have been somewhat hastily executed by Angelico himself, and some of the open air backgrounds with architecture are very disagreeable from their raw colour, glaring without brilliancy, red walls and sand-coloured earth, and blue sky jumbled together without even feeling; in fact it could hardly be otherwise; after the seclusion of convent life, the imagination is destroyed for want of materials. Two, however, are very fine in this respect, and those are just two of the bits which, like the scene of his Annunciation in the cloister, he could get from convent life—the Washing of the Feet, which is under a cloister, the clear air seen in the open court beyond, given with wonderful light and purity; and the Giving of the Sacrament, in which the roof is dark blue and the walls green, and the whole filled with a fine transparent variable shadow. . . ."]

[3] [In the frescoes, once ascribed to him, in the Spanish Chapel.]

[4] [The altar is in the chapel of the miracle of a chalice found to contain natural blood. On the altar are angels adoring the chalice; the fresco by Cosimo Rosselli

Domenico of Fiesole,* that whirlwind rush of the angels and the redeemed souls round about Him at His resurrection, in which we hear the blast of the horizontal trumpets mixed with the dying clangour of their ingathered wings. The same great feeling occurs throughout the works of the serious men, though most intensely in Angelico; and it is well to compare with it the vileness and falseness of all that succeeded, when men had begun to bring to the cross foot their systems instead of their sorrow. Take as the most marked and degraded instance, perhaps, to be anywhere found, Bronzino's treatment of the same subject (Christ visiting the spirits in prison), in the picture now in the Tuscan room of the Uffizii; which, vile as it is in colour, vacant in invention, void in light and shade, a heap of cumbrous nothingness, and sickening offensiveness, is of all its voids most void in this, that the academy models therein huddled together at the bottom, show not so much unity or community of attention to the academy model with the flag in its hand above, as a street crowd would to a fresh-staged charlatan. Some *point* to the God who has burst the gates of death, as if the rest were

* The predella of the picture behind the altar.[1]

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describes the miracle. Ruskin describes his discovery of the treasures in this chapel, in a letter to his father (June 20):—

"To-day I was poking about churches, and found in St. Ambrogio—a glorious fresco all burned and smoked—in a little sacred, idolatrous chapel, with an altar-piece which I was quite certain was by Mino da Fiesole. Well, I called the sacristan, and half-a-dozen more monks one after another. What was the picture? Who by? 'Non si sa. Molto antica.' Who was the alter-piece by? 'Non si sa.' What did the fresco represent? 'O'e un miracolo del Santo Sagramento.' What miracle? Not a soul of them could tell me anything about it. Was the altar-piece by Mino? 'No.' I wasn't satisfied, made them light me some candles, and after a little search I showed them Mino's name in a corner—OPVS MINI—he never puts more. Then they were highly delighted, for a work of Mino's is of great value and very rare. The fresco is the *chef-d'œuvre* of Cosimo Roselli, and most magnificent. This may give you some notion of the intellectual condition of Florence."]

[1] [The entry in the note-book (June 21) is as follows:—

"An excellent instance of the fulness of sentiment in a rushing crowd which only Angelico can give. It is in three divisions; in the centre one, a host of angels rush towards their risen Lord, those nearest blowing a blast through horizontal trumpets, as in Orcagna's Judgment. On the right the female, on the left the male, saints, all animated with the same enthusiasm; and the play of colour and unity of action as seen from below is as fine as anything I have seen."]

incapable of distinguishing Him for themselves; and others turn their backs upon Him, to show their unagitated faces to the spectator.*

§ 9. *And towards Unity of Sequence.*

In Unity of Sequence, the effect of variety is best exemplified by the melodies of music, wherein, by the differences of the notes, they are connected with each other in certain pleasant relations. This connection, taking place in quantities, is Proportion, respecting which certain general principles must be noted, as the subject is one open to many errors, and obscurely treated of by writers on art.

§ 10. *The nature of Proportion. 1st, of apparent Proportion.*

Proportion is of two distinct kinds:† *Apparent* when it takes place between quantities for the sake of connection only, without any ultimate object or causal necessity; and *Constructive*, when it has reference to some function to be discharged by the quantities depending on their proportion. From the confusion of these two kinds of proportion have arisen the greater part of the erroneous conceptions of the influence of either.

(A) Apparent Proportion, or the sensible relation of quantities, is one of the most important means of obtaining unity amongst things which otherwise must have remained distinct in similarity; and as it may consist with every other kind of unity,‡ and persist when every other means of it fails, it may be considered as lying at the root of most of our

* I had much more heart power of conceiving the real scenes when I wrote this book than I have now, and was therefore a far better judge of religious art. I have just been looking at all these pictures again, and find myself a little weary of rows of heads turned in the same direction; and disposed sometimes to say a good word even for Bronzino, in his portraits.[1] (Florence, September, 1882.) [1883.]

† This digression on Proportion, as one of the elements of Unity of Sequence, contains a good deal that is extremely right and useful; but it ought to have been given in a separate chapter. [1883.]

‡ Thus the proportions of increase in the lobes, or intervals between the serrations of a leaf, are associated with the beautiful Unity of Origin in the divergence of the ribs from the stem. [1883.]

[1] [Bronzino's portraiture may be judged also in London, at the National Gallery, where there are five examples of it; see especially No. 649.]

impressions of the beautiful. There is no sense of rightness or wrongness connected with it; no sense of utility, propriety, or expediency. These ideas enter only where the proportion of quantities has reference to some function to be performed by them. It cannot be asserted that it is right or that it is wrong that A should be to B as B to C; unless A, B, and C have some desirable operation dependent on that relation. But nevertheless it may be highly agreeable to the eye that A, B, and C, if visible things, should have visible connection of ratio, even though nothing be accomplished by such connection.

(B) On the other hand, Constructive Proportion, or the adaptation of quantities to functions, is agreeable, not (necessarily) to the eye, but to the mind, which is cognizant of the function to be performed. Thus the pleasantness or rightness of the proportions of a column depends not on the mere relation of diameter and height (which is not proportion at all, for proportion is between three terms at least); but on three other involved terms, the strength of materials, the weight to be borne, and the scale of the building. The proportions of a wooden column are wrong in a stone one, and of a small building wrong in a large one;* and this owing solely to

* It seems never to have been rightly understood, even by the more intelligent among our architects, that Proportion is in any way connected with positive size; it seems to be held among them that a small building may be expanded to a large one merely by proportionally expanding all its parts: and that the harmony will be equally agreeable on whatever scale it be rendered. Now this is true of apparent proportion, but utterly false of constructive; and, as much of the value of architectural proportion *is* constructive, the error is often productive of the most painful results. It may be best illustrated by observing the conditions of proportion in animals. Admiration has often been thoughtlessly claimed for the strength, supposed gigantic, of insects and smaller animals; as being capable of lifting weights, leaping distances, and surmounting obstacles, of proportion apparently overwhelming. Thus the Formica Herculanea will lift in its mouth and brandish like a baton, sticks thicker than itself and six times its length, all the while scrambling over crags of about the proportionate height of the Cliffs of Dover, three or four in a minute. There is nothing extraordinary in this, nor any exertion of strength necessarily greater than human, in proportion to the size of the body. For it is evident that if the *bulk* and *strength* of any creature be expanded or diminished in proportion to each other, the distance through which it can leap, the time it can maintain exertion, or any other third term resultant,

mechanical considerations which have no more connection with ideas of beauty, than the relation between the arms of a lever adapted to the raising of a given weight; and yet it is highly agreeable to perceive that such constructive proportion has been duly observed, as it is agreeable to see that anything is fit for its purpose or for ours, and also that it has been the

remains *constant;* that is, diminish weight of powder and of ball proportionately, and the distance carried is constant, or nearly so. Thus, a grasshopper, a man, and a giant 100 feet high, supposing their muscular strength equally proportioned to their size, can or could all leap, not proportionate distance, but the same, or nearly the same, distance; say, four feet the grasshopper, or forty-eight times his length; six feet the man, or his length exactly; ten feet the giant, or the tenth of his length; some allowance being made for the greater resistance of the air to the smaller animal, and other slight disadvantages.[1] Hence, all small animals can, proportionally, perform feats of strength and agility exactly so much greater than those possible to large ones, as the animals themselves are smaller; and to enable an elephant to leap like a grasshopper, he must be endowed with strength a million times greater in *proportion* to his size. Now the consequence of this general mechanical law is, that as we increase the scale of animals, their means of power, whether muscles of motion or bones of support, must be increased in a more than proportionate degree, or they become utterly unwieldy and incapable of motion. And there is a limit to this increase of strength. If the elephant had legs as long as a spider's, no combination of animal matter that could be hide-bound would have strength enough to move them. To support the megatherium, we must have a humerus a foot in diameter, though perhaps not more than two feet long, and that in a vertical position under him; while the gnat can hang on the window-frame, and poise himself to sting, in the middle of crooked stilts like threads, stretched out to ten times the breadth of his body on each side. Increase the size of the megatherium a little more, and no phosphate of lime will bear him: he would crush his own legs to powder. (Compare Sir Charles Bell, Bridgewater Treatise on the Hand, p. 296, and the note.) Hence there is not only a limit to the size of animals, in the conditions of matter, but to their activity also, the largest being always least capable of exertion; and this would be the case to a far greater extent, but that nature beneficently alters her proportions as she increases her scale; giving slender frames to the smaller tribes, and ponderous strength to the larger.[2] So in vegetables, compare the stalk of an ear of oat, and the trunk of a pine, the mechanical structure being in both the same. So also in waves, of which the large never can be mere exaggerations of the small, but have different slopes and curvatures. So in mountains, and all things else, necessarily, and from ordinary mechanical laws. Whence in architecture, according

[1] [The words, "some allowance . . . disadvantages," were omitted in ed. 1, which also read "*cæteris paribus*" for "proportionally," and, in the next line, "to be executed by" for "possible to."]

[2] [Ed. 1 reads, "giving, as we have seen, long legs and enormous wings to the smaller tribes, and short and thick proportion to the larger."]

result of intelligence in the artificer of it; so that we sometimes feel a pleasure in apparent non-adaptation, if it be a sign of ingenuity, as in the unnatural and seemingly impossible lightness of Gothic spires and roofs.

Now, the errors against which I would caution the reader in this matter * are three. The first is, the overlooking or denial of the power of Apparent Proportion, of which power neither Burke, nor any other writer whose works I have met with, takes cognizance. The second is, the attribution of *beauty* to the appearances of Constructive Proportion. And the third, the denial, with Burke, of *any* value or agreeableness in Constructive Proportion.[1]

to the scale of the building, its proportions *must* be altered constructively, and ought to be so apparently even where the constructive expedients are capable of disguise:[2] and I have no hesitation in calling that unmeaning exaggeration of parts in St. Peter's,[3] of flutings, volutes, friezes, etc., in the proportions of a smaller building, a vulgar blunder, and one that destroys all the majesty that the building ought to have had; and still more I should so call all imitations and adaptations of *large* buildings on a *small* scale. The true test of right proportion is, that it shall itself inform us of the scale of the building, and be such that even in a drawing it shall instantly induce the conception of the actual size, or size intended. I know not what Fuseli means by that aphorism of his:—

"Disproportion of parts is the element of hugeness; proportion, of grandeur. All Gothic styles of Architecture are huge. The Greek alone is grand."[4]

When a building *is* vast, it ought to look so; and the proportion is right which exhibits its vastness. Nature loses no size by her proportion; her buttressed mountains have more of Gothic than of Greek in them.

* I meant, "with respect to the subject of Proportion altogether;" the two kinds of it being both considered in the definitions of popular error. [1883.]

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[1] [*Of the Sublime and Beautiful*, part iii. secs. ii.–v. The passage quoted below, in § 14, is from sec. v.; p. 173 in the ed. of 1782.]

[2] [Ed. 1 omits "constructively, and ought to be . . . disguise."]

[3] [*Cf.* Vol. I. p. 380.]

[4] [Aphorism 107, *Life and Writings of Fuseli*, 1831, vol. iii. p. 103. The text is "All Oriental, all Gothic styles," etc. In a note to an additional passage in the MS., which was ultimately struck out, Ruskin, in referring to another aphorism of Fuseli, says:—

> "It is a pity his love of epigram destroys his power of persuasion. A sentence is couched in too few words when they contain its meaning indeed, but neither display it nor recommend it."

For other references to Fuseli's Aphorisms, see pp. 137, 236, 259.]

§ 11. *The value of Apparent Proportion in curvature.*

Now, the full proof of the influence of Apparent Proportion, I must reserve for illustration by diagram;[1] one or two instances, however, may be given at present, for the better understanding of its nature.

We have already asserted that all curves are more beautiful than right lines. All curves, however, are not equally beautiful, and their differences of beauty depend on the different proportions borne to each other by those infinitely small right lines of which they may be conceived as composed.

When these lines are equal and contain equal angles, there can be no connection nor unity of sequence in them. The resulting curve, the circle, is therefore the least beautiful of all curves.

When the lines bear to each other some certain proportion: or when, the lines remaining equal, the angles vary; or when by any means whatsoever, and in whatever complicated modes, such differences as shall imply connection are established between the infinitely small segments, the resulting curves become beautiful. The simplest of the beautiful curves are the conic, and the various spirals; but it is difficult to trace any ground of superiority or inferiority among the infinite numbers of the higher curves. I believe that almost all are beautiful in their own nature, and that their comparative beauty depends on the constant quantities involved in their equations. Of this point I shall speak hereafter at greater length.[2]

§ 12. *How produced in natural forms.*

The universal forces of nature, and the individual energies of the matter submitted to them, are so appointed and balanced, that they are continually bringing out curves of this kind in all visible forms, and that circular lines become nearly impossible under any circumstances. The acceleration, for instance, of velocity, in streams that descend from hill-sides, gradually increases their

[1] [An intention not fulfilled.]
[2] [See *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. ch. xvii.]

power of erosion, and in the same degree[1] the rate of curvature in the descent of the slope, until at a certain degree of steepness this descent meets, and is concealed by, the straight line of the detritus. The junction of this right line with the plain is again modified by the farther bounding of the larger blocks, and by the successively diminishing scale of landslips caused by the erosion at the bottom.* So that the whole contour of the hill is one of curvature; first, gradually increasing in rapidity to the maximum steepness of which the particular rock is capable, and then decreasing in a decreasing ratio, until it arrives at the plain-level. This type of form, modified of course more or less by the original boldness of the mountain, and dependent on its age, its constituent rock, and the circumstances of its exposure, is yet in its general formula applicable to all.† So the curves of all things in motion, and of all organic forms, most rude and simple in the shell spirals, and most complicated in the muscular lines of the higher animals.

This influence of Apparent Proportion, a proportion, be it observed, which has no reference to ultimate ends, but which

* This is, I believe, the first intimation given in my writings of the care with which they were to enforce and follow out the study of abstract curvature;[2] a study which, as yet unknown in our drawing schools, is nevertheless the indispensable basis of all noble design in art, and all accurate observation of external form by science. Twenty years of useless debate and senseless theory respecting glacier motion might have been spared us, if Professor Agassiz had been able to draw with his own hand, accurately, a single curve of mountain crest, glacier wave, river's bank, or fish's tail. [1883.][3]

† It has been mathematically analyzed by Mr. Alfred Tylor, who was, I believe, the first investigator of the laws of curve in descent of great rivers.[4] [1883.]

[1] [Ed. 1 reads, "as it gradually increases their power of erosion increases in the same gradual degree," etc., and, two lines lower, reads, "right" for "straight." Three lines lower again, ed. 1 reads "proportion" for "scale," and, in the next line, "line" for "contour."]

[2] [See vol. iv. of *Modern Painters, Elements of Drawing*, etc.]

[3] [An echo of a controversy into which Ruskin entered with much warmth; see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 34, and *Deucalion*, *passim*. What Ruskin here means is apparently that Agassiz, if he had had the gift of drawing accurately, might have hit upon the viscous theory which was reserved for Forbes. For Ruskin's remarks on Tyndall's similar inability to draw, see *Deucalion*, i. ch. vi. § 11.]

[4] [Alfred Tylor (1824–1884), geologist, author of *On Changes of Sea Level* and other scientific papers.]

is itself, seemingly, the end[1] of operation to many of the forces of nature, is therefore at the root of all our delight in any beautiful form whatsoever. For no form can be beautiful which is not composed of curves whose unity is secured by relations of this kind.

§ 13. *Apparent Proportion in lines.*

Not only however in curvature, but in all associations of lines whatsoever, it is desirable that there should be reciprocal relation, and the eye is unhappy without perception of it. It is utterly vain to endeavour to reduce this proportion to finite rules, for it is as various as musical melody, and the laws to which it is subject are of the same general kind; so that the determination of right or wrong proportion is as much a matter of feeling and experience as the appreciation of good musical composition. Not but that there is a science of both, and principles which may not be infringed; but that within these limits the liberty of invention is infinite, and the degrees of excellence infinite also. Whence the curious error of Burke, in imagining that because he could not fix upon some one given proportion of lines as better than any other, therefore proportion had no value or influence at all.[2] It would be as just to conclude that there is no such thing as melody in music, because no one melody can be fixed upon as best.*

§ 14. *Error of Burke in this matter.*

The argument of Burke on this subject[3] is summed up in the following words:—"Examine the head of a beautiful horse, find what proportion that bears to his body and to his limbs, and what relations these have to each other; and when you have settled these proportions as a standard of beauty, then take a dog or cat, or any

* The reader will please observe that a Positive Good, and Positive Evil, are always assumed in my writings as existing in total independence of our opinions about such good and evil. It is for us to find out what *they are:* not to concern ourselves with what we, or anybody else, happen to think. [1883.]

[1] [Eds. 1 and 2 add, "and object."]

[2] [Eds. 1 and 2 read "nor" for "or." Ed. 1 reads, "at all, which is the same as to conclude . . . because there are more melodies than one."]

[3] [See above, p. 105 *n.*, for the reference.]

other animal, and examine how far the same proportions between their heads and their necks, between those and the body, and so on, are found to hold; I think we may safely say, that they differ in every species, yet that there are individuals found in a great many species so differing, that have a very striking beauty. Now if it be allowed that very different, and even contrary, forms and dispositions are consistent with beauty, it amounts, I believe, to a concession, that no certain measures operating from a natural principle are necessary to produce it, at least so far as the brute species is concerned." *

In this argument there are three very palpable fallacies. The first is, the rough application of measurement to the heads, necks, and limbs, without observing the subtle differences of proportion and position of parts in the members themselves; for it would be strange if the different adjustment of the ears and brow in the dog and horse, did not require a harmonizing difference of adjustment in the head and neck. The second fallacy is that above specified, the supposition that proportion cannot be beautiful if susceptible of variation; whereas the whole meaning of the term has reference to the adjustment and functional correspondence of *infinitely variable* quantities. And the third error is, the oversight of the very important fact, that, although "different and even contrary forms and dispositions are consistent with beauty," they are by no means consistent with equal *degrees* of beauty: so that, while we find in all animals such proportion and harmony of form as gift them with positive agreeableness consistent with the station and dignity of each, we

* This is an admirable sentence, and although there are fallacies in it,—and even more than the three which are examined in the following paragraph,—they are not, as with Alison, fallacies of logic, but only omissions of points needing to be relatively considered. Burke is perfectly right, as far as he goes, or intended to go; he meant only to prove that the ratios of definite number which were beautiful in one thing, were not so in another; and he was the first English writer on art who used his common sense and reason on this subject. The essay on the Sublime and Beautiful is, like all his writing, extremely rational and forcible; and deserves most careful and reverent reading.[1] [1883.]

[1] [*Cf.* Vol. III. p. 128 *n.*]

perceive, also, a better proportion in some (as the horse, eagle, lion, and man, for instance,) expressing the nobler functions and more exalted powers of the animal.

§ 15. *Constructive Proportion. Its influence in plants,*

And this allowed superiority of some animal forms is, in itself, argument against the second error above named,* that of attributing the sensation of beauty to the perception of Expedient or Constructive Proportion. (For everything that God has made is equally well constructed with reference to its intended functions.) † But all things are not equally beautiful. The megatherium is absolutely as well proportioned, in the adaptation of parts to purposes, as the horse or the swan; but by no means so handsome as either. The fact is, that the perception of expediency of proportion can but rarely affect our estimates of beauty, for it implies a knowledge which we very rarely and imperfectly possess, and the want of which we tacitly acknowledge. ‡

Let us consider that instance of the proportion of the stalk of a plant to its head, § given by Burke. In order to judge of the expediency of this proportion, we must know, First, the scale of the plant; for the smaller the scale, the longer the stem may safely be: Secondly, the toughness of the materials of the stem, and the mode of their mechanical structure: Thirdly, the specific gravity of the head: Fourthly, the position of the head which the nature of fructification requires:

* P. 64 [in this edition]. This whole chapter is terribly confused: but the gist of it all is right, and worth the reader's pains to disentangle. [1883.]

† The sentence put in brackets [in 1883 ed.] is a mere piece of pious insolence. No mortal has any business with God's intentions, or pretence of insight into them; but assuredly some animals are awkwardly made, and others well made, with reference to similar functions. [1883.]

‡ If we acknowledged it openly, we should be wiser. [1883.]

§ The passage ought to have been quoted; but it is to the same intent as the preceding one. [1883.][1]

[1] ["What proportion do we discover between the stalks and the leaves of flowers, or between the leaves and the pistils? How does the slender stalk of the rose agree with the bulky head under which it bends? but the rose is a beautiful flower; and can we undertake to say that it does not owe a great deal of its beauty even to that disproportion?" (*Of the Sublime and Beautiful*, pt. iii. sec. ii. p. 169, ed. 1782).]

Fifthly, the accidents and influences to which the situation for which the plant was created is exposed. Until we know all this, we cannot say that proportion or disproportion exists: and because we cannot know all this, the idea of expedient proportion enters but slightly into our impression of vegetable beauty, but rather, since the very existence of the plant proves that these proportions have been observed, and we know that nothing but our own ignorance prevents us from perceiving them, we take their accuracy on trust,[1] and are delighted by the variety of results which the Divine intelligence has attained in the various involutions of these quantities; and perhaps most when, to outward appearance, such proportions have been neglected; more by the slenderness of the campanula * than the security of the pine.

§ 16. *And animals.*

What is obscure in plants is utterly concealed in animals, owing to the greater number of means employed and functions performed. To judge of Expedient Proportion in them, we must know all that each member has to do, its bones, its muscles, and the amount of nervous energy communicable to them; and yet, as we have more experience and instinctive sense of the strength of muscles than of wood, and more practical knowledge of the use of a head or a foot than of a flower or a stem, we are much more likely to presume upon our judgment respecting proportions here; and are not afraid[2] to assert that the plesiosaurus and camelopard have necks too long, that the turnspit has legs too short, and the elephant a body too ponderous.

But the painfulness arising from the idea of this being the case is occasioned partly by our sympathy with the animal, partly by our false apprehension of incompletion in the Divine

* Meaning blue-bell, or Scottish hare-bell: but I spoiled the clearness of idea in the sentence, for the sake of the alliteration of panula and pine. [1883.][3]

[1] [Ed. 1 reads, "we take the proportion on credit, and are delighted . . ."; and, four lines lower, reads "violated" for "neglected."]

[2] [Ed. 1 reads, "and we are very apt to . . ."]

[3] [The MS. reads, "the harebell . . . the oak."]

work;* nor in either case has it any connection with impressions of that typical beauty of which we are at present speaking; though some, perhaps, with that vital beauty which will hereafter come under discussion.

§ 17. *Summary.* I wish therefore the reader to hold, respecting proportion generally:

1st, That Apparent Proportion, or the melodious connection of quantities, is a cause of unity, and therefore one of the sources of all beautiful form.

2ndly, That Constructive Proportion is agreeable to the mind when it is known or supposed, and that its seeming absence is painful in a like degree; but that this pleasure and pain have nothing in common with those dependent on Ideas of Beauty.

Farther illustrations of the value of Unity I shall reserve for our detailed examination, as the bringing them forward here would interfere with the general idea of the subject-matter of the Theoretic faculty which I wish succinctly to convey.

* For the just and severe reproof of which, compare Sir Charles Bell, On the Hand, pp. 31, 32.**

** I can't compare Sir Charles, at present [1]:—and don't want to, for the real impertinence to be reproved is in supposing ourselves to be able to understand the depths and meanings of the Creation, as if we had been by, all the time. In practical and visible fact, some creatures *are* weak, incomplete, and in that degree ugly, by comparison with others; and a lizard, who shakes his tail off in a tremor, is as much inferior to a dog who can wag it comfortably, as a feeble person who changes his mind in a minute is to a man who can both pause and persevere. [1883.]

[1] ["The Bridgewater Treatises, iv.": *The Hand: Its Mechanism and Vital Endowments as evincing Design:* 1834. At the pages cited, Bell says: "The compassion excited by these philosophers for animals, which they consider imperfectly organised, is uncalled for; as well might they pity the larva of the summer fly, which creeps in the bottom of a pool, because it cannot yet rise upon the wing. . . . We must not estimate the slow motions of animals by our own sensations," etc.]

CHAPTER VII[1]

OF REPOSE, OR THE TYPE OF DIVINE PERMANENCE

§ 1. *Universal feeling respecting the necessity of repose in art. Its sources.*

THERE is probably no necessity more imperatively felt by the artist, no test more unfailing of the greatness of artistical treatment, than that of the appearance of repose; yet there is no quality whose semblance in matter is more difficult to define or illustrate. Nevertheless, I believe that our instinctive love of it, as well as the cause to which I attribute that love, (although here also, as in the former cases, I contend not for the interpretation, but for the fact,)* will be readily allowed by the reader. As opposed to passion, change, fulness, or laborious exertion, Repose is the especial and separating characteristic of the eternal mind and power. It is the "I am" of the Creator opposed to the "I become" of all creatures; it is the sign alike of the supreme knowledge which is incapable of surprise, the supreme power which is incapable of labour, the supreme volition which is incapable of change; it is the stillness of the beams of the eternal chambers laid upon the variable waters of ministering creatures. And as we saw before that the infinity which was a type of the Divine nature on the one hand, became yet more desirable on the other from its peculiar address to our prison hopes, and to the expectations of an unsatisfied and unaccomplished existence; so the types of this third attribute of the Deity might seem to have been rendered farther attractive to mortal instinct through the infliction upon the fallen creature of a curse necessitating

* The reader will please note these guarding sentences: they were perfectly sincere; and it is always open to the rationalist to reject the metaphysical conclusions, or propositions, in this book, while he may accept with confidence its statements of all primary laws of judgment in design. [1883.]

[1] [The ed. of 1883 makes this ch. iii. of section ii.]

a labour once unnatural and still most painful; so that[1] the desire of rest planted in the heart is no sensual nor unworthy one, but a longing for renovation and for escape from a state whose every phase is mere preparation for another equally transitory, to one in which permanence shall have become possible through perfection.[2] Hence the great call of Christ to men, that call on which St. Augustine fixed as the essential expression of Christian hope,[3] is accompanied by the promise of rest;* and the death bequest of Christ to men is peace.[4]

§ 2. *Repose, how expressed in matter.*

Repose, as it is expressed in material things, is either a simple appearance of permanence and quietness, as in the massy forms of a mountain or rock, accompanied by the lulling effect of all mighty sight and sound, which all feel and none define (it would be less sacred if more explicable)

εὕδουσιν δ' ὀρέων κορυφαί τε καὶ φάραγγες·[5]

or else it is repose proper, the rest of things in which there is vitality or capability of motion actual or imagined: and with respect to these the expression of repose is greater in proportion

* Matt. xi. 28.

[1] [The passage, "The desire of rest" to the end of § 1, is § 83 in *Frondes Agrestes.*]

[2] [The corresponding passage in the first draft is here given as an illustration of the way in which, in places where Ruskin made the same points and in part embodied his first words, he yet severely compressed in re-writing:—

"The infliction upon us as fallen creatures of a curse necessitating a labour once unnatural, always painful to us, must at once plant in our hearts, as one of their holiest aspirations, the desire of *rest;* and the frequent setting forth, in the tenderest passages of Scripture, of peace and rest as the utmost good and comfort which could be bought for us by the Redeemer, must necessarily so bind the idea of them up in our bosoms with all that is dearest to them that the very words fall in a species of music on the bodily ears and a very material object becomes delightful to us, in proportion as it realises to the eye our mental conception of repose."]

[3] [The text is, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." This call and Christian hope is constantly referred to in the *Confessions* of St. Augustine.]

[4] [John xiv. 27.]

[5] [In the ed. of 1883 these words were omitted, and the following note given:—

"'The crests and chasms of the mountains are asleep.' It was quoted in Greek, and I forget from whom."

The line is from Alcman, 44, in Bergk's *Lyrici Gr.* Ruskin took it, as appears from one of his note-books, from T. Mitchell's edition of the *Wasps* of Aristophanes, where it is quoted in a note.]

to the amount and sublimity of the action which is *not* taking place, as well as to the intensity of the negation of it. Thus we do not speak of repose in a pebble, because the motion of a pebble has nothing in it of energy or vitality, neither its repose of stability.[1] But having once seen a great rock come down a mountain side, we have a noble sensation of its rest, now bedded immovably among the fern; because the power and fearfulness of its motion were great, and its stability and negation of motion are now great in proportion. Hence the imagination, which delights in nothing more than in the enhancing of the characters of repose, effects this usually by either attributing to things visibly energetic an ideal stability, or to things visibly stable an ideal activity or vitality. Thus Wordsworth speaks of the Cloud, which in itself has too much of changefulness for his purpose, as one

> "That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
> And moveth altogether[2] if it move at all."

And again the children, which, that it may remove from them the child-restlessness, the imagination conceives as rooted flowers,

> "Beneath an old grey oak, as violets, lie."[3]

On the other hand, the scattered rocks, which have not, as such, vitality enough for rest, are gifted with it by the living image: they

> "Lie couched around us like a flock of sheep."[4]

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[1] [The draft gives another illustration here :—

> "They are the small and weak waves which splash and dance, and spend themselves in vain turbulence; the surges of the deep sea move in mighty and quiet lines—slow and unbroken—and soundless but irresistible."]

[2] ["Resolution and Independence," xi. The passage is referred to by Wordsworth in his remarks on the Imagination in the "Preface" of 1815.]

[3] [This is line 149 in the earlier editions of Wordsworth's "Descriptive Sketches during a Pedestrian Tour among the Alps." In the 1835 and later editions, the passage was revised, the children being likened to "lambs or fawns" and placed "under a hoary oak's thin canopy."]

[4] [Quoted from memory. The passage in "Nutting" is :—

> "And—with my cheek on one of those green stones
> That fleeced with moss, under the shady trees,
> Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep . . . "]

§ 3. *The necessity to Repose of an implied energy.*

Thus, as we saw that Unity demanded for its expression what at first might have seemed its contrary, Variety, so Repose demands for its expression the implied capability of its opposite, Energy: and this even in its lower manifestations, in rocks and stones and trees. By comparing the modes in which the mind is disposed to regard the boughs of a fair and vigorous tree, motionless in the summer air, with the effect produced by one of the same boughs hewn square and used for threshold or lintel, the reader will at once perceive the connection of vitality with repose, and the part they both bear in beauty.*

§ 4. *Mental Repose, how noble.*

But that which in lifeless things ennobles them by seeming to indicate life, ennobles higher creatures by indicating the exaltation of their earthly vitality into a Divine vitality; and raising the life of sense into the life of faith: faith, whether we receive it in the sense of adherence to resolution, obedience to law, regardfulness of promise, in which from all time it has been the test, as the shield, of the true being and life of man; or in the still higher sense of trustfulness in the presence, kindness, and word of God, in which form it has been exhibited under the Christian dispensation. For, whether in one or other form,—whether the faithfulness of men whose path is chosen and portion fixed, in the following and receiving of that path and portion, as in the Thermopylæ camp; or the happier faithfulness of children in the good giving of their Father, and of subjects in the conduct of their King, as in the "Stand still and see the salvation of God"[1] of the Red Sea shore, there is rest and peacefulness, the "standing still," in both, the quietness of action determined, of spirit unalarmed, of expectation unimpatient: beautiful even when based only, as of old, on the self-command and self-possession,

* The two preceding paragraphs, second and third, are extremely well thought out, and clearly worded: the succeeding fourth is one of the best in all my books, relating to religious subjects; and of peculiar value at this time, when even the *conceptions* of Faith and Obedience have become impossible to the vulgar heart, in England. [1883.]

[1] [Exodus xiv. 13.]

the persistent dignity or the uncalculating love, of the creature;* but more beautiful yet when the rest is one of humility instead of pride, and the trust no more in the resolution we have taken, but in the hand we hold.

§ 5. *Its universal value as a test of art.*

Hence I think that there is no desire more intense or more exalted than that which exists in all rightly disciplined minds for the evidences of repose in external signs: and what I cautiously said respecting infinity, I say fearlessly respecting repose; that no work of art can be great without it, and that all art is great in proportion to the appearance of it.† It is the most unfailing test of beauty,

* "The universal instinct of repose,
The longing for confirmed tranquillity
Inward and outward, humble, yet sublime,
The life where hope and memory are as one.
Earth quiet and unchanged; the human soul
Consistent in self-rule; and heaven revealed
To meditation, in that quietness."
—WORDSWORTH, *Excursion*, book iii.

But compare carefully (for this is put into the mouth of one diseased in thought and erring in seeking) the opening of the ninth book; and observe the difference between the mildew of inaction—the slumber of Death; and the patience of the Saints—the rest of the Sabbath Eternal. Rev. xiv. 13.[1]

† This is wildly overstated; and the rest of the paragraph is nearly pure nonsense,—yet with a grain of meaning at the bottom, which is worth explanation, and, once explained, contains an apology due to the reader, and a palliation, just to myself, for the extravagance, not of this passage only, but of many subsequent ones like it.

When I was first in Rome, in the winter of 1840, my own real art pleasures were only in Turner and Prout: but I desired earnestly to profit by the opportunities round me; and when Mr. George Richmond and Mr. Joseph Severn took me to the Vatican, looked very reverently at whatever I was bid.

Of Raphael, however, I found I could make nothing whatever. The only thing clearly manifest to me in his compositions was, that everybody seemed to be pointing at everybody else, and that nobody, to my notion, was worth pointing at.

But the colossal perplexities and subtle chiaroscuro of the Sistine Chapel impressed me, like the sublimity of mountains; the authority of Reynolds, which was at that time conclusive with me, enforced the feeling of which I was already not a little vain, that I could sympathize with the greatest (so he

[1] [The prose part of the note was omitted in the ed. of 1883, and the following note inserted:—

"I have italicised the beautiful line which describes a perfectly happy life; and cut out a useless note, which in the old edition introduced irrelevant matter."]

whether of matter or of motion; nothing can be ignoble that possesses it, nothing right that has it not; and in strict proportion to its appearance in the work is the majesty of mind to be inferred in the artificer. Without regard to other qualities, we may look to this for our evidence; and by the search for this alone we may be led to the rejection of all that is base, and the accepting of all that is good and great, for the paths of wisdom are all peace. We shall see, by this light, three colossal images standing up side by side, looming in their great rest of spirituality above the whole world-horizon, Phidias,[1] Michael Angelo, and Dante; and then, separated from their great religious thrones only by less fulness and earnestness of faith, Homer and Shakespeare; and from these we may go down step by step among the mighty men of every

was called by all my friends) of Italian masters. I set myself almost exclusively to the study of him, and long before I had begun writing *Modern Painters*, knew every figure and statue by Michael Angelo, either in Rome or Florence, very literally by heart: while I remained in total ignorance of the antecedent religious schools. When, in 1845, the writings of Lord Lindsay[2] led me to these, and I worked for the first time in Santa Maria Novella, and also for the first time read Dante, it seemed to me that the entire virtue and intellectual power of the older schools had been consummated in Dante; and then the three dynasties of Greek, Christian Mystic, and Christian Naturalist, became represented to me by the three men, Phidias, Michael Angelo, and Dante, named in the text; and represented also, with a power and simplicity unqualified by relative or intermediate knowledge. The physical repose of the statues of the Theseus, and of the Dawn and Twilight, and the spiritual repose of the conceptions of Paradise, by Dante and Angelico, impressed me as their distinctive character: and the apparently sudden enthusiasm of the pages I am excusing, was indeed the outcome of the eager emotions of five youthful years. Rightly expanded, or even understood as it was meant, the paragraph has a considerable measure of subtle truth in it; but as it stands, it is, as I have just confessed, nearly pure nonsense; for although great work is for the most part quiet, there is a great deal of quiet work in the world which is also extremely small, and extremely dull.

The sense in which Homer and Shakespeare are spoken of as separate from the masters of the definitively Christian schools, will be found afterwards developed in my essay on The Mystery of Life.[3] It is curious, now, to myself, to see how early this feeling was in my mind. [1883.]

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[1] [This passage—in which Phidias is spoken of by Ruskin in the same breath with Michael Angelo and Dante—is cited in *The Two Paths* (§ 80) in order to negative "the supposition that I have attacked or despised Greek work."]

[2] [See above, p. xxiii. *n.*]

[3] [The third lecture in *Sesame and Lilies*, § 113.]

age, securely and certainly observant of diminished lustre in every appearance of restlessness and effort, until the last trace of true inspiration vanishes in tottering affectation or tortured insanity.[1] There is no art, nor pursuit whatsoever, but its results may be classed by this test alone. Everything of evil is betrayed and winnowed away by it; glitter, confusion, or glare of colour; inconsistency[2] of thought; forced expression; evil choice of subject; redundance of materials, pretence, overcharged decoration, or excessive division of parts; and this in everything. In architecture, in music, in acting, in dancing, in whatsoever art, great or mean, there are yet degrees of greatness or meanness entirely dependent on this single quality of repose.

§ 6. *Instances in the Laocoon and Theseus,*

Particular instances are at present needless, and cannot but be inadequate; needless, because I suppose that every reader, however limited his experience of art, can supply many for himself; and inadequate, because no number of them could illustrate the full extent of the influence of the expression. I believe, however, that by comparing the convulsions of the Laocoon with the calmness of the Elgin Theseus,[3] we may obtain a general idea of the effect of the influence, as shown by its absence in one, and

[1] [Ed. 1 reads, "vanishes in the tottering affectations or the tortured insanities of modern times."]

[2] [Ed. 1 inserts "or absence," and instead of "redundance of materials, . . . In architecture, in music, . . . " reads :—

> "over accumulation of materials, whether in painting or literature, the shallow and unreflecting nothingness of the English schools of art, the strained and disgusting horrors of the French, the distorted feverishness of the German :—pretence, over decoration, over division of parts in architecture, and again in music, in acting . . ."]

[3] [In the draft Ruskin used, not the "Theseus," but the so-called "Dying Gladiator" of the Capitol at Rome, to contrast with the "Laocoon":—

> "The dying gladiator—though the statue of a vanquished slave—a mere victim of some butcher of the arena—is yet noble and exalted in its whole tone and character, for the very reason—strange as it may appear—that in its numbing clasp the right hand has already forgotten its cunning, and death has stamped upon the seared and disgraced brow the nobility of its repose."

Ruskin had been studying the Elgin Marbles much at this time (see Vol. III. p. 669), and now, as well as in his later works, he constantly referred to the so-called "Theseus" (from the East Pediment of the Parthenon) as a standard of perfection in its kind. See, *e.g.*, below, sec. ii. ch. iv. § 19; *Two Paths*, § 21; *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 23; *Eagle's Nest*, § 39; *Bibliotheca Pastorum*, vol. i. (*The Economist* of Xenophon), Preface.]

presence in the other, of two works which, as far as artistical merit is concerned, are in some measure parallel; not that I believe, even in this respect, the Laocoon is justifiably comparable with the Theseus. I suppose that no group has exercised so pernicious an influence on art as this; a subject ill-chosen, meanly conceived, and unnaturally treated, recommended to imitation by subtleties of execution and accumulation of technical knowledge.*

* I would also have the reader compare with the meagre lines and contemptible tortures of the Laocoon, the awfulness and quietness of M. Angelo's treatment of a subject in most respects similar (the Plague of the Fiery Serpents),[1] but of which the choice was justified both by the place which the event holds in the typical system he had to arrange, and by the grandeur of the plague itself, in its multitudinous grasp, and its mystical salvation; sources of sublimity entirely absent in the death[2] of the Dardan priest. It is good to see how his gigantic intellect reaches after repose, and truthfully finds it, in the falling hand of the near figure, and in the deathful decline of that whose hands are held up even in their venomed coldness to the cross; and though irrelevant to our present purpose, it is well also to note how the grandeur of this treatment results, not merely from choice, but from the greater knowledge and more faithful rendering of truth. For whatever knowledge of the human frame there may be in the Laocoon, there is certainly none of the habits of serpents. The fixing of the snake's head in the side of the principal figure is as false to nature as it is poor in composition of line. A large serpent never wants to bite, it wants to hold; it seizes therefore always where it can hold best, by the extremities, or throat; it seizes once and for ever, and that before it coils; following up the seizure with a cast of its body round the victim, as invisibly swift as the twist of a whip-lash round any hard object it may strike: and then it holds fast, never moving the jaws or the body; if the prey has any power of struggling left, it throws round another coil, without quitting the hold with the jaws. If Laocoon had had to do with real serpents, instead of pieces of tape with heads to them, he would have been held still, and not allowed to throw his arms or legs about. It is most instructive to observe the accuracy of Michael Angelo, in the rendering of these circumstances; the binding of the arms to the body, and the knotting of the whole mass of agony together, until we hear the crashing of the bones beneath the grisly sliding of the engine folds. Note also in all the figures the expression of another circumstance; the torpor and cold numbness of the limbs induced by the serpent venom, which, though justifiably overlooked by the sculptor of the Laocoon, as well as by Virgil, in consideration of the rapidity of the death by crushing, adds infinitely to the power of the Florentine's conception, and would have been better hinted by Virgil, than that sickening distribution of venom on the garlands. In fact, Virgil has missed both of

[1] [The painting on one of the corner spandrels of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel; one of four Biblical subjects symbolical of man's redemption.]

[2] [Ed. 1 reads, ". . . entirely wanting in the slaughter of . . ."]

In Christian art, it would be well to compare the feeling of the finer among the altar-tombs of the middle ages, with any monumental works after Michael Angelo; perhaps more especially with works of Roubillac or Canova.[1]

§ 7. *And in altar-tombs.*

truth and impressiveness every way: the "morsu depascitur" is unnatural butchery, the "perfusus veneno" gratuitous foulness, the "clamores horrendos" impossible degradation. Compare carefully the remarks on this statue in Sir Charles Bell's Essay on Expression (third edition, p. 192), where he has most wisely and incontrovertibly deprived the statue of all claim to expression of energy and fortitude of mind, and shown its common and coarse intent of mere bodily exertion and agony; while he has confirmed Payne Knight's just condemnation of the passage in Virgil.[2] Observe,[3] however, that no fault is to be found with the uniting of the poisonous and crushing powers in the serpents; this is, both in Virgil and Michael Angelo, a healthy operation of the imagination, since though those two powers are not, I believe, united in any known serpent, yet in the essence or idea of serpent they are; nor is there anything contradictory in them or incapable of perfect unity. But in Virgil it is unhealthy operation of the imagination which destroys the verity both of the venom and the crushing, by attributing impossible concomitants to both; by supposing in the poison an impossible quantity uselessly directed, and leaving the victim capability of crying out, under the action of the coils.

If the reader wishes to see the opposite view of the subject, let him compare Winckelmann; and Schiller, letters on Æsthetic Culture.[4]

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[1] [Louis François Roubillac (1695–1762), settled in London in 1720, and became the most popular sculptor of the time in this country. His tombs in Westminster Abbey, more theatrical than sepulchral, are well known. They hit the taste of the time; but Roubillac himself, when he came back from Italy and once more saw his own sculptures, had the magnanimity to exclaim: "By God! my own works looked to me as meagre and starved as if they had been made of tobacco pipes" (Stanley's *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, 1882, p. 235). For Ruskin's opinion of Canova, see Vol. III. pp. 154, 230, and *cf.* below, sec. ii. ch. iii. § 27, p. 279.]

[2] [Sir Charles Bell (*Essays on the Anatomy of Expression in Painting*, quotes and confirms by remarks of his own the following criticism by Payne Knight (*On Taste*, p. 333): "It is not with the agonies of a man, writhing in the pangs of death, that we sympathise, on beholding the celebrated group of Laocoon and his sons; for such sympathies can only be painful and disgusting: but it is with the energy and fortitude of mind which those agonies call into action and display. For though every feature and every muscle is convulsed, and every nerve contracted, yet the breast is expanded and the throat compressed, to shew that he suffers in silence. I therefore still maintain in spite of the blind and indiscriminate admiration, which pedantry always shews for everything which leaves the stamp of high authority, that Virgil has debased the character, and robbed it of all its sublimity and grandeur of expression, by making Laocoon *roar* like *a bull.*"]

[3] [This and the next sentence of the footnote appear in ed. 1 as a note in the Addenda, thus:—"It ought to have been noticed respecting the Virgilian conception of the Laocoon, that no fault . . ."]

[4] [Winckelmann's appreciation of the group is quoted at the beginning of a treatise, to which it is curious that Ruskin does not refer—namely, Lessing's *Laocoon*. Virgil's

In the Cathedral of Lucca, near the entrance-door of the north transept, there is a monument by Jacopo della Quercia to Ilaria di Caretto, the wife of Paolo Guinigi.[1] I name it not as more beautiful or perfect than other examples of the same period;* but as furnishing an instance of the exact and right mean between the rigidity and rudeness of the earlier monumental effigies, and the morbid imitation of life, sleep, or death, of which the fashion has taken place in

* It is forty years since I first saw it, and I have never found its like.—(Pisa, 5th November, 1882.) [1883.]

description, on which some have supposed that the sculptor based his work, is in *Æneid*, xi. 199 *seqq.* Schiller's discussion of the Laocoon will be found in the paper entitled "Pathos," in the *Philosophical and Æsthetic Letters and Essays of Schiller*, translated by J. Weiss, 1845, pp. 223–228.]

[1] [Ruskin's first note of Ilaria is contained in a letter to his father describing the days at Lucca (May 6, 1845):—

> "When the rose tints leave the clouds I go and spend a quarter of an hour beside the tomb of Ilaria di Caretto. It is in the Cathedral. She was the second wife of Paolo Guinigi, Signore of Lucca in 1430. He left the Lucchese several good laws which they have still, but in a war with the Florentines he was betrayed by his allies, and died in a prison at Pavia. The tower of his palace fortress is overgrown with copse-wood, but the iron rings, to which his horses used to be fastened, still are seen along the length of the street before it; and the hooks by which the silken draperies were suspended on festa days.
>
> "This, his second wife, died young, and her monument is by Jacopo della Quercia, erected soon after her death. She is lying on a simple pillow, with a hound at her feet. Her dress is of the simplest middle age character, folding closely over the bosom and tight to the arms, clasped about the neck. Round her head is a circular fillet with three star-shaped flowers. From under this the hair falls like that of the Magdalene, its undulation just felt as it touches the cheek, and no more. The arms are not folded, nor the hands clasped nor raised. Her arms are laid softly at length upon her body, and her hands cross as they fall. The drapery flows over the feet and half hides the hound. It is impossible to tell you the perfect sweetness of the lips and closed eyes, nor the solemnity of the seal of death which is set upon the whole figure. The sculpture—as art—is in every way perfect: truth itself, but truth selected with inconceivable refinement of feeling. The cast of the drapery, for severe natural simplicity and perfect grace, I never saw equalled, nor the fall of the hands; you expect every instant, nay rather you seem to see every instant, the last sinking into death. There is no decoration nor work about it; not even enough for protection; you may stand beside it leaning on the pillow, and watching the twilight fade off the sweet dead lips and arched eyes in their sealed close."

Many years later (1878) Ruskin wrote another description of the tomb (*The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism*, § 24); for a minor reference to it, see also *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 66; and for its influence on Ruskin, *Fors*, Letter 45, *Præterita*, ii. ch. vi. § 113, and Epilogue to the present volume, § 5, p. 347. A head of Ilaria, reproduced from a drawing made by Ruskin in 1882, will be found in a later volume of this edition. A water-colour drawing of the head, by Mr. W. G. Collingwood, is in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield. The plate of the whole tomb here given is from a photograph.]

From a photograph. Allen & Co. Sc

Tomb of Ilaria di Caretto, Lucca.

modern times.* She is lying on a simple couch with a hound at her feet; not on the side, but with the head laid straight and simply on the hard pillow, in which, let it be observed, there is no effort at deceptive imitation of pressure. It is understood as a pillow, but not mistaken for one. The hair is bound in a flat braid over the fair brow,† the sweet and arched eyes are closed, the tenderness of the loving lips is set and quiet; there is that about them which forbids breath; something which is not death nor sleep, but the pure image of both. The hands are not lifted in prayer, neither folded, but the arms are laid at length upon the body, and the hands cross as they fall. The feet are hidden by the drapery, and the forms of the limbs concealed, but not their tenderness.[1]

* Whenever, in monumental work, the sculptor reaches a deceptive appearance of life or death, or of concomitant details, he has gone too far. The statue should be felt to be a statue, not look like a dead or sleeping body; it should not convey the impression of a corpse, nor of sick and outwearied flesh, but it should be the marble *image* of death or weariness. So the concomitants should be distinctly marble, severe and monumental in their lines: not shroud, not bed-clothes, not actual armour nor brocade; not a real soft pillow, not a downright hard-stuffed mattress; but the mere type and suggestion of these, and the ruder, often the nobler.[2] Not that they are to be unnatural; such lines as are given should be true,[3] and clear of the hardness and mannered rigidity of the strictly Gothic types; but lines so few and grand as to appeal to the imagination only, and always to stop short of realization. A monument by a modern Italian sculptor has been lately placed in one of the side chapels of Santa Croce, forcible as portraiture, and delicately finished, but looking as if the person had been restless all night, and the artist admitted to a faithful study of the disturbed bed-clothes in the morning.[4]

† The braiding is not flat, but in tresses, of which the lightest escape, and fall free. [1883.]

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[1] [The passage, "In the Cathedral of Lucca . . . tenderness," is § 85 in *Frondes Agrestes*.]

[2] [For "and the ruder, often the nobler," ed. 1 has "a certain rudeness and incompleteness of finish is very noble in all . . ." And the last sentence runs thus :—

"There is a monument put up lately by a modern Italian sculptor in one of the side chapels of Santa Croce; the face fine and the execution dexterous. But it looks as if . . ."]

[3] [Ed. 1 reads "should be pure and true."]

[4] [In the Capella Aldobrandini Borghese, in the North Transept. The monument is to the Countess Zamoyska, and is by Lorenzo Bartolini (1777–1850).]

If any of us, after staying for a time beside this tomb, could see, through his tears, one of the vain and unkind encumbrances of the grave, which, in these hollow and heartless days, feigned sorrow builds to foolish pride, he would, I believe, receive such a lesson of love as no coldness could refuse, no fatuity forget, and no insolence disobey.

CHAPTER VIII[1]

OF SYMMETRY, OR THE TYPE OF DIVINE JUSTICE

We shall not be long detained by the consideration of this, the fourth constituent of beauty, as its nature is universally felt and understood. In all perfectly beautiful objects, there is found the opposition of one part to another, and a reciprocal balance, in animals commonly between opposite sides (note the disagreeableness occasioned by the exception in flat-fish, having the eyes on one side of the head); while in vegetables the opposition is less distinct, as in the boughs on opposite sides of trees, and the leaves and sprays on each side of the boughs; and in dead matter less perfect still, often amounting only to a certain tendency towards a balance, as in the opposite sides of valleys and alternate windings of streams. In things in which perfect symmetry is from their nature impossible or improper, a balance must be at least in some measure expressed before they can be beheld with pleasure. Hence the necessity of what artists require as opposing lines or masses in composition, the propriety of which, as well as their value, depends chiefly on their inartificial and natural invention. Absolute equality is not required, still less absolute similarity. A mass of subdued colour may be balanced by a point of a powerful one, and a long and latent line overpowered by a short and conspicuous one. The only error against which it is necessary to guard the reader, with respect to symmetry, is, the confounding of it with proportion, though it seems strange that the two terms could ever have been used as synonymous. Symmetry is the *opposition* of *equal* quantities to each other; proportion,

§ 1. *Symmetry, what, and how found in organic nature.*

§ 2. *How necessary in art.*

[1] [Ch. iv. of sec. ii. in the re-arranged edition of 1883.]

the *connection* of *unequal* quantities with each other. The property of a tree sending out equal boughs on opposite sides is symmetrical; its sending out shorter and smaller towards the top, proportional. In the human face, its balance of opposite sides is symmetry; its division upwards, proportion.

§ 3. *To what its agreeableness is referable. Various instances;*

Whether the agreeableness of symmetry be in any way referable to its expression of the Aristotelian ἰσότης, that is to say, of abstract justice,[1] I leave the reader to determine; I only assert respecting it, that it is necessary to the dignity of every form, and that by the removal of it we shall render the other elements of beauty comparatively ineffectual: though, on the other hand, it is to be observed that it is rather a mode of arrangement of qualities than a quality itself; and hence symmetry has little power over the mind, unless all the other constituents of beauty be found together with it. A form may be symmetrical and ugly, as many Elizabethan ornaments, and yet not so ugly as it would have been if unsymmetrical, but bettered always by increasing degrees of symmetry: as in star figures wherein there is a circular symmetry of many like members, whence their frequent use for the plan and ground of ornamental designs. So also it is observable that foliage in which the leaves are concentrically grouped, as in the chestnuts, and many shrubs, rhododendrons, for instance,[2] is far nobler in its effects than any other, so that the sweet chestnut most fondly and frequently occurs in the landscape of Tintoret and Titian (beside which all other landscape grandeur vanishes).* And even in the meanest things the rule holds, as in the kaleidoscope, wherein agreeableness is given to forms altogether accidental, merely by their repetition and reciprocal opposition. Which orderly balance and arrangement are essential to the perfect operation of the

* Nonsense, again; from believing the talk about Titian's landscape too easily. [1883.]

[1] [See *Ethics*, v. 3, 1.]

[2] [Eds. 1 and 2 insert here "—(whence the perfect beauty of the Alpine rose)—" For Ruskin's love for that flower, *cf.* Vol. II. p. 371.]

more earnest and solemn qualities of the Beautiful, as being heavenly in their nature, and contrary to the violence and disorganization of sin; so that the seeking of them, and submission to them, are characteristic of minds that have been subjected to high moral discipline, and constant in all the great religious painters, to the degree of being an offence and a scorn to men of less tuned and tranquil feeling. Equal ranks of saints are placed on each side of the picture; if there be a kneeling figure on one side, there is a corresponding one on the other; the attendant angels beneath and above are arranged in like order;[1] and the balance is preserved even in actions necessitating variety of grouping, as always by Giotto; and by Ghirlandajo in the introduction of his chorus-like side figures; and by Tintoret most eminently in his noblest work, the Crucifixion,[2] where not only the grouping, but the arrangement of light, is absolutely symmetrical. Where there is no symmetry, the effects of passion and violence are increased, and many very sublime pictures derive their sublimity from the want of it, but they lose proportionally in the diviner quality of beauty. In landscape the same sense of symmetry is preserved, as we shall presently see, even to artificialness, by the greatest men; and it is one of the principal faults in the landscapes of the present day, that the symmetry of nature is sacrificed to irregular picturesqueness. Of this, however, hereafter.[3]

§ 4. *Especially in religious art.*

[1] [Ed. 1 reads here :—

"in like order. The Rafaelle at Blenheim, the Madonna di San Sisto, the St. Cecilia, and all the works of Perugino, Francia, and John Bellini present some such form, and the balance at least is preserved even in pictures of action necessitating . . ."

For the Raphael at Blenheim (now No. 1171 in the National Gallery), see Vol. I. p. 495; for the San Sisto (at Dresden), Vol. III. p. 13 *n.*, and p. 369 of this vol.; for the St. Cecilia (at Bologna), Vol. II. p. 167.]

[2] [See below, sec. ii. ch. iii. § 20, p. 270.]

[3] [See next volume, ch. xiv.]

CHAPTER IX[1]

OF PURITY, OR THE TYPE OF DIVINE ENERGY

§ 1. *The influence of Light, as a sacred symbol.*

It may at first appear strange that I have not, in my enumeration of the Types of Divine attributes, included that which is certainly the most visible and evident of all, as well as the most distinctly expressed in Scripture; "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all."[2] But I could not logically class the presence of an actual substance or motion with mere conditions and modes of being; neither could I logically separate from any of these, that which is evidently necessary to the perception of all. And it is also to be observed, that, though the love of light is more instinctive in the human heart than any other of the desires connected with beauty, we can hardly separate its agreeableness in its own nature from the sense of its necessity and value for the purposes of life; neither the abstract painfulness of darkness from the sense of danger and powerlessness connected with it. And note also that it is not *all* light, but light possessing the universal qualities of beauty, diffused or infinite rather than in points; tranquil, not startling and variable; pure, not sullied or oppressed; which is indeed pleasant and perfectly typical of the Divine nature.

§ 2. *The idea of Purity connected with it.*

Observe, however, that there is one quality, the idea of which has been just introduced in connection with light, which might have escaped us in the consideration of mere matter, namely Purity: and yet I think that the original notion of this quality is altogether material, and has only been attributed to colour when such colour is suggestive of the condition of matter from which

[1] [Ch. v. of sec. ii. in the re-arranged edition of 1883.]
[2] [1 John i. 5.]

we originally received the idea. For I see not in the abstract how one colour should be considered *purer* than another, except as more or less compounded: whereas there is certainly a sense of purity or impurity in the most compound and neutral colours, as well as in the simplest; a quality difficult to define, and which the reader will probably be surprised by my calling the type of Energy, with which it has certainly little traceable connection in the mind.

§ 3. *Originally derived from conditions of matter.*

I believe, however, if we carefully analyze the nature of our ideas of impurity in general, we shall find them refer especially to conditions of matter in which its various elements are placed in a relation incapable of healthy or proper operation; and most distinctly to conditions in which the negation of vital or energetic action is most evident; as in corruption and decay of all kinds, wherein particles which once, by their operation on each other, produced a living and energetic whole, are reduced to a condition of perfect passiveness, in which they are seized upon and appropriated, one by one, piecemeal, by whatever has need of them, without any power of resistance or energy of their own. And thus there is a peculiar painfulness attached to any associations of inorganic with organic matter, such as appear to involve the inactivity and feebleness of the latter; so that things which are not felt to be foul in their own nature become so in association with things of greater inherent energy: as dust or earth, which in a mass excites no painful sensation, excites a most disagreeable one when strewing or staining an animal's skin; because it implies a decline and deadening of the vital and healthy power of the skin. But all reasoning about this impression is rendered difficult,[1] because the ocular sense of impurity connected with corruption is enhanced by the offending of other senses and by the grief and horror of it in its own nature, as the special punishment and evidence of sin: and on the other hand, the

§ 4. *Associated ideas adding to the power of the impression. Influence of clearness.*

[1] [Ed. 1 reads, "by the host of associated ideas connected with it, for . . . ,' and, two lines lower, inserts "infinitely" before "enhanced."]

ocular delight in purity is mingled, as I before observed, with the love of the mere element of light, as a type of wisdom and of truth; whence it seems to me that we admire the transparency of bodies; though probably it is still rather owing to our sense of more perfect order and arrangement of particles, and not to our love of light, that we look upon a piece of rock crystal as purer than a piece of marble, and on the marble as purer than a piece of chalk. And let it be observed, also, that the most lovely objects in nature are only partially transparent. I suppose the utmost possible sense of beauty is conveyed by a feebly translucent, smooth, but not lustrous surface of white, and pale warm red, subdued by the most pure and delicate greys, as in the finer portions of the human frame; in wreaths of snow, and in white plumage under rose light,* so Viola of Olivia in *Twelfth Night*, and Homer of Atrides wounded.† And I think that transparency and lustre, both beautiful in themselves, are incompatible with the highest beauty; because they destroy form, on the full perception of which more of the divinely typical character of the object depends than upon

§ 5. *Perfect beauty of Surface, in what consisting.*

* The reader will observe that I am speaking at present of mere material qualities. If he would obtain perfect ideas respecting loveliness of luminous surface, let him closely observe a swan with its wings expanded in full light five minutes before sunset. The human cheek or the rose leaf is perhaps hardly so pure, and the forms of snow, though individually as beautiful, are less exquisitely combined.[1]

† (ὡς δ' ὅτε τίς τ' ἐλέφαντα γυνὴ φοίνικι μιήνῃ
Μῃονίς.)

So Spenser of Shamefacedness, an exquisite piece of glowing colour, and (sweetly of Belphœbe; so the roses and lilies of all poets. Compare) the making of the image of Florimel:

"The substance whereof she the body made
Was purest snow, in mossy mould congealed,
Which she had gathered in a shady glade
Of the Riphæan hills.
The same she tempered with fine mercury,
And mingled them with perfect vermily."

With Una he perhaps overdoes the white a little. She is two degrees of comparison above snow. Compare his questioning in the Hymn to Beauty,

[1] [This note was omitted in the 1883 edition. With what is here said about the beauty of wreaths of snow, *cf.* Vol. III. p. 446.]

its colour.[1] Hence in the beauty of snow and of flesh, so much translucency is allowed as is consistent with the full explanation of the forms; while we are suffered to receive more intense impressions of light and transparency from other objects, which nevertheless, owing to their necessarily unperceived form, are not perfectly nor affectingly beautiful. A fair forehead outshines its diamond diadem. The sparkle of the cascade withdraws not our eyes from the snowy summits in their evening silence.

§ 6. *Purity only metaphorically a type of sinlessness.*

It may seem strange to many readers that I have not spoken of purity in that sense in which it is most frequently used, as a type of sinlessness. I do not deny that the frequent metaphorical use of it in Scripture may have, and ought to have, much influence on the sympathies with which we regard it; and that probably the immediate agreeableness of it to most minds arises far more from this source* than from that to

about that mixture made of colours fair; (and goodly temperament of pure complexion):

> "Hath white and red in it such wondrous power
> That it can pierce through the eyes into the heart?"

(Where the distinction between typical and vital beauty is very gloriously carried out.)[2]

* I cannot but wonder more and more at the obstinacy of the public in calling these early books my best writing. The hissing of these two lines, after "immediate," might be made a warning example in public schools. [1883.]

[1] [On this point, cf. *Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. v., and see note to Vol. III. p. 162 in this edition.]

[2] [In the ed. of 1883 Ruskin omitted from this note the passages now placed in brackets, and added the following:—

> "I have cut away some useless prolixities in the above note, and would pray the reader to take Spenser's Hymn for his teacher, and ask to be taught no more."

For "Viola of Olivia," see Act i. sc. v.: "'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on." The line from Homer is in the *Iliad*, iv. 141: "as when a Maeonian maid has stained ivory with purple dye," etc. Shamefacedness, with "faire blushing face, As roses did with lilies interlace," is in *The Faerie Queene*, book v. c. 3, st. 23. Belphœbe: "and in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew Like roses in a bed of lilies shed," *ibid.* ii. 3, 22. Florimel, *ibid.* iii. 8, 6. Una: "upon a lowly asse more white than snow. Yet she much whiter," *ibid.* i. 1, 4. Of Ruskin's reading of Spenser at this time, there is the following note in his diary:—

> *Jan.* 21, 1844.—Pretty good day on the whole—read a little Faery Queene also, but it is heavy, though with sweet lines occasionally.]

which I have chosen to attribute it. But, in the first place, if it be indeed in the signs of Divine and not of human attributes that beauty consists, I see not how the idea of sin can be formed with respect to the Deity; for it is an idea of a relation borne by us to Him, and not in any way to be attached to His abstract nature:[1] while the Love, Mercifulness, and Justice of God I have supposed to be symbolized by other qualities of beauty, and I cannot trace any rational connection between them and the idea of Spotlessness in matter; nor between this idea and any of the virtues which make up the righteousness of man, except perhaps those of truth and openness, which have been above spoken of as more expressed by the transparency than the mere purity of matter. So that I conceive the use of the terms purity, spotlessness, etc., in moral subjects, to be merely metaphorical; and that it is rather that we illustrate these virtues by the desirableness of material purity than that we desire material purity because it is illustrative of these virtues.*

§ 7. *Energy, how expressed by purity of matter,*

I repeat, then, that the only idea which I think can be legitimately connected with purity of matter, is this of vital and energetic connection among its particles; as that of foulness is essentially connected with dissolution and death. Thus the purity of the rock, contrasted with the foulness of dust or mould, is expressed by the epithet "living," very singularly given to rock, in almost all languages (singularly, because life is almost the last attribute one would ascribe to stone,

* This uncertain and unsatisfactory paragraph enters on subjects far out of its grasp, and misses the things close at hand, which needed chief consideration. See final note to this chapter (p. 134, **). [1883.]

[1] [Ed. 1 reads:—

". . . to his abstract nature. And if the idea of sin is incapable of being formed with respect to him, so also is its negative, for we cannot form an idea of negation, where we cannot form an idea of presence. If, for instance, one could conceive of taste or flavour in a proposition of Euclid, so also might we of insipidity, but if not of the one, then not of the other. So that in speaking of the goodness of God, it cannot be that we mean anything more than his Love, Mercifulness, and Justice, and these attributes I have shown to be expressed by other . . . in matter. Neither can I trace any more distinct relation between this idea . . . openness, of which I have already spoken as more expressed . . ."]

but for this visible energy and connection of its particles); and so to flowing water, opposed to stagnant.[1] And I do not think that, however pure a powder or dust may be, the idea of beauty is ever connected with it; for it is not the mere purity, but the *active* condition of the substance which is desired;* so that as soon as it shoots into crystals, or gathers into efflorescence, a sensation of active or real purity is received which was not felt in the calcined caput mortuum.

§ 8. *And of colour.*

And again, in colour, I imagine that the quality which we term purity is dependent on the full energizing of the rays that compose it; of which if in compound hues any are overpowered and killed by the rest, so as to be of no value nor operation, foulness is the consequence; while so long as all act together, whether side by side, or from pigments seen one through the other, so that all the colouring matter employed may come into play in the harmony desired, and none be quenched nor killed, purity results.† And so in all cases I suppose that pureness is made to us desirable, because expressive of that constant presence and energizing of the Deity by which all things live and move, and have their being;[2] and that foulness is painful as the accompaniment of disorder and decay, and always indicative of the withdrawal of Divine support. And the practical analogies of life, the invariable connection of outward foulness with mental sloth and degradation, as well as with bodily lethargy and disease, together with the contrary indications of freshness and purity belonging to every healthy and active organic frame (singularly seen in the effort of the young leaves when first their inward energy prevails over the earth, pierces its corruption, and shakes its dust

* Well observed, but not conclusively. Snow is a powder, practically, in hard frost; and it is perhaps easier to attach the idea of purity to flour than to bread. [1883.]

† Again well said; and the statement should have been farther enforced. The essential difference between painting and daubing is that a *painter* lays not a grain more colour than is needed. [1883.]

[1] [Ed. 1 reads, "and so of water as opposed to stagnancy."]

[2] [Acts xvii. 28.]

away from their own white purity of life), all these circumstances strengthen the instinct by associations countless and irresistible. And then, finally, with the idea of purity comes that of spirituality; for the essential characteristic of matter is its inertia, whence, by adding to its purity of energy, we may in some measure spiritualize even matter itself. Thus in the Apocalyptic descriptions, it is the purity of every substance that fits it for its place in heaven; the river of the water of life, that proceeds out of the throne of the Lamb, is clear as crystal,[1] and the pavement of the city is pure gold "like unto clear glass."*

§ 9. *Spirituality, how so expressed.*

* I have not spoken here of any of the associations connected with warmth or coolness of colour; they are partly connected with Vital beauty, compare Chap. XIV. §§ 21, 22, and partly with impressions of the sublime, the discussion of which is foreign to the present subject: purity, however, it is which gives colour to both; for neither warm nor cool colour can be beautiful, if impure.

Neither have I spoken of any questions relating to melodies of colour; a subject of separate science, whose general principle has been already stated in the Seventh Chapter respecting unity of Sequence. Those qualities only are here noted which give absolute beauty, whether to separate colour or to melodies of it: for all melodies of it are not beautiful, but only those which are expressive of certain pleasant or solemn emotion; the rest are startling, or curious, or cheerful, or exciting, or sublime, but not beautiful; and so in music. And all questions relating to this grandeur, cheerfulness, or other characteristic impression of colour, must be considered under the head of Ideas of Relation.**

** I used then to slip things out of my way from one chapter to another, partly with a notion of being systematic, partly because I was tired; until at last they often slipped out of my head altogether. Thus in the sixth paragraph, the quite primary difficulty of saying whether *spots* are pretty or ugly; whether a fallow-deer is the worse for dappling, or a mackerel for mottling, or a foxglove for speckling, is wholly lost sight of; and, throughout the chapter, the question why we like gold-yellow better than brass-yellow—or rose-colour better than brown—or in general any colour better than any other. I believe there is something said on these points farther on in the book:[2] if not, I'll say something about them where I think it will be useful; only in the meantime, observe that we like gold because it is of a pretty and permanent yellow; and not the yellow colour because it is like gold. I overwork the epithet "golden" in most of my descriptions; not because I like guineas, but because I like buttercups and broom. [1883.]

[1] [Revelation xxii. 1, xxi. 18–21.]

[2] [In his first scheme for the volume Ruskin had planned to treat the question at length; and in the first draft, some pages were written on the subject: see Appendix i., p. 368. In the book as it stands, there is little discussion of the sources and order of pleasure in different colours.]

CHAPTER X[1]

OF MODERATION, OR THE TYPE OF GOVERNMENT BY LAW[2]

Of objects which, in respect of the qualities hitherto considered, appear to have equal claims to regard, we find, nevertheless, that certain are preferred to others in consequence of an attractive power, usually expressed by the terms 'chasteness,' 'refinement,' or 'elegance:' and it appears also that things which in other respects have little in them of natural beauty, and are of forms altogether simple, and adapted to simple uses, are capable of much distinction and desirableness in consequence of these qualities only. It is of importance to discover the real nature of the ideas thus expressed.

§ 1. *Meaning of the terms Chasteness and Refinement.*

Something of the peculiar meaning of the words is referable to the authority of fashion and the exclusiveness of pride, owing to which that which is the mode of a particular time is submissively esteemed, and that which by its costliness or its rarity is of difficult attainment, or in any way appears to have been chosen as the best of many things (which is the original sense of the words elegant and exquisite), is esteemed for the witness it bears to the dignity of the chooser: but neither of these ideas is in any way connected with constant[3] beauty: neither do they account for that agreeableness of colour and form which is especially termed chasteness, and which it would seem to be a characteristic of rightly trained minds in all things to prefer, and of common minds to reject.

§ 2. *How referable to temporary fashions;*

[1] [Ch. vi. of sec. ii. in the re-arranged edition of 1883.]

[2] [For the application of this element of beauty to ornament, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. ch. xxi. § 31.]

[3] [Ed. 1 reads "are" for "is," "eternal" for "constant," and inserts "at all" before "account."]

§ 3. *How to the perception of Completion.*

There is however another character of artificial productions to which these terms have partial reference, which it is of some importance to note; that of finish, exactness, or refinement: which are commonly desired in the works of men, owing both to their difficulty of accomplishment and consequent expression of care and power (compare Chapter on Ideas of Power, Part I. Sec. I.[1]), and from their greater resemblance to the working of God, whose "absolute exactness," says Hooker, "all things imitate, by tending to that which is most exquisite in every particular."[2] And there is not a greater sign of the imperfection of general taste, than its capability of contentment with forms and things which, professing completion, are yet not exact nor complete; as in the vulgar with wax and clay and china figures, and in bad sculptors with an unfinished and clay-like modelling of surface, and curves and angles of no precision or delicacy; and in general, in all common and unthinking persons, with an imperfect rendering of that which might be pure and fine: as churchwardens are content to lose the sharp lines of stone carving under clogging obliterations of whitewash; and as the modern Italians scrape away and polish white all the sharpness and glory of the carvings on their old churches, as most miserably and pitifully on St. Mark's at Venice,[3] and the Baptisteries of Pistoja and Pisa,* and many others. So also

* When I came here first, in 1845, the pinnacles of the Baptistery were lying round it in shattered heaps. I have since witnessed the destruction of the Spina chapel,—see *Fors Clavigera* of 1874;[4] and yesterday found the whole façade of one of the few remaining uninjured churches, plastered white with election bills.—(Pisa, Nov. 7th, 1882.) [1883.]

[1] [Vol. III. pp. 93–98, in this edition.]

[2] [*Ecclesiastical Polity*, I. v. 3. "Tending to" is "tending unto" in the original.]

[3] [In a letter to his father from Venice (Sept. 14, 1845), Ruskin writes:—

"I am but barely in time to see the last of dear old St. Mark's. They have ordered him to be 'pulito,' and after whitewashing the Doge's Palace, and daubing it with the Austrian national distillation of coffins and jaundice, they are scraping St. Mark's clean. Off go all the glorious old weather stains, the rich hues of the marble which nature, mighty as she is, has taken two centuries to bestow, and already the noble corner farthest from the sea—that on which the sixth part of the age of the generations of man was dyed in gold—is reduced to the colour of magnesia—the old marbles displaced and torn down."]

[4] [See *Fors*, Letter 20 (of 1872, not 1874).]

Sta. Maria della Spina, Pisa.
(1840)

the delight of vulgar painters in coarse and slurred painting, merely for the sake of its coarseness; * as of Spagnoletto, Salvator, or Murillo, opposed to the divine finish which the greatest and mightiest of men disdained not, but rather wrought

* It is to be carefully noted that when rude execution is evidently not the result of imperfect feeling and desire (as in these men above named it is), but[1] either of impatient thought which there was necessity to note swiftly, or agitated thought which it was well to note with a certain wildness of manner, as pre-eminently and in both kinds the case with Tintoret, and in lower and more degraded modes with Rubens, and generally in the sketches and first thoughts of great masters, there is received a very noble pleasure, connected both with ideas of power (compare again Part I. Sec. II. Chap. I.) and with certain actions of the imagination of which we shall speak presently. But this pleasure is not received from the beauty of the work, for nothing can be perfectly beautiful unless complete, but from its simplicity and sufficiency to its immediate purpose, where the purpose is not of beauty at all, as often in things rough hewn; pre-eminently, for instance, in the stones of the foundations of the Pitti and Strozzi Palaces, whose noble rudeness is to be opposed both to the useless polish and the barbarous rustications of modern times,[2] although indeed this instance is not to be received without exception, for the majesty of these rocky buildings depends also in some measure upon the real beauty and finish of the natural curvilinear fractures opposed to the coarseness of human chiselling. And again, as respects works of higher art, the pleasure of their hasty or imperfect execution is not indicative of their beauty, but of their majesty and fulness of thought and vastness of power. Shade is only beautiful when it magnifies and sets forth the forms of fair things; so negligence is only noble when it is, as Fuseli hath it, "the shadow of energy."[3] Which that it may be, secure the substance and the shade will follow; but let the artist beware of stealing the manner of giant intellects when he has not their intention, and of assuming large modes of treatment when he has little thoughts to treat. There is wide difference between *indolent* impatience of labour and *intellectual* impatience of delay; large difference between leaving things unfinished because we have *more to do*, and because we are satisfied with what we *have done*. Tintoret, who prayed hard, and hardly obtained, that he might be permitted, the charge of his colours only being borne, to paint a newly-built house from base to battlement,[4] was not one to shun labour; it is the pouring in upon him of glorious thoughts, in inexpressible multitude, that his sweeping hand follows so fast. It is as easy to know the slightness of earnest haste from the slightness of blunt feeling, indolence, or affectation, as it is to know the dust of a race, from the dust of dissolution.

[1] [Ed. 1 reads :—
". . . it is) but of thought; either impatient, which there was necessity to note swiftly, or impetuous, which it was well to note in mighty manner, as pre-eminently . . . with Tintoret, and often with Michael Angelo, and in lower," etc.]

[2] [For another reference to the architecture of the Pitti Palace, see *Seven Lamps*, ch. iii. § 11.]

[3] [Aphorism 21 ; *Life and Writings*, iii. 68.]

[4] [This story is told by Carlo Ridolfi in his *Vita di Tintoretto*, Venice, 1642.]

out with painfulness and life-spending; as Leonardo and Michael Angelo (for the latter, however many things he left unfinished, did finish, if at all, with a refinement that the eye cannot follow, but the feeling only, as in the Pietà of Genoa);[1] and Perugino always, even to the gilding of single hairs among his angel tresses; and the young Raffaelle when he was heaven-taught; and Angelico, and Pinturicchio, and John Bellini, and all other such serious and loving men. Only it is to be observed that this finish is not a part nor constituent of beauty, but the full and ultimate rendering of it; so that it is an idea only connected with the works of men, for all the works of the Deity are finished with the same, that is, infinite, care and completion: and so what degrees of beauty exist among them can in no way be dependent upon this source, inasmuch as there are between them no degrees of care. And therefore, as there certainly is admitted a difference of degree in what we call chasteness, even in Divine work (compare the hollyhock or the sunflower with the vale lily), we must seek for it some other explanation and source than this.

§ 4. Finish, by great masters esteemed essential.

And if, bringing down our ideas of it from complicated objects to simple lines and colours, we analyze and regard them carefully, I think we shall be able to trace them to an under-current of constantly agreeable feeling, excited by the appearance in material things of a self-restrained liberty; that is to say, by the image of that acting of God with regard to all His creation, wherein, though free to operate in whatever arbitrary, sudden, violent, or inconstant ways He will, He yet, if we may reverently so speak, restrains in Himself this His omnipotent liberty, and works always in consistent modes, called by us laws. And this restraint or moderation (according to the words of Hooker,[2] "that which doth moderate the force and power, that which

§ 5. Moderation, its nature and value.

[1] [A medallion in high relief of the Madonna clasping her dead Son, in the chapel of the Albergo dei Poveri; its attribution to Michael Angelo has been disputed (see J. A. Symonds: *Life of Michelangelo*, 1893, ii. 203). Ruskin had noted it at Genoa in 1845, and wrote to his father (April 27), that it was "worth coming here twice for."]

[2] [*Ecclesiastical Polity*, I. ii. 1.]

doth appoint the form and measure of working, the same we term a Law,") is in the Deity not restraint, such as it is said of creatures, but, as again says Hooker,[1] "the very being of God is a law to His working," so that every appearance of painfulness or want of power and freedom in material things is wrong and ugly; for the right restraint, the image of Divine operation, is, both in them and in the spirit of* men, a willing and not painful stopping short of the utmost degree to which their power might reach, and the appearance of fettering or confinement is the cause of ugliness in the one, as the slightest painfulness or effort in restraint is a sign of sin in the other.

§ 6. *It is the girdle of Beauty.*

I have put this attribute of beauty last, because I consider it the girdle and safeguard of all the rest, and in this respect the most essential of all; for it is possible that a certain degree of beauty may be attained even in the absence of one of its other constituents, as sometimes in some measure without symmetry or without unity. But the least appearance of violence or extravagance, of the want of moderation and restraint, is, I think, destructive of all beauty whatsoever in everything, colour, form, motion, language, or thought; giving rise to that which in colour we call glaring, in form inelegant, in motion ungraceful, in language coarse, in thought undisciplined, in all unchastened; which qualities are in everything most painful, because the signs of disobedient and irregular operation. And herein we at last find the reason of that which has been so often noted[2] respecting the subtlety and almost invisibility of natural curves and colours, and why it is that we look on those lines as least beautiful which fall into wide and far license of curvature, and as most

§ 7. *How found in natural curves and colours.*

* I am obliged to insert these three words, ["the spirit of"] to show what I meant. For the text, as it stood, implied that men were immaterial. Also it should have been observed that the ideas of liberty and restraint can only be attached to things capable of different kinds of energy or motion,—as to a stream and a canal, a tree wild or pruned, and the like. [1883.]

[1] [*Ecclesiastical Polity*, I. ii. 2.]
[2] [See above, sec. i. ch. v. § 14, p. 87.]

beautiful which approach nearest (so that the curvilinear character be distinctly asserted) to the government of the right line; as in the pure and severe curves of the draperies of the religious painters. And thus in colour it is not red, but rose colour, which is most beautiful; neither such actual green as we find in summer foliage partly, and in our painting of it constantly, but such grey green as that into which nature modifies her distant tints, or such pale green and uncertain as we see in sunset sky, and in the clefts of the glacier and the chrysoprase,[1] and the sea-foam: and so of all colours; not that they may not sometimes be deep and full, but that there is a solemn moderation even in their very fulness, and a holy reference, beyond and out of their own nature, to great harmonies by which they are governed, and in obedience to which is their glory. Whereof the ignorance is shown in all evil colourists by the violence and positiveness of their hues, and by dulness and discordance consequent; for the very brilliancy and real power of all colour is dependent on the chastening of it, as of a voice on its gentleness, and as of action on its calmness, and as all moral vigour on self-command. And therefore as that virtue which men last, and with most difficulty, attain unto,* and which many attain not at all, and yet that which is essential to the conduct and almost to the being of all other virtues; since neither imagination, nor invention, nor industry, nor sensibility, nor energy, nor any other good having, is of full avail without this of self-command, whereby works truly masculine and mighty are produced, and by the signs of which they are separated from that lower host of things brilliant, magnificent, and redundant, and farther yet from that of the loose, the lawless, the exaggerated, the insolent, and the profane; I would have the necessity of

§ 8. *How difficult of attainment, yet essential to all good.*

* I would fain strike out the "unto," and otherwise "moderate" the whole passage—but will trust the reader's patience with it, rather than my own vexation. See the terminal note.[2] [1883.]

[1] [See Vol. III. pp. 17, 529.]

[2] [*i.e.* note at the end of the present chapter.]

it foremost among all our inculcating, and the name of it largest among all our inscribing, in so far that, over the doors of every school of Art, I would have* this one word, relieved out in deep letters of pure gold,—Moderation.

* How the public ever pardoned, as they did, the steady self-confidence and general "I would have" (it so) of this book, is extremely difficult for me now to conceive: and yet they were right; for at the root of this simplicity of egotism, there was a natural consciousness of my real power of discrimination which I no more cared to assert than a good dog his power of scent; and on the other hand,—and *this* I wish I *had* more distinctly asserted,—there was in me as firmly rooted conviction of my own littleness, or nothingness, in relation to the men whom I loved and praised. [1883.]

CHAPTER XI[1]

GENERAL INFERENCES RESPECTING TYPICAL BEAUTY *

§ 1. *The subject incompletely treated, yet admitting of general conclusions.*

I HAVE now enumerated and, in some measure, explained those characteristics of *mere* matter by which I conceive it becomes agreeable to the Theoretic faculty, under whatever form, dead, organized, or animated, it may present itself. It will be our task in the succeeding volume[2] to examine, and illustrate by examples, the mode in which these characteristics appear in every division of creation, in stones, mountains, waves, clouds, and all organic bodies, beginning with vegetables, and then taking instances in the range of animals, from

* Before attempting these generalizations of the subject, I ought to have given one or two simple examples of the practical application of the foregoing section: and to have shown how, for instance, a wild rose is pretty because it has concentric petals,—because each petal is bounded by varying curves,—because these curves are dual, and symmetrically opposed,—because the five petals are bent into the form of a cup which gives them gradated depth of shade,—because the shade as well as the light is coloured with crimson and gold,—and because both the gold and the crimson are used in their most subtle degrees and tints. I will not, however, now alter or interrupt the course of the old essay, but must at least make the reader clearly aware, that hitherto, the circumstances said to be productive of beauty have been simply those which please the eye, wherever they occur; that blue is thought of as an agreeable colour, when it is a pure blue, whether in a butterfly's wing, or in the sky; and a consistently varied curve is thought of as a pleasant line, whether it limits a mountain, a wave, or a limb. And chiefly I must reiterate, with reference to modern narrownesses or meannesses of thought, that the pleasure of the eye is never confused with the blind and temporary instincts of the blood; and that, briefly, and always, a girl is praised because she is like a rose,—not a rose because it is like a girl.[3] [1883.]

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[1] [Ch. vii. of sec. ii. in the re-arranged edition of 1883.]

[2] [The succeeding volume, when it came to be published ten years later, was, however, constructed on a different plan, being in some measure an interpolation; the subjects specified above were resumed in vol. iv. of the work.]

[3] [This note was in the edition of 1883 printed at the head of the chapter.]

the mollusc * to man; examining how one animal form is nobler than another, by the more manifest presence of these attributes, and chiefly endeavouring to show how much there is of admirable and lovely, even in what is commonly despised. At present I have only to mark the conclusions at which we have as yet arrived respecting the rank of the Theoretic faculty, and then to pursue the inquiry farther into the nature of vital beauty.

As I before said, I pretend not to have enumerated all the sources of material beauty, nor the analogies connected with them; it is probable that others may occur to many readers, or to myself, as I proceed into more particular inquiry; but I am not careful to collect all evidence within reach [1] on the subject. I desire only to assert and prove some certain principles, and by means of these to show something of the relations which the material works of God bear to the human mind, leaving the subject to be fully pursued, as it only can be, by the ardour and affection of those whom it may interest.

§ 2. *Typical Beauty not created for man's sake.*

The characters above enumerated are not to be considered as stamped upon matter for our teaching or enjoyment only, but as the *necessary perfection* [2] of God's working, and the inevitable stamp of His image on what He creates. For it would be inconsistent with His Infinite perfection to work imperfectly in any place, or in any matter; wherefore we do not find that flowers and fair trees, and kindly skies, are given only where man may see them and be fed by them; but the Spirit of God works

* This was indeed the original plan of the book,—formed, the reader will please to observe, in 1845. I reflected upon it for fifteen years,—and then gave it up. In another fifteen years the scientific world professed itself to have discovered that the mollusc was the Father of Man; and the comparison of their modes of beauty became invidious; nevertheless, it is possible I may have a word or two to say, on the plan of the old book, yet. [1883.]

[1] [For "evidence within reach," ed. 1 has "conceivable evidence," and later reads, "to show, in some measure, the inherent worthiness and glory of God's works and something of the relations they bear to each other and to us, leaving," etc.]

[2] [Ed. 1 has "necessary consequence of the perfection."]

everywhere alike, where there is no eye to see, covering all lonely places with an equal glory; using the same pencil and outpouring the same splendour, in the caves of the waters where the sea snakes swim, and in the desert where the satyrs dance, among the fir trees of the stork, and the rocks of the conies, as among those higher creatures whom He has made capable witnesses of His working. Nevertheless, I think that the admission of different degrees of this glory and image of Himself upon creation, has the look of something meant especially for us; for although, in pursuance of the appointed system of Government by universal laws, these same degrees exist where we cannot witness them, yet the existence of degrees at all seems at first unlikely in Divine work; and I cannot see reason for it unless that palpable one of increasing in us the understanding of the sacred characters by showing us the results of their comparative absence. For I know not that if all things had been equally beautiful, we could have received the idea of beauty at all; or, if we had, certainly it had become a matter of indifference to us, and of little thought; whereas, through the beneficent ordaining of degrees in its manifestation, the hearts of men are stirred by its occasional occurrence in its noblest form, and all their energies are awakened in the pursuit of it, and endeavour to arrest it or recreate it, for themselves. But whatever doubt there may be respecting the exact amount of modification of created things admitted with reference to us, there can be none respecting the dignity of that faculty by which we receive the mysterious evidence of their divine origin. The fact of our deriving constant pleasure from whatever is a type or semblance of divine attributes, and from nothing but that which is so, is the most glorious of all that can be demonstrated of human nature; it not only sets a great gulf of specific separation between us and the lower animals, but it seems a promise of a communion ultimately deep, close, and conscious, with the Being whose darkened manifestations we here feebly and unthinkingly

§ 3. But degrees of it admitted for his sake.

§ 4. What encouragement hence to be received.

delight in. Probably to every higher order of intelligence more of His image becomes palpable in all around them, and the glorified spirits and the angels have perceptions as much more full and rapturous than ours, as ours than those of beasts and creeping things. And receiving it, as we must, for a universal axiom that "no natural desire can be entirely frustrate," and seeing that these desires are indeed so unfailing in us that they have escaped not the reasoners of any time, but were held divine of old, and in even heathen countries,* may we not see in these visionary pleasures, lightly as we too often regard them, cause for thankfulness, ground for hope, anchor for faith, more than in all the other manifold gifts and guidances, wherewith God crowns the years,[1] and hedges the paths of Men?

* Ἡ δὲ τελεία εὐδαιμονία θεωρητική τίς ἐστιν ἐνέργεια. . . . τοῖς μὲν γὰρ θεοῖς ἅπας ὁ βίος μακάριος, τοῖς δ' ἀνθρώποις, ἐφ' ὅσον ὁμοίωμά τι τῆς τοιαύτης ἐνεργείας ὑπάρχει. τῶν δ' ἄλλων ζώων οὐδὲν εὐδαιμονεῖ, ἐπειδὴ οὐδαμῇ κοινωνεῖ θεωρίας.—Arist. *Eth.* lib. 10 [cap. 8, §§ 7, 8].**

** It seems to me now amazing that I acknowledge no indebtedness to this passage and its context, which seem, looking from this distance of years, to have suggested the whole idea of my own essay.[2] But my impression is that I simply did not understand them on first reading the Ethics, and only after working the matter out from my own Evangelical points of view, saw with surprise that the persons whom I had been in the habit of calling "Heathen" knew as much before. The sentence will now be found translated [see p. 7] and illustrated in the Preface to this volume. [1883.]

[1] [Psalms xv. 11.]

[2] [In the first edition Ruskin added to the quotation the following words: "The concluding book of the Ethics should be carefully read. It is all most valuable."]

CHAPTER XII[1]

OF VITAL BEAUTY

I. OF RELATIVE VITAL BEAUTY[2]

§ 1. *Transition from typical to vital Beauty.*

I PROCEED more particularly to examine the nature of that second kind of Beauty of which I spoke in the third chapter,[3] as consisting in "the appearance of felicitous fulfilment of function in living things." I have already noticed[4] the example of very pure and high typical beauty which is to be found in the lines and gradations of unsullied snow: if,[5] passing to the edge of a sheet of it, upon the Lower Alps, early in May, we find, as we are nearly sure to find, two or three little round openings pierced in it, and through these emergent, a slender, pensive, fragile flower,* whose small, dark purple, fringed[6] bell hangs down and shudders over the icy cleft that it has cloven, as if partly wondering at its own recent grave,[7] and partly dying of very fatigue after its

* Soldanella alpina.

[1] [Here, in the re-arranged edition of 1883, began section iii. "Of Vital Beauty," ch. i. being entitled "Of Vital Beauty. I. Relative."]

[2] [For the application of this principle to architecture, see *Seven Lamps*, ch. iv. § 1, ch. v. § 1.]

[3] [§ 16, p. 64.]

[4] [In the preceding volume, p. 446, pt. ii. sec. iv. ch. ii. § 19.]

[5] [This passage down to "surely sighted" forms § 54 of *Frondes Agrestes* (together with a passage from pt. ii. sec. iv. ch. ii. § 19 of vol. i.). In *Frondes Agrestes* Ruskin added the following note to Soldanella Alpina :—

> "I think it is the only Alpine flower which actually pierces snow, though I have seen gentians filling thawed hoof-prints. Crocuses are languid till they have had sun for a day or two. But the soldanella enjoys its snow, at first, and afterwards its fields. I have seen it make a pasture look like a large lilac silk gown."

See below, ch. xiii. § 11, p. 172 *n.*]

[6] [In all previous editions, and in *Frondes Agrestes*, the bell of the soldanella is described as "small, dark purple-fringed," but the whole bell is purple. Ruskin in his own copy of *Modern Painters* notes the misprint, and corrects as above.]

[7] [This was a touch added by the author in revising ; the MS. reads, "wondering at its own doings."]

hard-won victory; we shall be, or we ought to be, moved by a totally different impression of loveliness from that which we receive among the dead ice and the idle clouds. There is now uttered to us a call for sympathy, now offered to us an image of moral purpose and achievement, which, however unconscious or senseless the creature may indeed be that so seems to call, cannot be heard without affection, nor contemplated without worship, by any of us whose heart is rightly tuned, or whose mind is clearly and surely sighted.

Throughout the whole of the organic creation every being in a perfect state exhibits certain appearances or evidences of happiness; and is in its nature, its desires, its modes of nourishment, habitation, and death, illustrative or expressive of certain moral dispositions or principles. Now, first, in the keenness of the sympathy which we feel in the happiness, real or apparent, of all organic beings, and which, as we shall presently see, invariably prompts us, from the joy we have in it, *to look upon those as most lovely which are most happy;** and, secondly, in the justness of the moral sense which rightly reads the lesson they are all intended to teach, and classes them in orders of worthiness and beauty according to the rank and nature of that lesson, whether it be of warning or example, in those that wallow or in those that soar;[1]—in our right accepting and reading of all this, consists, I say, the ultimately perfect condition of that noble Theoretic faculty, whose place in the system of our nature I have already partly vindicated with respect to typical, but which can only fully be established with respect to vital beauty.

Its first perfection,[2] therefore, relating to Vital Beauty, is

* I have italicised this important sentence, on the truth of which far more depends than this poor book brings out of it.[3] [1883.]

[1] [Ed. 1 reads, "of those that wallow or of those that soar" instead of "in," and then adds:—

"of the fiend hunted swine by the Gennesaret lake, or of the dove returning to its ark of rest;—in our right . . ."]

[2] [This § 2 is repeated, with some general explanations, in *Love's Meinie*, ch. iii. §§ 130–131.]

[3] [Contrast the author's earlier feeling of the connection between beauty and sadness; see *The Poetry of Architecture*, Vol. I. p. 18.]

§ 2. *The perfection of the Theoretic faculty, as concerned with vital Beauty, is Charity.*

the kindness and unselfish fulness of heart, which receives the utmost amount of pleasure from the happiness of all things. Of which in high degree the heart of man is incapable; neither what intense enjoyment the angels may have in all that they see of things that move and live, and in the part they take in the shedding of God's kindness upon them, can we know or conceive: only in proportion as we draw near to God, and are made in measure like unto Him, can we increase this our possession of Charity, of which the entire essence is in God only. But even the ordinary exercise of this faculty implies a condition of the whole moral being in some measure right and healthy, and to the entire exercise of it there is necessary the entire perfection of the Christian character; for he[1] who loves not God, nor his brother, cannot love the grass beneath his feet,* and the creatures which live not for his uses, filling those spaces in the universe which he needs not;[2] while on the other hand, none can love God, nor his human brother, without loving all things which his Father loves; nor

* Untrue, I am sorry to say, in both clauses of the sentence. It is very possible to love grasses and ferns without loving God, and much too possible to be religious without loving either fields or beasts. The simple statement that the degree of beauty we can see, in visible things, depends on the love we can bear them, is trustworthy: the end of the paragraph about hunting should be re-written in a different manner,—to the same purpose,—and the rest of it left out. [1883.]

[1] [The passage, "He who loves not . . . touched more truly," is § 74 in *Frondes Agrestes*, and the following passage, "It is good to read . . . for their necessities" (end of § 2), is § 73. Ruskin added in that book the following notes—the first to the second passage (in its order here), the second to the first:—

[1] "I am more and more grieved, as I re-read this and other portions of the most affected and weak of all my books, (written in a moulting time of my life,)—the second volume of *Modern Painters*,—at its morbid violence of passion and narrowness of thought. Yet, at heart, the book was, like my others, honest; and in substance it is mostly good; but all boiled to rags."

[2] "Morbidly Franciscan, again! and I am really compelled to leave out one little bit my friend liked,—as all kindly and hopeful women would,—about everything turning out right, and being to some good end. For we have no business whatever with the ends of things, but with their beings; and their beings are often entirely bad."]

[2] [Ed. 1 adds:—
". . . and which live not for his uses; nay, he has seldom grace to be grateful even to those that love and serve him, while, on the other hand, . . . more truly. Wherefore it is good . . ."]

without looking upon them, every one, as in that respect his brethren also, and perhaps worthier than he, if, in the under concords they have to fill, their part is touched more truly.[1] It is good to read of that kindness and humbleness of St. Francis of Assisi, who spoke never to bird nor to cicala, nor even to wolf and beast of prey, but as his brother;[2] and so we find are moved the minds of all good and mighty men, as in the lesson that we have from the Mariner of Coleridge,[3] and yet more truly and rightly taught in the Hartleap Well,

> "Never to blend our pleasure, or our pride,
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels;"

and again in the White Doe of Rylstone, with the added teaching,[4] that anguish of our own—

> "Is tempered and allayed by sympathies,
> Aloft ascending and descending deep,
> Even to the inferior kinds."

So that I know not of anything more destructive of the whole Theoretic faculty, not to say of the Christian character and human intellect,[5] than those accursed sports in which man makes of himself, cat, tiger, serpent, chætodon and alligator in one; and gathers into one continuance of cruelty, for his amusement, all the devices that brutes sparingly and at intervals use against each other for their necessities.[6]

[1] [Here, in *Frondes Agrestes*, came note (2) above.]

[2] [So Tennyson, in *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*:—

"Sweet St. Francis of Assisi, would that he were here again,
He that in his Catholic wholeness used to call the very flowers
Sisters, brothers—and the beasts—whose pains are hardly less than ours."]

[3] ["He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

For a comparison of "the Modern with the Ancient Mariner," see *Deucalion*, ii. ch. ii. ("Revision") § 18 *n.*]

[4] [Ed. 1 reads, "added teaching of that gift, which we have from things beneath us, in thanks for the love they cannot equally return; that anguish . . ."]

[5] [Here, in *Frondes Agrestes*, came note (1) above.]

[6] [Ed. 1 has the following note here:—

"I would have Mr. Landseer, before he gives us any more writhing otters, or yelping packs, reflect whether that which is best worthy of contemplation in a hound be its ferocity, or in an otter its agony, or in a human being its victory, hardly achieved even with the aid of its more sagacious brutal allies, over a poor little fish-catching creature, a foot long."]

§ 3. *Only with respect to plants, less affection than sympathy.*

As we pass from those beings of whose happiness and pain we are certain, to those in which it is doubtful, or only seeming, as possibly in plants (though I would fain hold, if I might, "the faith that every flower enjoys the air it breathes,") [1] yet our feeling for them has in it more of sympathy than of actual love, as receiving from them in delight far more than we can give; for love, I think, chiefly grows in giving;* at least its essence is the desire of doing good or giving happiness.[2] Still the sympathy of very sensitive minds usually reaches so far as to the conception of life in the plant, and so to love, as with [3] Shakspeare always, as he has taught us in the sweet voices of Ophelia and Perdita,[4] and Wordsworth always, as of the daffodils and the celandine:

> "It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold.
> This neither is its courage, nor its choice,
> But its necessity in being old:"

and so all other great poets;† nor do I believe that any mind, however rude, is without some slight perception or

* This third paragraph, again, is mostly nonsense. Love can grow either in giving or taking, it does not matter which, when either is right,—and it will grow by neither, when they are wrong. And although it is very pretty and amusing to think of flowers as friends, or pets, yet it is to be remembered that an immense quantity of the pleasure we take in the beauty of the botanic world is given us by vegetables, which we are prepared mercilessly to thresh, mince, boil, and dine on. [1883.]

† Compare Milton:

> "They at her coming sprung,
> And, touched by her fair tendance, gladlier grew." [5]

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[1] [Ed. 1 adds, "neither do I ever crush or gather one without some pain." The quotation is of course from Wordsworth's "Lines written in Early Spring."]

[2] [Ed. 1 reads:—

"... giving happiness, and we cannot feel the desire of that which we cannot conceive, so that if we conceive not of a plant as capable of pleasure, we cannot desire to give it pleasure, that is, we cannot love it in the entire sense of the term.

"Nevertheless, the sympathy . . ."]

[3] [Ed. 1 inserts, "Shelley of the Sensitive Plant, and . . ." For other references to that poem, see Vol. I. p. 158.]

[4] [For other references to the flower fancies of Shakspeare, see Vol. I. p. 158, and Vol. III. p. 37. The following quotation is from "The Small Celandine."]

[5] [*Paradise Lost*, viii. 46.]

acknowledgment of joyfulness in breathless things, as most certainly there are none but feel instinctive delight in the appearances of such enjoyment.

§ 4. *Which is proportioned to the appearance of Energy in the Plants.*

For it is matter of easy demonstration,* that setting the characters of typical beauty aside, the pleasure afforded by every organic form is in proportion to its appearance of healthy vital energy. In a rose-tree, setting aside all the considerations of gradated flushing of colour, and fair folding of line, which its flowers share with the cloud or the snow-wreath, we find, in and through all this, certain signs pleasant and acceptable as signs of life and strength in the plant.[1] Every leaf and stalk is seen to have a function, to be constantly exercising that function, and as it *seems*, *solely* for the good and enjoyment of the plant. It is true that reflection will show us that the plant is not living for itself alone, that its life is one of benefaction, that it gives as well as receives; but no sense of this whatsoever mingles with our perception of physical beauty in its forms. Those forms appear to be necessary to its health; the symmetry of its leaflets, the smoothness of its stalks, the vivid green of its shoots, are looked upon by us as signs of the plant's own happiness and perfection; they are useless to us, except as they give us pleasure in our sympathizing with that of the plant; and if we see a leaf withered, or shrunk, or worm-eaten, we say it is ugly, and feel it to be painful, not because it hurts *us*, but because it seems to hurt the plant, and conveys to us an idea of pain and disease and failure of life in *it*.

That the amount of pleasure we receive is in exact proportion to the appearance of vigour and sensibility in the plant,[2] is easily proved by observing the effect of those which

* Here the rational development of the original proposition begins; and the reasoning is henceforward accurate and trustworthy, leading to many very useful conclusions, down to the end of the chapter. [1883.]

[1] [Ed. 1 reads, "signs of life and enjoyment in the particular individual plant itself."]

[2] [Compare *Sesame and Lilies*, § 27.]

show the evidences of it in the least degree, as, for instance, any of the cacti not in flower. Their masses are heavy and simple, their growth slow; their various parts, if they are ramified,[1] jointed on one to another, as if they were buckled or pinned together instead of growing out of each other: and the fruit imposed upon the body of the plant, so that it looks like a swelling or disease. All these circumstances so concur to deprive the plant of vital evidences, that we receive from it more sense of pain than of beauty, and yet, even here, the sharpness or the angles, the symmetrical order and strength of the spines, the fresh and even colour of the body, are looked for earnestly as signs of healthy condition; our pain is increased by their absence, and indefinitely increased if blotches, and other appearances of decay, interfere with that little life which the plant seems to possess.

The same singular characters belong in animals to the crustacea, as to the lobster, crab, scorpion, etc., and in great measure deprive them of the beauty which we find in higher orders; so that we are reduced to look for their beauty to single parts and joints, and not to the whole animal.

§ 5. This sympathy is unselfish, and does not regard utility.

Now I wish particularly to impress upon the reader that all these higher[2] sensations of beauty in the plant arise from our unselfish sympathy with its happiness, and not from any view of the qualities in it which may bring good to us, nor even from our acknowledgment in it of any moral condition beyond that of mere felicity; for such an acknowledgment belongs to the second operation of the Theoretic faculty (compare § 1),*

* This ought to have been put down much more clearly, under *a* and *b* and *c* and *d*; but then it would not have read so prettily. It may be enough clarified if the reader will recollect simply that the first state of vital beauty

[1] [Ed. 1 omits the words "if they are ramified," and instead of "and the fruit . . . disease," reads :—

"(note the singular imposition in many of them, the prickly pear for instance, of the fruit upon the body of the plant, so that it looks like a swelling or disease) and often farther opposed by branch truncation of line as in the cactus truncato-phylla."]

[2] [This word "higher" was inserted by Ruskin in his copy for revision.]

and not to the sympathetic part which we are at present examining; so that we even find that in this respect, the moment we begin to look upon any creature as subordinate to some purpose out of itself, some of the sense of organic beauty is lost. Thus, when we are told that the leaves of a plant are occupied in decomposing carbonic acid, and preparing oxygen for us, we begin to look upon it with some such indifference as upon a gasometer. It has become a machine; some of our sense of its happiness is gone; its emanation of inherent life is no longer pure. The bending trunk, waving to and fro in the wind above the waterfall, is beautiful because it is happy, though it is perfectly useless to us.* The same trunk, hewn down, and thrown across the stream, has lost its beauty. It serves as a bridge,—it has become useful;[1] and its beauty is gone, or what it retains is purely typical, dependent on its lines and colours, not on its functions. Saw it into planks, and though now adapted to become permanently useful, its beauty is lost for ever, or to be regained only when decay and ruin shall have withdrawn it again from use, and left it to receive from the hand of nature the velvet moss and varied lichen, which may again suggest ideas of inherent happiness, and tint its mouldering sides with hues of life.

There is something, I think, peculiarly beautiful and instructive in this unselfishness of the Theoretic faculty, and in its abhorrence of all utility to one creature which is based on the pain or destruction of any other; for in such services as are[2] consistent with the essence and energy of both it takes

is defined to be Happiness, perceived with sympathy; the second, Moral intention, perceived with praise. Hence the first aphorism of the "Laws of Fésole": "All great art is praise." [1883.]

* "Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos."[3]

[1] [Ed. 1 adds, "it lives not for itself;" and, four lines lower, inserts "in part" after "only."]

[2] [This passage was differently worded in ed. 1, thus:—"abhorrence of all utility which is based on the pain or destruction of any creature, for in such ministering to each other as is consistent . . ."]

[3] [Virgil's *Georgics*, ii. 81.]

delight, as in the clothing of the rock by the herbage, and the feeding of the herbage by the stream.

§ 6. *Especially with respect to animals.*

But still clearer evidence of its being indeed the expression of happiness to which we look for our first pleasure in organic form, is to be found in the way in which we regard the bodily frame of animals: of which it is to be noted first, that there is not anything which causes so intense and tormenting a sense of ugliness as any scar, wound, monstrosity, or imperfection which seems inconsistent with the animal's ease and health; and that although in vegetables, where there is no immediate sense of pain, we are comparatively little hurt by excrescences and irregularities, but are sometimes even delighted with them, and fond of them, as children of the oak-apple, and sometimes look upon them as more interesting than the uninjured conditions, as in the gnarled and knotted trunks of trees; yet the slightest approach to anything of the kind in *animal* form is regarded with intense horror, merely from the sense of pain it conveys.

§ 7. *And it is destroyed by evidences of mechanism.*

And, in the second place, it is to be noted that whenever we dissect the animal frame, or conceive it as dissected, and substitute in our thoughts the neatness of mechanical contrivance for the pleasure of the animal; the moment we reduce enjoyment to ingenuity, and volition to leverage, that instant all sense of beauty ceases. Take, for instance, the action of the limb of the ostrich, which is beautiful so long as we see it in its swift uplifting along the Desert sands, and trace in the tread of it her scorn of the horse and his rider, but would infinitely lose of its impressiveness, if we could see the spring ligament playing backwards and forwards in alternate jerks over the tubercle at the hock joint. Take again the action of the dorsal fin of the shark tribe.* So long as we observe the

* A grievously ill-chosen example! The pretty dorsal crest of the little Venetian sea-horse had been more to the purpose; but I don't know whether there are either pins or needles in it.[1] [1883.]

[1] [For note on the author's drawing of the Venetian sea-horse here given, see Introduction, p. l.]

Drawn by J Ruskin

Engraved by G Allen

Study of the Sea-Horse of Venice.

consistent energy of motion in the whole frame, the lash of the tail, bound of body, and instantaneous lowering of the dorsal, to avoid the resistance of the water, as it turns, there is high sense of organic power and beauty. But when we dissect the dorsal, and find that its superior ray is supported in its position by a peg in a notch at its base, and that, when the fin is to be lowered, the peg has to be taken out, and, when it is raised, put in again; although we are filled with wonder at the ingenuity of the mechanical contrivance, all our sense of beauty is gone, and not to be recovered until we again see the fin playing on the animal's body, apparently by its own will alone, with the life running along its rays. It is by a beautiful ordinance of the Creator that all these mechanisms are concealed from sight, though open to investigation; and that in all which is outwardly manifested, we seem to see His presence rather than His workmanship, and the mysterious breath of life rather than the adaptation of matter.*

If therefore,[1] as I think appears from all evidence, it is the sense of felicity which we first desire in organic form, those forms will be the most beautiful (always, observe, leaving typical beauty out of the question) which exhibit most of power, and seem capable of most quick and joyous sensation. Hence we find gradations of beauty, from the impenetrable hide and slow movement of the elephant and the rhinoceros,

* These continually reiterated passages against the study of anatomy ought to be collated by careful students of my books, for illustration of the final statements on the subject in *Eagle's Nest.*[2] [1883.]

[1] [Here again the phrasing was different in ed. 1, which reads :—

"As, therefore, it appears from all evidence that it is the sense of felicity which we most desire in organic form, it is evident from reason, as demonstrable by experience, that those forms . . . gradations of beauty, from the apparent impenetrableness of hide . . ."]

[2] [The "final statements" are in *Eagle's Nest,* lecture viii.; *cf.* what Ruskin said in his course entitled "Readings in *Modern Painters,*" that one of the three main things he had tried to teach was "that the food of art is ocular and passionate study of nature"—ocular as opposed to "telescopic, scalpellic and dispassionate." See also *Love's Meinie,* § 76 *seq.* For other references, see in *Modern Painters,* in this vol. sec. ii. ch. v. § 17; vol. iv. ch. xiv. § 18, and Appendix ii.; *Seven Lamps of Architecture,* ch. iv. § 3; *Stones of Venice,* vol. iii. ch. ii. §§ 23 *n.,* 32, 47 *n.*; *Ethics of the Dust,* § 56; Letters on "A Museum or Picture Gallery," in the *Art Journal,* 1880 (*On the Old Road,* ed. 1899, ii. §§ 200–202).]

from the foul occupation of the vulture, from the earthy struggling of the worm, to the brilliancy of the moth, the buoyancy of the bird, the swiftness of the fawn and the horse, the fair and kingly sensibility of man.

§ 8. *The second perfection of the Theoretic faculty, as concerned with life, is justice of moral judgment.*

Thus far then, the Theoretic faculty is concerned with the *happiness* of animals, and its exercise depends on the cultivation of the affections only. Let us next observe how it is concerned with the *moral functions* of animals, and therefore how it is dependent on the cultivation of every moral sense. There is not any organic creature but, in its history and habits, will exemplify or illustrate to us some moral excellence or deficiency, or some point of God's providential government, which it is necessary for us to know. Thus the functions and the fates of animals are distributed to them, with a variety which exhibits to us the dignity and results of almost every passion and kind of conduct: some filthy and slothful, pining and unhappy; some rapacious, restless, and cruel; some ever earnest and laborious, and, I think, unhappy in their endless labour; creatures, like the bee, that heap up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them,[1] and others employed, like angels, in endless offices of love and praise. Of which, when in right condition of mind, we esteem those most beautiful, whose functions are the most noble, whether as some, in mere energy, or as others, in moral honour: so that we look with hate on the foulness of the sloth, and the subtlety of the adder, and the rage of the hyæna; with the honour due to their earthly wisdom we invest the earnest ant and unwearied bee; but we look with full perception of sacred function to the tribes of burning plumage and choral voice.* And so what lesson we might receive for our earthly conduct from the creeping and laborious things, was taught us by that earthly

* "True to the kindred points of heaven and home."
—Wordsworth, *To the Skylark.*[2]

[1] [Psalm xxxix. 6.]
[2] [Ed. 1 adds the previous line :—
"Type of the wise—who soar, but never roam"]

King who made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones[1] (yet thereafter was less rich toward God).* But from the lips of a heavenly King, who had not where to lay His head,[2] we were taught what lesson we have to learn from those higher creatures who sow not, nor reap, nor gather into barns, for their Heavenly Father feedeth them.[3]

§ 9. *How impeded.*

There are many hindrances[4] in the way of our looking with this rightly balanced judgment on the moral functions of the animal tribes, owing to the independent and often opposing characters of typical beauty, as it seems arbitrarily distributed among them; so that the most fierce and cruel creatures are often clothed in the liveliest colours, and strengthened by the noblest forms; with this only exception, that so far as I know, *there is no high beauty in any slothful animal;* while even among those of prey, its characters exist in exalted measure upon those that range and pursue, and are in equal degree withdrawn from those that lie subtly and silently in the covert of the reed and fens. But we should sometimes check the repugnance or sympathy with which the ideas of their destructiveness or innocence accustom us to regard the animal tribes, as well as those meaner likes and dislikes which arise, I think, from the greater or less resemblance of animal powers to our own; and pursue the pleasures of typical beauty down to the scales of the alligator, the coils of the serpent, and the joints of the beetle; and again, on the other hand, sometimes regardless of the impressions of typical beauty, accept from each creature, great or small, the more important lessons taught by its position in creation as sufferer

* The reader had better take Dante's beautiful reading of the character of Solomon, than mine,—"Spira di tal amor," etc., *Par.* X. 109; and "ch'ei fu Re," etc., *Par.* XIII. 95. [1883.]

[1] [1 Kings x. 27.] [2] [Matthew viii. 20.] [3] [Matthew vi. 26.]

[4] [This is another § which was largely revised in ed. 2. The first ed. reads :—

"There is much difficulty in the way of . . . typical beauty, which are among them, as it seems, arbitrarily distributed; so that . . . cruel are often clothed . . . covert of the reeds and fens. But that mind only is fully disciplined in its Theoretic power, which can, when it chooses, throwing off the sympathies and repugnancies with which the ideas of *destructiveness* (misprinted *distinctiveness*) or innocence . . . of animal powers to our own, can pursue . . ."]

or chastiser, as lowly or having dominion, as of foul habit or lofty aspiration; and from the several perfections which all illustrate or possess, courage, perseverance, industry, or intelligence, or, higher yet, love, and patience, and fidelity, and rejoicing, and never wearied praise. That these moral perfections indeed are causes of beauty in proportion to their expression, is best proved by comparing those features of animals in which they are more or less apparent;[1] as, for instance, the eyes, of which we shall find those ugliest which have in them no expression nor life whatever, but a corpse-like stare, or an indefinite meaningless glaring, as (in some lights) those of owls and cats; and mostly of insects and of all creatures in which *the eye seems rather an external optical instrument, than a bodily member through which emotion and virtue of soul may be expressed** as pre-eminently in the chamæleon,[2] because the seeming want of sensibility and vitality in a creature is the most painful of all wants. And next to these in ugliness, come the eyes that gain vitality indeed, but only in the expression of intense malignity, as in the serpent and alligator; and next, to whose malignity is added the virtue of subtlety and keenness, as of the lynx and hawk; and then, by diminishing the malignity and increasing the expressions of comprehensiveness and determination, we arrive at those of the lion and eagle; and at last, by destroying

§ 10. The influence of moral expression.

* Modern science, as it has been often noticed in my subsequent writings, entirely ceases to understand the difference between eyes and microscopes.[3] [1883.]

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[1] [Ed. 1 reads:—

"Which moral perfections, that they indeed are productive, in proportion to their expression of instant beauty instinctively felt, is best proved by comparing those parts of animals in which they are definitely expressed, . . ."]

[2] [The words "as pre-eminently in the chamæleon," were omitted in the 1883 ed., in which also the preceding italicising was first introduced.]

[3] [See *Eagle's Nest*, § 99, where Ruskin emphasises "the difference between eyes and telescopes," and claims for sight that it is "an absolutely spiritual phenomenon" (with which passage cf. *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 66). Again, in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 75, Ruskin illustrates his argument in the case of astronomy; in Letter 95 he explains how he would have no microscopic study of botany in his ideal schools and museums. In the *Art of England*, §§ 117, 118, he applies the doctrine to minuteness in art—"all delicacy which is rightly pleasing to the human mind is addressed to the unaided human sight, not to microscopic help or mediation." See also *Mornings in Florence*, § 34; *Deucalion*, ch. ii.; and *Præterita*, ii. ch. x. § 200.]

malignity altogether, at the fair eye of the herbivorous tribes, wherein the superiority of beauty consists always in the greater or less sweetness and gentleness, primarily; as in the gazelle, camel,* and ox; and in the greater, or less intellect, secondarily; as in the horse and dog; and, finally, in gentleness and intellect both in man. And, again, taking the mouth, another source of expression, we find it ugliest where it has none, as mostly in fish; or perhaps where, without gaining much in expression of any kind, it becomes a formidable destructive instrument, as again in the alligator; and then, by some increase of expression, we arrive at birds' beaks, wherein there is much obtained by the different ways of setting on the mandibles (compare the bills of the duck and the eagle); and thence we reach the finely developed lips of the carnivora (which nevertheless lose their beauty in the actions of snarling and biting), and from these we pass to the nobler because gentler and more sensible, of the horse, camel, and fawn, and so again up to man: only the principle is less traceable in the mouths of the lower animals, because they are only in slight measure capable of expression, and chiefly used as instruments, and that of low function: whereas in man the mouth is given most definitely as a means of expression, beyond and above its lower functions. (See the remarks of Sir Charles Bell on this subject in his Essay on Expression; and compare the mouth of the negro head given by him (page 28, third edition) with that of Raffaelle's St. Catherine.[1]) I shall illustrate the subject farther hereafter, by giving the mouth of one of the demons of Orcagna's Inferno,[2] with projecting incisors, and that

* The gentle expression of the camel's eye is wholly deceptive. See Mr. Palgrave's account of him, *Arabia*, Chap. I., p. 39. [1883.]

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[1] [*Cf.* in the preceding volume, p. 253, and below, p. 331.]

[2] [In the Campo Santo at Pisa. Ruskin writes in his 1845 note-book :—

"The demons are a good deal like those on what is commonly known as the 'dragon pattern' of Wedgwood ware. But they are nevertheless, many, very inventive and all full of energy and expression. Most of them have birds' claws of some kind; one, however, is cloven-footed, and another, the one sketched in my book, web-footed. They have boat-hooks much like those of Thames watermen."

With this extract, *cf.* Ruskin's review of Lord Lindsay, *On the Old Road*, 1899, i. § 72.]

of a fish and a swine, in opposition to pure graminivorous and human forms; * but at present it is sufficient for my purpose to insist on the single great principle, that wherever expression is possible, and uninterfered with by characters of typical beauty, which confuse the subject exceedingly as regards the mouth, for the typical beauty of the carnivorous lips is on a grand scale, while it exists in very low degree in the beaks of birds; wherever, I say, these considerations do not interfere, the beauty of the animal form is in exact proportion to the amount of moral or intellectual virtue expressed by it; and wherever beauty exists at all, there is some kind of *virtue* to which it is owing; as the majesty of the lion's eye is owing not to its ferocity but to its seriousness and seeming intellect, and of the lion's mouth to its strength and sensibility, and not its gnashing of teeth, nor wrinkling in its wrath; and farther be it noted, that of the intellectual or moral virtues, the moral are those which are attended with most beauty; so that the gentle eye of the gazelle is fairer to look upon than the more keen glance of men, if it be unkind.

§ 11. *As also in plants.*

Of the parallel effects of expression upon plants there is little to be noted, as the mere naming of the subject cannot but bring countless illustrations to the mind of every reader: only this, that, as we saw they were less susceptible of our sympathetic love, owing to the absence in them of capability of enjoyment, so they are less open to the affections based upon the expression of moral virtue, owing to their want of volition; so that even on those of them which are deadly and unkind we look not without pleasure, the more because this their evil operation cannot be by them outwardly expressed, but only by us empirically known; so that of the outward seemings and expressions of plants, there are few but are in some way good and therefore beautiful, as of humility, and modesty, and love of places and things, in the reaching

* Never done yet! in my published books: but the sketches and engravings of animals in my school at Oxford are enough to show what I meant. [1883][1]

[1] [See *Catalogue of the Rudimentary Series.*]

out of their arms, and clasping of their tendrils; and energy of resistance, and patience of suffering, and beneficence one toward another in shade and protection; and to us also in scents and fruits (for of their healing virtues, however important to us, there is no more outward sense nor seeming than of their properties mortal or dangerous).

§ 12. *Recapitulation.*

Whence, in fine, looking to the whole kingdom of organic nature, we find that our full receiving of its beauty depends, first on the sensibility, and then on the accuracy and faithfulness,[1] of the heart in its moral judgments; so that it is necessary that we should not only love all creatures well, but esteem them in that order which is according to God's laws and not according to our own human passions and predilections; not looking for swiftness, and strength, and cunning, rather than for patience and kindness; still less delighting in their animosity and cruelty one toward another: neither, if it may be avoided, interfering with the working of nature in any way; nor, when we interfere to obtain service, judging from the morbid conditions of the animal or vegetable so induced; for we see every day the power of general taste[2] destroyed in those who are interested in particular animals, by their delight in the results of their own teaching, and by the vain straining of curiosity for new forms such as nature never intended; as the false types, for instance, which we see earnestly sought for by the fanciers of rabbits and pigeons,* and constantly in horses, substituting for the true and balanced beauty of the free creature some morbid development of a single power, as of swiftness in the racer, at the expense, in certain measure, of the animal's healthy constitution and fineness of form; and so the delight of horticulturists in the spoiling of plants; so that in all cases we are to beware of such opinions as seem in any way referable

* Since, extended into the basis of the theory of Development![3] [1883.]

[1] [Ed. 1 reads, "touchstone faithfulness."]

[2] [Ed. 1 reads, "the Theoretic faculty entirely destroyed."]

[3] [Ruskin was, however, interested in the subject of pigeons, and in 1886 accepted the dedication of a book on *The Pleasures of a Pigeon Fancier*, by the Rev. J. Lucas.]

to human pride, or even to the grateful or pernicious influence of things upon ourselves; and to cast the mind free, and out of ourselves, humbly, and yet always in that noble position of pause above the other visible creatures, nearer God than they, which we authoritatively hold, thence looking down upon them, and testing the clearness of our moral vision by the extent, and fulness, and constancy of our pleasure in the light of God's love as it embraces them, and the harmony of His holy laws, that for ever bring mercy out of rapine, and religion out of wrath.[1]

[1] [Ruskin read the greater part of this chapter in one of his Oxford lectures (the seventh or eighth "Readings in *Modern Painters*"), and then passed to show and talk about some of Carpaccio's pictures. The passages to be read are marked in his copy of the book, and at the end of the chapter he has written (as a note for his lecture): "That is good preface for our Carpaccio work to-day—though written 30 years ago. And our work to-day begins very nearly at the beginning of his"—*i.e.* presumably (for the MS. of the lectures here fails) with the representations of animals in some early works by Carpaccio.]

CHAPTER XIII[1]

II. OF GENERIC VITAL BEAUTY

HITHERTO we have observed the conclusions of the Theoretic faculty with respect to the relations of happiness, and of *more or less exalted* function existing between *different orders* of organic being. But we must pursue the inquiry farther yet, and observe what impressions of beauty are connected with more or less perfect fulfilment of the *appointed* function by *different individuals* of the same species. We are now no longer called to pronounce upon worthiness of occupation or dignity of disposition; but both employment and capacity being known, and the animal's position and duty fixed, we have to regard it in that respect alone, comparing it with other individuals of its species, and to determine how far it worthily executes its office; whether, if scorpion, it have poison enough, or if tiger, strength enough, or if dove, innocence enough, to sustain rightly its place in creation, and come up to the perfect idea of dove, tiger, or scorpion.[2]

§ 1. *The beauty of fulfilment of appointed function in every animal.*

In the first or sympathetic operation of the Theoretic faculty, it will be remembered, we receive pleasure from the signs of mere happiness in living things. In the second theoretic operation of comparing and judging, we constituted ourselves such judges of the lower creatures as Adam was made by God when they were brought to him to be named; and we allowed of beauty in them as they reached, more or

[1] [Ch. ii. ("Of Vital Beauty, II. Generic") of sec. iii. in the re-arranged edition of 1883.]

[2] [The MS. here has an additional passage :—

"... or scorpion; and the ideas of beauty connected with it are perhaps as purely moral in their character, owing to the kind of faith and trust of which they require the exercise, as any of which we have hitherto treated."]

less, to that standard of moral perfection by which we test ourselves. But in the third place we are to come down again from the judgment seat, and, taking it for granted that every creature of God is in some way good, and has a duty and specific operation providentially accessary to the wellbeing of all, we are to look, in this faith, to that employment and nature of each, and to derive pleasure from their entire perfection and fitness for the duty they have to do, and in their entire fulfilment of it; and so we are to take pleasure and find beauty in the magnificent binding together of the jaws of the ichthyosaurus for catching and holding, and in the adaptation of the lion for springing, and of the locust for destroying, and of the lark for singing, and in every creature for the doing of that which God has made it to do. Which faithful pleasure in the perception of the perfect operation of lower creatures I have placed last among the perceptions of the Theoretic faculty concerning them, because it is commonly last acquired, both owing to the humbleness and trustfulness of heart which it demands, and because it implies a knowledge of the habits and structure of every creature, such as we can but imperfectly possess.

§ 2. *The two senses of the word Ideal. Either it refers to action of the imagination,*

The perfect *idea* of the form and condition in which all the properties of the species are fully developed, is called the Ideal of the species.* The question of the nature of ideal conception of species, and of the mode in which the mind arrives at it, has been the subject of so much discussion, and source of so much embarrassment, chiefly owing to that unfortunate distinction between Idealism and Realism which leads most people to imagine the Ideal opposed to the Real, and therefore *false*, that I think it necessary to request the reader's most careful attention to the following positions.†

Any work of art which represents, not a material object,

* For the definition of species itself,—rarely, if ever, given amidst the contentions for its origin,—see *Deucalion*, Vol. II., Chap. I. [1883.]

† The following paragraphs are indeed of extreme importance, but parenthetic in this chapter. [1883.]

but the mental conception of a material object, is, in the primary sense of the word, ideal. That is to say, it represents an idea and not a thing. Any work of art which represents or realizes a material object is, in the primary sense of the term, unideal.

Ideal works of art, therefore, in the first sense, represent the result of an act of imagination, and are good or bad in proportion to the healthy condition and general power of the imagination whose acts they represent.

Unideal works of art (the studious production of which is termed Realism) represent actual existing things, and are good or bad in proportion to the perfection of the representation.

All entirely bad works of art may be divided into those which, professing to be imaginative, bear no stamp of imagination, and are therefore false; and those which, professing to be representative of matter, miss of the representation, and are therefore nugatory.

It is the habit of most observers to regard art as representative of matter, and to look only for the entireness of representation; and it was to this view of art that I limited the arguments of the former sections of the present work, wherein, having to oppose the conclusions of a criticism entirely based upon the realist system, I was compelled to meet that criticism on its own grounds. But the greater parts of works of art, more especially those devoted to the expression of ideas of beauty, are the results of the agency of imagination, their worthiness depending, as above stated, on the healthy condition of the imagination.

Hence it is necessary for us, in order to arrive at conclusions respecting the worthiness of such works, to define and examine the nature of the imaginative faculty, and to determine, first, what are the signs or conditions of its existence at all; and, secondly, what are the evidences of its healthy and efficient existence, upon which examination I shall enter in the 2nd Section of the present Part.

But there is another sense of the word 'Ideal' besides this,

and it is that with which we are here concerned.* It is evident that, so long as we apply the word to that art which represents ideas and not things, we may use it as truly of the art which represents an idea of Caliban, and not real Caliban, as of the art which represents an idea of Antinous, and not real Antinous. For that is as much imagination which conceives the monster, as which conceives the man. If, however, Caliban and Antinous be creatures of the same species, and the form of the one contain not the fully developed types or characters of the species, while the form of the other presents the greater part of them, then the latter is said to be a form more ideal than the other, as a nearer approximation to the general 'idea' or conception of the species.

§ 3. *Or to perfection of type.*

Now it is evident that this use of the word Ideal is much less accurate than the other from which it is derived; for it rests on the assumption that the assemblage of all the characters of a species in their perfect development cannot exist but in the imagination. For if it can actually and in reality exist, it is not right to call it ideal or imaginary; it would be better to call it characteristic or general, and to reserve the word Ideal for the results of the operation of the imagination, either on the perfect or imperfect forms.

§ 4. *This last sense, how inaccurate, yet to be retained.*

Nevertheless, the word Ideal has been so long and universally accepted in this sense, that it becomes necessary to continue the use of it, so only that the reader will be careful to observe the distinction in the sense, according to the

* And I heartily wish we had been *un*concerned about it. The whole of this chapter is extremely pedantic and tiresome; but not untrue, and towards the end containing some rather pretty talk, long afterwards carried on in *Proserpina*. There is also an undercurrent of meaning in it—double meaning indeed—afterwards more or less enforced in all my writings,—first, that Greek idealism is dull, and that living girls may be very pretty without being like the Venus de' Medici;[1]—secondly that, as Mr. Wordsworth says, the imagination has still perhaps a point or two to "bestow" on them.[2] [1883.]

[1] [So Ruskin says in *The Queen of the Air* (§ 167), that the Venus of Melos "could not hold her own for a moment against the beauty of a simple English girl, of pure, rare and kind heart."]

[2] ["Confer" seems to be Wordsworth's favourite word in his account of the Imagination in the "Preface" of 1815.]

subject matter under discussion. At present then, using it as expressive of the noble generic form which indicates the full perfection of the creature in all its functions, I wish to examine how far this perfection exists, or may exist, in nature, and, if not in nature, how it is by us discoverable or imaginable.

§ 5. Of ideal form. First in the lower animals.

It is well, when we wish to arrive at truth, always to take familiar instances, wherein the mind is not likely to be biassed by any elevated associations or favourite theories. Let us ask therefore, first, what kind of ideal form may be attributed to a limpet or an oyster; that is to say, whether all oysters do or do not come up to the entire notion or idea of an oyster.* I apprehend that,[1] of those which are of full size and healthy condition, there will be found many which fulfil the conditions of an oyster in every respect; and that so perfectly, that we could not, by combining the features of two or more together, produce a more perfect oyster than any that we see. I suppose, also, that out of a number of healthy fish, birds, or beasts, of the same species, it would not be easy to select an individual as superior to *all* the rest; neither, by comparing two or more of the nobler examples together, to arrive at the conception of a form superior to that of either; but that, though the accidents of more abundant food or more fitting habitation

* This paragraph was, with too good reason, objected to by my critical friends.[2] I thought it extremely crushing and Socratic; besides that, it began my proposed series of illustrations "from the mollusc to man."[3] Long afterwards, I got Mr. Hunt to make me a drawing of the shell, but without the oyster! which, not being wholly satisfied with, I let pass out of my hands, much now to my regret. [1883.]

[1] [Ed. 1 reads, "I apprehend that, although in respect of size, age, and kind of feeling, there may be some differences between them, yet of those . . ."]

[2] [The reference may be to the following passage in the review of the volume in the *Daily News* (June 22, 1846): "He is as yet all sentiment and fine words; and this accounts for the unconscious gravity with which he at times utters the richest burlesque. The dissertation on the moral duty of cultivating the taste of the palate, and the equally grave remarks on the ideal of an oyster, may be appreciated by many; but no pen could do them justice save that which drew the *Hermitte of Belly fulle*."]

[3] [See above, sec. i. ch. xi. § 1, p. 143. For Ruskin's commission to William Hunt to paint some studies of still life for country schools of art, see *Notes on Prout and Hunt, s.* No. 146.]

may induce among them some varieties of size, strength, and colour, yet the entire generic form would be presented by many, neither would any art be able to add to or diminish from it.

§ 6. *In what consistent.*

It is, therefore, hardly right to use the word Ideal of the generic forms of these creatures, of which we see actual examples; but if we are to use it, then be it distinctly understood that its ideality consists in the full development of all the powers and properties of the creature as such, and is inconsistent with accidental or imperfect developments, and even with great variation from average size; the ideal size being neither gigantic nor diminutive, but the utmost grandeur and entireness of proportion at a certain point above the mean size; for as more Individuals always fall short of generic size than rise above it, the generic is above the average or mean size.* And this perfection of the creature invariably involves the utmost possible degree of all those properties of beauty, both typical and vital, which it is appointed to possess.

§ 7. *Ideal form in vegetables.*

Let us next observe the conditions of ideality in vegetables. Out of a large number of primroses or violets, I apprehend that, although one or two might be larger than all the rest, the greater part would be very sufficient primroses and violets; and that we could, by no study nor combination of violets, conceive of a better violet than many in the bed. And so generally of the blossoms and separate members of all vegetables.

But among the entire forms of the complex vegetables, as of oak trees, for instance, there exists very large and constant difference; some being what we hold to be fine oaks, as in parks and places where they are taken care of, and have their own way, and some are but poor and mean oaks, which

* Wrong. The mean size is the generic one,—and some ideals lean toward the tiny. Of course, I was thinking of Michael Angelo,—but had better have taken warning from Bandinelli.[1] [1883.]

[1] [For Bandinelli, see preceding volume, p. 618, and below, sec. i. ch. xiv. § 20, sec. ii. ch. iii. § 27, pp. 194, 279.]

have had no one to take care of them, but have been obliged to maintain themselves.

That which we have to determine is, whether ideality be predicable of the fine oaks only, or whether the poor and mean oaks also may be considered as ideal, that is, coming up to the conditions of oak, and the general notion of oak.

§ 8. *The difference of position between plants and animals.*

Now there is this difference between the positions held in creation by animals and plants, and thence in the dispositions with which we regard them; that the animals, being for the most part locomotive, are capable both of living where they choose, and of obtaining what food they want, and of fulfilling all the conditions necessary to their health and perfection. For which reason they are answerable for such health and perfection, and we should be displeased and hurt, if we did not find it in one individual as well as another.

But the case is evidently different with plants. They are intended fixedly to occupy many places comparatively unfit for them, and to fill up all the spaces where greenness, and coolness, and ornament, and oxygen are wanted, and that with very little reference to their comfort or convenience.* Now it would be hard upon the plant, if, after being tied to a particular spot, where it is indeed much wanted, and is a great blessing, but where it has enough to do to live; whence it cannot move to obtain what it needs or likes, but must stretch its unfortunate arms here and there for bare breath and light, and split its way among rocks, and grope for sustenance in unkindly soil; it would be hard upon the plant, I say, if under all these disadvantages, it were made answerable for its appearance, and found fault with because it was not a fine plant of the kind. And it seems to be that, in order that no unkind comparisons may be drawn between one and another, there are not appointed to plants the fixed number, position, and proportion of members which are ordained in animals (and any variation from which in these is unpardonable), but a

§ 9. *Admits of variety in the Ideal of the former.*

* Compare the chapter on the Root, in *Proserpina.* [1883.]

continually varying number and position, even among the more freely growing examples, admitting therefore all kinds of license to those which have enemies to contend with; and that without in any way detracting from their dignity and perfection.

So then there is in trees no perfect form which can be fixed upon or reasoned out as ideal; but that is always an ideal oak which, however poverty-stricken, or hunger-pinched, or tempest-tortured, is yet seen to have done, under its appointed circumstances, all that could be expected of oak.

The ideal, therefore, of the park oak is that which was described in the conclusion of the former part of this work;[1] full size, united terminal curve, equal and symmetrical range of branches on each side. The wild oak may be anything, gnarled,[2] and leaning, and shattered, and rock-encumbered, and yet ideal, so only that, amidst all its misfortunes, it maintain the dignity of oak; and, indeed, I look upon this kind of tree as more ideal than the other, in so far as by its efforts and struggles, more of its nature,—enduring power, patience in waiting for, and ingenuity in obtaining what it needs,—is brought out, and so more of the essence of oak exhibited, than under more fortunate conditions.

§ 10. *Ideal form in vegetables destroyed by cultivation.*

And herein, then, we at last find the cause of that fact which we have twice already noted,[3] that the exalted or seemingly improved condition, whether of plant or animal, induced by human interference, is not the true and artistical idea of it.* It has

* I speak not here of those conditions of vegetation which have especial reference to man, as of seeds and fruits, whose sweetness and farina seem in great measure given, not for the plant's sake, but for his, and to which therefore the interruption in the harmony of creation of which he was the cause is extended, and their sweetness and larger measure of good to be obtained only by his redeeming labour. His curse has fallen on the corn and the vine; and the wild barley misses of its fulness, that he may eat bread by the sweat of his brow.[4]

[1] [*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. vi. ch. i. §§ 16 *seq.*; Vol. III. p. 588 of this ed.]

[2] [Ed. 1 reads, "The ideal . . . that to which I alluded in . . . side. The ideal of the mountain oak may be anything, twisting, and . . . rock-encumbered, so only that . . . what it wants . . ."]

[3] [Above, ch. xii. § 12, ch. xiii. § 6.]

[4] [Genesis iii. 19.]

been well shown[1] by Dr. Herbert,* that many plants are found alone on a certain soil or subsoil in a wild state, not because such soil is favourable to them, but because they alone are capable of existing on it, and because all dangerous rivals are by its inhospitality removed. Now if we withdraw the plant from this position, which it hardly endures, and supply it with the earth, and maintain about it the temperature, that it delights in; withdrawing from it, at the same time, all rivals, which, in such conditions, nature would have thrust upon it, we shall indeed obtain a magnificently developed example of the plant, colossal in size, and splendid in organization; but we shall utterly lose in it that moral ideal which is dependent on its right fulfilment of its appointed functions. It was intended and created by the Deity for the covering of those lonely spots where no other plant could live; it has been thereto endowed with courage and strength, and capacities of endurance; its character and glory are not therefore in the gluttonous and idle feeding of its own over luxuriance, at the expense of other creatures utterly destroyed and rooted out for its good alone, but in its right doing of its hard duty, and forward climbing into those spots of forlorn hope where it alone can bear witness to the kindness and presence of the Spirit that cutteth out rivers among the rocks, as He covers the valleys with corn;[2] and there, in its vanward place, and only there, where nothing is withdrawn for it, nor hurt by it, and where nothing can take part of its honour, nor usurp its throne, are its strength and fairness, and price, and goodness in the sight of God to be truly esteemed.

The first time that I saw the Soldanella alpina, before spoken of,[3] it was growing, of magnificent size, on a sunny alpine

* *Journal of the Horticultural Society,* Part I.

[1] [This passage, down to "constellations of the earth" in § 11, is § 55 of *Frondes Agrestes.*]

[2] [Job xxviii. 10; Psalms lxv. 13.]

[3] [Above, p. 146. Ruskin is here recalling what he noted in his diary in 1844 :—

St. Martins, *June* 5.—Two of the most delicious and instructive days I ever spent in my life. Note, first, of the two purple flowers which I dried to-day, the round bushy one grows in enormous quantities near the

pasture, among bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle, associated with a profusion of Geum montanum, and Ranunculus pyrenæus. I noticed it only because new to me, nor perceived any peculiar beauty in its cloven flower. Some days after, I found it alone, among the rack of the higher clouds, and howling of glacier winds; and, as I described it (p. 146), piercing through an edge of avalanche, which, in its retiring, had left the new ground brown and lifeless, and as if burned by recent fire; the plant was poor and feeble, and seemingly exhausted with its efforts, but it was then that I comprehended its ideal character, and saw its noble function and order of glory among the constellations of the earth.

§ 11. *Instance in the Soldanella and Ranunculus.*

The Ranunculus glacialis might perhaps by cultivation be blanched from its wan and corpselike paleness to purer white, and won to more branched and lofty development of its ragged leaves. But the ideal of the plant is to be found only in the last, loose stones of the moraine, alone there; wet with the cold, unkindly drip of the glacier water, and trembling as the loose and steep dust to which it clings yields ever and anon, and shudders and crumbles away from about its root.

§ 12. *The beauty of repose and felicity, how consistent with such Ideal.*

And if it be asked how this conception of the utmost beauty of ideal form is consistent with what we formerly argued[1] respecting the pleasantness of the appearance of felicity in the creature, let it be observed, and for ever held, that the right and

top, and about the top, of the Montagne Benit (?); the other (*) more scattered, though in profusion near the top, and more sparingly half way down. [The following note added on the opposite sheet.] (* Couttet tells me it is the very first flower which pierces the snow; in flower always the day after the snow uncovers it. Found a few, but fine, to-day above the Flégère; June 8th. Its name is Soldanella.) The oxalis acetosella, in considerable quantities under the rocks, and in the woods, about two-thirds of the way up; the anemone nemorosa more sparingly a little lower. The yellow flower, of which only one bad specimen is dried, in vast quantities, high and low on the summit itself; the bell gentian grew in mossy knots, everywhere—of luxuriant size, scattered, though not in such profusion, as far as half way down. The star gentian very rare at the top, thickly scattered below with the other. Common crowfoot, daisy, and dandelion, up to the top. In the pastures below, the globe ranunculus, yellow, mixed in profusion with the purple orchis.]

[1] [See above, sec. i. ch. iii. § 16, p. 64.]

true happiness of every creature is in this very discharge of its function, and in those efforts by which its strength and inherent energy are developed; and that the repose of which we also spoke as necessary to all beauty,[1] is, as was then stated, repose not of inanition, nor of luxury, nor of irresolution, but the repose of magnificent energy and being; in action, the calmness of trust and determination; in rest, the consciousness of duty accomplished and of victory won; and this repose and this felicity can take place as well in the midst of trial and tempest, as beside the waters of comfort; they perish only when the creature is either unfaithful to itself, or is afflicted by circumstances unnatural and malignant to its being, and for the contending with which it was neither fitted nor ordained. Hence that rest which is indeed glorious is of the chamois crouched breathless on his granite bed, not of the stalled ox over his fodder; and that happiness which is indeed beautiful is in the bearing of those trial tests which are appointed for the proving of every creature, whether it be good, or whether it be evil; and in the fulfilment to the uttermost of every command it has received, and the out-carrying to the uttermost of every power and gift it has gotten from its God.

§ 13. *The ideality of Art.*

Therefore the task of the painter, in his pursuit of ideal form, is to attain accurate knowledge, so far as may be in his power, of the peculiar virtues, duties, and characters of every species of being; down even to the stone, for there is an ideality of stones according to their kind, an ideality of granite and slate[2] and marble, and it is in the utmost and most exalted exhibition of such individual character, order, and use, that all ideality of art consists.*

* Extreme nonsense, I grieve to see—and say, and what is worse, unguarded nonsense; for I never really meant that "all" ideality of art consisted in specific distinctions. The passage is an impetuous slip in controversy, and meant to be conclusive against the people who had said that trees, in a painting, should be of no particular species. [1883.]

[1] [See above, ch. vii. § 3, p. 116.]
[2] [Misprinted "slab" in ed. of 1873.]

The more cautious he is in assigning the right species of moss to its favourite trunk, and the right kind of wood to its necessary stone; in marking the definite and characteristic leaf, blossom, seed, fracture, colour, and inward anatomy of everything, the more truly ideal his work becomes. All confusion of species, all careless rendering of character, all unnatural and arbitrary association, are vulgar and unideal in proportion to their degree.

§ 14. *How connected with the Imaginative faculties.*

It is to be noted, however, that Nature sometimes in a measure herself conceals these generic differences, and that when she displays them it is commonly on a scale too small for human hand to follow; the pursuit and seizure of the generic differences in their concealment, and the display of them on a larger and more palpable scale, is one of the wholesome and healthy operations of the imagination of which we are presently to speak.*

Generic differences, being often exhibited by art in different manner from that of their natural occurrence, are, in this respect, more strictly and truly ideal in art than in reality.

§ 15. *Ideality, how belonging to ages and conditions.*

This only remains to be noted, that, of all creatures whose existence involves birth, progress, and dissolution, ideality is predicable all through their existence, so that they be perfect with reference to their supposed period of being. Thus there is an ideal of infancy, of youth, of old age, of death, and of decay.† But when the ideal form of the species is spoken of or conceived in general terms, the form is understood to be of that period when the generic attributes are perfectly developed, and

* Compare Sec. II. Chap. IV. § 21.

† I suppose I meant this to be understood of dying vegetation, or mouldering rocks and walls. But the whole chapter is stupid and useless: all that it says, or intended to say, is fortunately put in clearer form in the following chapter[1] on the Imagination. [1883.]

[1] ["The following section," rather; but the reference is more particularly to sec. ii. ch. iv.]

previous to the commencement of their decline. At which period all the characters of vital and typical beauty are commonly most concentrated in them, though the arrangement and proportion of these characters vary at different periods; youth having more of the vigorous beauty, and age of the reposing; youth of typical outward fairness, and age of expanded and etherealized moral expression; the babe, again in some measure atoning in gracefulness for its want of strength; so that the balanced glory of the creature continues in solemn interchange, perhaps even

> "Filling more and more with crystal light,
> As pensive Evening deepens into night."[1]

Hitherto, however, we have confined ourselves * to the examination of ideal form in the lower animals, and we have found that, to arrive at it, no exertion of fancy is required in combining forms, but only simple choice among those naturally presented, together with careful study[2] of the habits of the creatures. I fear we shall arrive at a very different conclusion, in considering the ideal form of man.

* I wish we had! The assertion comes oddly after I had just been talking of babies and old ladies. [1883.]

[1] [Wordsworth. Sonnet of 1827, "To ———, in her seventieth year." The first of the lines quoted is "And filling," etc.]

[2] [Ed. 1 reads, "investigation and anatomizing."]

CHAPTER XIV

III. OF VITAL BEAUTY IN MAN

§ 1. *Condition of the human creature entirely different from that of the lower animals.*

HAVING thus passed gradually through all the orders and fields of creation, and traversed that goodly line of God's happy creatures who "leap not, but express a feast, where all the guests sit close, and nothing wants,"[1] without finding any deficiency which human invention might supply, nor any harm which human interference might mend,* we come at last to set ourselves face to face with ourselves; expecting that in creatures made after the image of God,[2] we are to find comeliness and completion more exquisite than in the fowls of the air and the things that pass through the paths of the sea.[3]

But behold now a sudden change from all former experience. No longer among the individuals of the race is there equality or likeness, a distributed fairness and fixed type visible in each; but evil diversity, and terrible stamp of various degradation: features seamed by sickness, dimmed by sensuality, convulsed by passion, pinched by poverty, shadowed by sorrow, branded with remorse: bodies consumed with sloth, broken down by labour, tortured by disease, dishonoured in foul uses; intellects without power, hearts without hope, minds earthly and devilish; our bones full of the sin of our youth,[4] the heaven revealing our iniquity, the earth rising up against us, the roots dried up beneath,

* Assumption again; and of the unblushingest. [1883.]

[1] [George Herbert: *The Temple* ("Providence," lines 133–134). The lines are quoted again by Ruskin in *Deucalion*, ii. ch. ii. ("Revision").]
[2] [Genesis i. 26.]
[3] [Psalms viii. 8.]
[4] [Psalms xxv. 7.]

and the branch cut off above;[1] well for us only, if, after beholding this our natural face in a glass, we desire not straightway to forget what manner of men we be.[2]

§ 2. *What room here for idealization.*

Herein there is at last something, and too much for that short-stopping intelligence and dull perception of ours to accomplish, whether in earnest fact, or in the seeking for the outward image of beauty: —to undo the devil's work; to restore to the body the grace and the power which inherited disease has destroyed; to restore to the spirit the purity, and to the intellect the grasp, that they had in Paradise. Now, first of all, this work, be it observed, is in no respect a work of imagination. Wrecked we are, and nearly all to pieces; but that little good *by which we are to redeem ourselves** is to be got out of the old wreck, beaten about and full of sand though it be; and not out of that desert island of pride on which the devils split first, and we after them: and so the only restoration of the body that we can reach is not to be coined out of our fancies, but to be collected out of such uninjured and bright vestiges of the old seal as we can find and set together: and the ideal of the good and perfect soul, as it is seen in the features, is not to be reached by imagination, but by the seeing and reaching forth of the better part of the soul to that of which it must first know the sweetness and goodness in itself, before it can much desire, or rightly find, the signs of it in others.†

* I am glad to see that even in this Evangelical burst of flame upon the "corruption of human nature," I was at least quit of the folly of hoping for redemption except in personal effort. But I don't know what I meant by "the desert island of pride" as in opposition to effort, for a true Evangelical would say, the pride was in trying to do anything ourselves. I *believe* I must have meant the notion that everybody, once converted, was as good as anybody else. [1883, when the italics in § 2 were first introduced.]

† *This* sentence certainly does mean that a painter of saints must be a saint himself,—which is true: and many a time since, I've said so more plainly. [1883.][3]

[1] [Job xviii. 16.]

[2] [James i. 23, 24.]

[3] [See, for instance, *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. x. § 22, "greatness in art is the expression of a mind of a God-made great man;" *Two Paths*, § 45, "great art is

I say *much* desire and *rightly* find, because there is not any soul so sunk as not in some measure to feel the impression of mental beauty in the human features, and detest in others its own likeness, and in itself despise that which of itself it has made.

§ 3. *How the conception of the bodily ideal is reached.*

Now, of the ordinary process by which the realization of ideal bodily form is reached, there is explanation enough in all treatises on art, and it is so far well comprehended that I need not stay long to consider it. So far as the sight and knowledge of the human form, of the purest race, exercised from infancy constantly, but not excessively, in all exercises of dignity, not in straining dexterities, but in natural exercises of running, casting, or riding; practised in endurance, not of extraordinary hardship, for that hardens and degrades the body, but of natural hardship, vicissitudes of winter and summer, and cold and heat, yet in a climate where none of these are severe; surrounded also by a certain degree of right luxury, so as to soften and refine the forms of strength; so far as the sight of all this could render the mental intelligence of what is noble in human form so acute as to be able to abstract and combine, from the best examples so produced, that which was most perfect in each, so far the Greek conceived and attained the ideal of humanity: and on the Greek modes of attaining it,[1] chiefly dwell those writers whose opinions on this subject I have collected; wholly losing sight of what seems to me the most important branch of the inquiry, namely, the influence, for good or evil, of the mind upon the bodily shape, the wreck of the mind itself, and the modes by which we may conceive of its restoration.

The visible operation of the mind upon the body may be classed under three heads.

nothing else than the type of a strong and noble life;" and *Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 37, "all great painters, of whatever school, have been great only in their rendering of what they have seen and felt." And, therefore, no man can paint religious subjects in the great style unless his mind has a natural disposition to them (*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. iii. § 5); in which connexion, see what is said of Fra Angelico, *passim* in this volume.]

[1] [Ed. 1 adds, "as well as on what he produced, as a perfect example of it, . . ."]

First, the operation of the intellectual powers upon the features, in the fine cutting and chiselling of them, and removal from them of signs of sensuality and sloth, by which they are blunted and deadened; and substitution of energy and intensity for vacancy and insipidity (by which wants alone the faces of many fair women are utterly spoiled and rendered valueless); and by the keenness given to the eye and fine moulding and development to the brow, of which effects Sir Charles Bell has well described the desirableness and opposition to brutal types;[1] only this he has not sufficiently observed, that there are certain virtues of the intellect in measure inconsistent with each other, as perhaps great subtlety with great comprehensiveness, and high analytical with high imaginative power: or that at least, if consistent and compatible, their signs upon the features are not the same, so that the outward form cannot express both, without in a measure expressing neither; and so there are certain separate virtues of the outward form correspondent with the more constant employment or more prevailing capacity of the brain, as the piercing keenness, or open and reflective comprehensiveness, of the eye and forehead: and that all these virtues of form are ideal, only those the most so which are the signs of the worthiest powers of intellect, though which these may be, we will not at present stay to enquire.

§ 4. *Modifications of the bodily ideal owing to influence of mind. First, of Intellect.*

Secondly, the operation of the moral feelings conjointly with the intellectual powers on both the features and form.[2] Now, the operation of the right moral feelings on the intellect is always for the good of the latter, for *it is not possible that selfishness should reason*

§ 5. *Secondly, of the Moral Feelings.*

[1] [Ed. 1 supplies the reference, "p. 59, third edition" of the *Essays on the Anatomy of Expression in Painting.*]

[2] [Ed. 1 reads:—

"The second point to be considered in the influence of mind upon body, is the mode of operation and conjunction of the moral feelings on and with the intellectual powers, and then their conjoint influence on the bodily form. Now the operation . . ."]

rightly in any respect,* but must be blind in its estimation of the worthiness of all things: neither anger, for that overpowers the reason or outcries it; neither sensuality, for that overgrows and chokes it; neither agitation, for that has no time to compare things together; neither enmity, for that must be unjust; neither fear, for that exaggerates all things; neither cunning and deceit, for that which is voluntarily untrue will soon be unwittingly so; but the great reasoners are self-command, and trust unagitated, and deep-looking Love, and Faith, which as she is above Reason, so she best holds the reins of it from her high seat; so that they err grossly who think of the right development even of the intellectual type as possible, unless we look to higher sources of beauty first. Nevertheless, though in their operation *upon* them the moral feelings are thus elevatory of the mental faculties, yet in their conjunction *with* them they seem to occupy, in their own fulness, such space as to absorb and overshadow all else; so that, the simultaneous exercise of both being in a sort impossible, we occasionally find the moral part in full development and action, without corresponding expansion of the intellect (though never without healthy condition of it), as in the condition described by Wordsworth,

> "In such high hour
> Of visitation from the Living God,
> *Thought* was not;"[1]

only, if we look far enough, we shall perhaps find that it is not intelligence itself, but the immediate act and effort of a laborious, struggling, and imperfect intellectual faculty, with which high moral emotion is inconsistent; and though we cannot, while we feel deeply, *reason* shrewdly, yet I

* Good: and the following passage is carefully written, and of considerable value: only it should have been noted that, since Faith holds the reins of Reason, she ought to be early taught to drive. [1883.]

[1] [*The Excursion*, book i. ("The Wanderer"), line 211. The passage is quoted again in the following volume, ch. xvii. § 11. For Ruskin's admiration, at this time, of *The Excursion*, see the letter in Appendix iii., below, p. 393.]

doubt if, *except* when we feel deeply, we can ever *comprehend* fully; so that it is only the climbing and mole-like piercing, and not the sitting upon their central throne, nor emergence into light, of the intellectual faculties, which the full heart feeling allows not. Hence, therefore, in the indications of the countenance, they are only the hard cut lines, and rigid settings, and wasted hollows,* speaking of past effort and painfulness of mental application, which are inconsistent with expression of moral feeling, for all these are of infelicitous[1] augury; but not the full and serene development of habitual command in the look, and solemn thought in the brow; only these, in their unison with the signs of emotion, become softened and gradually confounded with a serenity and authority of nobler origin. But of the sweetness which that higher serenity (of happiness), and the dignity which that higher authority (of divine law, and not human reason), can and must stamp on the features, it would be futile to speak here at length: for I suppose that both are acknowledged on all hands, and that there is not any beauty but theirs to which men pay long obedience: † at all events, if not by sympathy[2] discovered, it is not in words explicable with what divine lines and lights the exercise of godliness and charity will mould and gild the hardest and coldest countenance, neither to what darkness their departure will consign the loveliest. For there is not any virtue the exercise of which, even momentarily, will not impress a new fairness upon the features: neither on them only, but on the whole body, both the intelligence and the moral faculties have operation; for even

§ 6. *What beauty is bestowed by them.*

* In simpler terms, this I suppose means that angels must not be wrinkled or saints frown. [1883.]

† I do not know how "long" the obedience may last: but it may be quite universal to types extremely the reverse of "theirs,"—as in London and Paris at present—1882. [1883.]

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[1] [Misprinted "felicitous" in the 1873 edition.]

[2] [This passage, "If not by sympathy . . . upon the features," is § 80 in *Frondes Agrestes*.]

all the movements and gestures, however slight, are different in their modes according to the mind that governs them; and on the gentleness and decision of just feeling there follows a grace of action, and, through continuance of this, a grace of form, which by no discipline may be taught or attained.[1]

§ 7. *How the Soul-culture interferes harmfully with the bodily ideal.*

The third point to be considered with respect to the corporeal expression of mental character is, that there is a certain period of the soul-culture when it begins to interfere with some of the characters of typical beauty belonging to the bodily frame, the stirring of the intellect wearing down the flesh, and the moral enthusiasm burning its way out to heaven, through the emaciation of the earthen vessel; and that there is, in this indication of subduing of the mortal by the immortal part, an ideal glory of perhaps a purer and higher range than that of the more perfect material form. We conceive, I think, more nobly of the weak presence of Paul than of the fair and ruddy countenance of David.

§ 8. *The inconsistency among the effects of the mental virtues on the form*

Now, be it observed that, in our statement of these three directions of mental influence, we have several times been compelled to stop short of definite conclusions, owing to the inconsistency,[2] first, of different kinds of intellect with each other; secondly, of the moral faculties with the intellectual (and if we had separately examined the moral emotions, we should have found certain inconsistencies among them also); and again, of the soul-culture generally with the bodily perfections. Such inconsistencies we should find in the perfections of no other animal. The strength or swiftness of the Dog is not inconsistent with his sagacity, nor is bodily labour in the Ant and Bee destructive of their acuteness of instinct. And

[1] ["On all the beautiful features of men and women, throughout the ages, are written the solemnities and majesty of the law they knew, with the charity and meekness of their obedience; on all unbeautiful features are written either ignorance of the law, or the malice and insolence of their disobedience" (*The Art of England*, § 83). Cf. *Sesame and Lilies*, § 70, and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 91).]

[2] [Ed. 1 reads, "owing to the apparent inconsistency of certain excellencies and beauties to which they tend, as first, . . ."]

this peculiarity of relation among the perfections of man is no result of his fall or sinfulness, *but an evidence of his greater nobility*,* and of the goodness of God towards him. For the individuals of each race of lower animals, being not intended to hold among each other those relations of charity which are the privilege of humanity, are not adapted to each other's assistance, admiration, or support, by differences of power and function. But the Love[1] of the human race is increased by their individual differences, and the Unity of the creature, as before we saw of all unity, made perfect by each having something to bestow and to receive, bound to the rest by a thousand various necessities and various gratitudes; humility in each rejoicing to admire in his fellow that which he finds not in himself, and each being in some respect the complement of his race.† Therefore, in investigating the signs of the ideal

§ 9. *Is a sign of God's kind purpose towards the race.*

* I am thankful to have another sentence to italicise, introducing the better philosophy of my later works. [1883.]

† "In another sense still the human race may be considered *as one man only*. While each animal begins anew the work of its species, each human being does not begin anew the work of mankind. He continues it, and cannot but continue it. He receives, on his entrance into life, the heritage of all ages—he is the son of the whole human race. Thousands of causes, thousands of persons have co-operated since the beginning of time to make him what he is. Man, isolated either in time or space, is not truly man. Absolute solitude transforms him into an animal, and much less than an animal, since he wants its infallible instincts, or has only in their stead a powerless reason, indolent, and as it were, shrouded. A man, then, does not come up to his type, does not perfectly exist, without his race; it is the race that makes him a man. And when we picture to ourselves a man existing by himself as man, and with all the attributes of his race, we dream; since a man purely individual and isolated is an impossibility. It is not thus in any other department of the animal kingdom. A whole does not exist anywhere else as in our race; but is it not wonderful that true individuality exists only in the same race also, and that the sole being whose nature is developed fully only as one of a race is also the only one who manifests the sentiment of liberty, morality, and the consciousness implied in the word Me?"—*Vinet's (Alex.) Vital Christianity*.[2]

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[1] [This passage, "The Love of the human race . . . the complement of his race," is § 81 in *Frondes Agrestes*.]

[2] [This note did not appear in ed. 1. The italicising of "as one man only" was introduced in the 1883 ed.]

or perfect type of humanity, we must not presume on the singleness of that type; and yet, on the other hand, we must cautiously distinguish between differences conceivably existing in a perfect state, and differences resulting from immediate and present operation of the Adamite curse.* Of which the former are differences that bind, and the latter that separate. For although we can suppose the ideal or perfect human heart, and the perfect human intelligence, equally adapted to receive every right sensation, and pursue every order of truth, yet as it is appointed for some to be in authority and others in obedience, some in solitary functions and others in relative ones, some to receive and others to give, some to teach and some to discover; and as all these varieties of office are not only conceivable as existing in a perfect state of man, but seem almost to be implied by it, and at any rate cannot be done away with but by a total change of his constitution and dependencies, of which the imagination can take no hold; so there are habits and capacities of expression induced by these various offices, which admit of many separate ideals of equal perfection.[1] There is an ideal of Authority, of Judgment, of Affection, of Reason, and of Faith,† neither can any combination of these ideals be attained; not that the just judge is to be supposed incapable of affection, nor the king incapable of obedience, but as it is impossible that any essence short of the Divine should at the same instant be equally receptive of all emotions, those emotions

§ 10. *Consequent separation and difference of Ideals.*

* In order to accept the statements in the following passage, one of the best, of its kind, in this book, it is not necessary that the reader should believe the literal story of the Fall, but only that, in some way, "Sin entered into the world, and Death by Sin."[2] For more definite expression of my own belief and meaning, the reader should refer to the 8th number of *Deucalion*.[3] [1883.]

† I meant, of the countenances expressing these different characters. The analysis, given without explanation, is very close and subtle. "Authority" is

[1] [There is no break here in ed. 1, which reads, "of equal perfection, according to the functions of the creatures, so that there is an ideal . . ."]

[2] [Romans v. 12.]

[3] [See above, Introduction, p. xlviii.]

which, by right and order, have the most usual victory, both leave the stamp of their habitual presence on the body, and render the individual more and more susceptible of them in proportion to the frequency of their prevalent recurrence.[1] Still less can the differences of age and sex, though seemingly of more finite influence, be banished from any human conception. David, ruddy and of a fair countenance, with the brook stone of deliverance in his hand, is not more ideal than David leaning on the old age of Barzillai, returning chastened to his kingly home. And they[2] who are as the angels of God in heaven, yet cannot be conceived as so assimilated that their different experiences and affections upon earth shall then be forgotten and effectless; the child taken early to his place cannot be imagined to wear there such a body, nor to have such thoughts, as the glorified apostle who has finished his course and kept the faith on earth. And so whatever perfections and likeness of love we may attribute to either the tried or the crowned creatures, there is the difference of the stars in glory among them yet; differences of original gifts, though not of occupying till their Lord come, different dispensations of trial and of trust, of sorrow and support, both in their own inward, variable hearts, and in their positions of exposure or of peace, of the gourd shadow and the smiting sun, of calling at heat of day or eleventh hour, of the house unroofed by faith, or the clouds opened by revelation; differences in warning, in mercies, in sicknesses, in signs, in time of calling to account; alike only they all are, by that which is not of them, but the gift of God's unchangeable mercy. "I will give unto this last even as unto thee."[3]

the character of a person who establishes law;—"Judgment," of one who applies it;—"Affection," of one whose law is love. "Reason," as the mistress of Investigation, is opposed to "Faith," the mistress of Imagination. [1883.]

[1] [Here again ed. 1 went on "breathlessly," reading thus:—"prevalent recurrence; added to which causes of distinctive character are to be taken into account the difference of age and sex, which though . . . cannot be banished . . ."]

[2] [This passage, "They who are" down to "even unto thee" (end of § 10), is § 82 in *Frondes Agrestes*. The Bible references here are: 1 Samuel xvii. 42; 2 Samuel xix. 31–39; 1 Cor. xv. 41; Jonah iv. 6–8; Mark ii. 4.]

[3] [Matthew xx. 14, a text which afterwards gave a title to one of Ruskin's best-known works—*Unto this Last.*]

§ 11. *The effects of the Adamite curse are to be distinguished from signs of its immediate activity.*

Hence, then, it will follow, that we must not determinedly banish from the human form and countenance, in our restoration of its ideal, everything which can be ultimately traced to the Adamite Fall for its cause, but only the immediate operation and presence of the degrading power of sin. For there is not any part of our nature, nor can there be through eternity, uninfluenced or unaffected by the fall, and that not in any way of degradation, for the renewing in the divinity of Christ is a nobler condition than that of Paradise; and yet throughout eternity it must imply and refer to the disobedience, and the corrupt state of sin and death, and the suffering of Christ Himself, which can we conceive of any redeemed soul as for an instant forgetting, or as remembering without sorrow? Neither are the alternations of joy and such sorrow as by us is inconceivable, being only as it were a softness and silence in the pulse of an infinite felicity, inconsistent with the state even of the unfallen; for the angels, who rejoice over repentance, cannot but feel an uncomprehended pain as they try and try again in vain, whether they may not warm hard hearts with the brooding of their kind wings. So that

§ 12. *Which latter only are to be banished from ideal form.*

we have not to banish from the ideal countenance the evidences of sorrow, nor of past suffering, nor even of past and conquered sin, but only the immediate operation of any evil, or the immediate coldness and hollowness of any good emotion. And hence in that contest before noted, between the body and the soul, we may often have to indicate the body as far conquered and outworn, and with signs of hard struggle and bitter pain upon it; and yet without ever diminishing the purity of its ideal: and since it is not in the power of any human imagination to reason out or conceive the countless modifications of experience, suffering, and separated feeling, which have modelled and written their indelible images, in various order, upon every human countenance, so no right ideal can be reached by any combination of feature nor by any moulding and melting of individual beauties together, and still less without

model or example at all; but *there is a perfect ideal to be wrought out of every face around us* that has on its forehead the writing and the seal of the angel ascending from the East,* by the earnest study and penetration of the written history thereupon, and the banishing of the blots and stains, wherein we still see, in all that is human, the visible and instant operation of unconquered Sin.

§ 13. *Ideal form is only to be obtained by portraiture.*

Now I see not how any of the steps of the argument by which we have arrived at this conclusion can be evaded, and yet it would be difficult to state anything more directly opposite to the general teaching and practice of artists. It is usual to hear portraiture opposed to the pursuit of ideality, and yet we find that no face can be ideal which is not a portrait. Of this general principle, however, there are certain modifications which we must presently state; but let us first pursue it a little farther and deduce its practical consequences.

These are, first, that the pursuit of idealism in humanity, as of idealism in lower nature, can be successful only when followed through the most constant, patient, and humble rendering of actual models, accompanied with that earnest mental[1] study of each, which can interpret all that is written upon it, disentangle the hieroglyphics of its sacred history, rend the veil of the bodily temple, and rightly measure the relations of good and evil contending within it for mastery; † that everything done without such study must be shallow and contemptible; that generalization or combination of individual character will end less in the mending than the losing of it, and, except in certain instances of which we shall presently take note, is valueless and vapid, even if it escape being painful from its want of truth.[2] And that habit of the old

* Rev. vii. 2.

† Compare Part II. Sec. I. Chap. III. § 6.

[1] [Ed. 1 reads ". . . mental as well as ocular . . ."]

[2] [Ed. 1 adds :—

"which in these days it often in some measure does, for we indeed find faces about us with want enough of life or wholesome character in them to justify anything."]

§ 14. *Instances among the greater of the Ideal Masters.*

and great painters of introducing portrait into all their highest works, I look to, not as error in them, but as the very source and root of their superiority in all things; for they were too great and too humble not to see in every face about them that which was above them, and which no fancies of theirs could match nor take place of; wherefore we find the custom of portraiture constant with them, both portraiture of study and for purposes of analysis, as with Leonardo; and actual, professed, serviceable, hard-working portraiture of the men of their time, as with Raffaelle, and Titian, and Tintoret; and portraiture of love, as with Fra Bartolomeo of Savonarola, and Simon Memmi of Petrarch, and Giotto of Dante, and Gentile Bellini of a beloved imagination of Dandolo,[1] and with Raffaelle constantly; and portraiture for the sake of the nobility of personal character even in their most imaginative works,[2] as was the practice of Ghirlandajo perpetually, and Masaccio and Raffaelle, and manifestly of the men of highest and purest ideal purpose, as again Giotto, and in his characteristic monkish heads, Angelico, and John Bellini (note especially the St. Christopher at the side of that mighty

[1] [Fra Bartolommeo was one of the band of faithful followers who shut themselves up with Savonarola in San Marco; his portrait of his master is in the museum of the convent. (There is another of Savonarola as St. Peter Martyr in the Accademia.) Of Simone Memmi (or Martini) Vasari says, "great was his good fortune in that he lived at the same time with Messer Francesco Petrarca, and that he further chanced to meet that love-devoted poet at the court of Avignon." In the "Spanish Chapel" of S. Maria Novella, in the fresco of "The Church Militant and Triumphant" (attributed by Vasari to Simone), the portrait of Petrarch is introduced among the illustrious personages surrounding the Pope (Vasari, Bohn's ed., 1855, vol. i. pp. 182, 185). Giotto's portrait of Dante is in his fresco of Paradise in the Bargello. Ruskin describes it in his note-book of 1845:—

> "The head of Dante has been drawn with love, and its completion is so delicate that I hardly know a head in fresco, at any period of art, that can compete with it. It is stippled with the greatest delicacy, its colour pure and deep, the eye deeply thoughtful, the expression beautifully calm."

It is recorded of Gentile Bellini that he cherished "enthusiasm for 'blind old Dandolo (see *Childe Harold*, iv. 12), the octogenarian doge' (ruled 1192–1205), who played so important a part in the crusade of the Latins against the Greek empire," and had "the zeal to copy the portrait of this Venetian hero from the very ancient original which was falling to pieces" (see Rio's *Poetry of Christian Art*, p. 356).]

[2] [Ed. 1 reads, "portraiture in real downright necessity of models, even in their noblest works, . . ."]

picture of St. Jerome, at Venice[1]): and so of all: which practice had indeed a perilous tendency among men of debased mind, who used models such as and where they ought not;[2] or among men who looked not at their models with intellectual or loving penetration, but took the outside of them, or perhaps took the evil and left the good, as even Titian has done in that academy study at Venice which is called a St. John,[3] and all workers whatsoever that I know of, after Raffaelle's time, as Guido and the Carracci, and such others; but it is nevertheless the necessary and sterling basis of all ideal art, neither has any great man ever been able to do without it, nor dreamed of doing without even to the close of his days.[4]

[1] [In the church of S. Giovanni Crisostomo. The picture is described below, sec. ii. ch. v. § 8, p. 319, and *cf.* preceding volume, p. 180.]

[2] [Ed. 1 reads:—

"... ought not, as Lippi and the corrupted Raffaelle; and is found often at exceeding disadvantage among men who ..."]

[3] [In the Venetian Academy; elsewhere referred to as "the Desert of Titian;" see preceding volume, p. 173.]

[4] [In the MS. this passage was somewhat different, and some points were touched on which Ruskin afterwards made elsewhere. After noticing (though in slightly different terms) the old portraiture "for analysis," "of love," etc., the MS. continues:—

"... or else they were portraits of greater persons of the state—persons whom the more feudal system and the more frequent exercise of arbitrary power had a tendency to destroy external evidence of pride; nay, I am not sure that the greater and more frequent and palpable crime and violence of those days had not also a tendency to destroy the evidence of petty vanities, and induce a gravity and sadness on the features; or else they were of persons indeed great and who could not be proud, as was the case principally with the Doges of Venice, whose beautiful habit of representing themselves in acts of humiliation and thanksgiving is touchingly and justly noted by Rio.

"Whereas in modern times portraiture having become a rage, almost a necessity, the most vulgar and vain persons over whose diamonds and lace, crimson curtains and columnar landscapes the artist has to spend his mechanical years, necessarily corrupt and quench such feeling as he might have possessed; the copyism of emptiness makes him empty, and his faculties, unaccustomed to any perception of great qualities, miss them even in those few examples where otherwise they might have been found. The qualities of dress, too, are fatally against him; for the robes of state or ceremony, being seldom worn, are not familiarised to the person of the wearer, so that if assumed for a time, there is no life in them, and the ideas of the painter separate the man and his dress, till it comes to painting the face first and the coat afterwards. In old times the habitual dress became a part of the man and was treated naturally from being constantly seen as such. If no robe of state be admitted, the painter necessarily struggles to distinguish his subject by some peculiarity or other, and falls into affectation."

Some of this passage was afterwards utilised, as will be seen, in § 19 below. For the choice of the Venetians in being "painted on their knees," see *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. iii. § 15; the reference to Rio will be found in *The Poetry of Christian Art*, English ed. 1854, pp. 365, 403. For the importance of beautiful and stately dress, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. ch. iv. § 31, and *A Joy for Ever*, § 54.]

§ 15. *Evil results of opposite practice in modern times.*

And therefore there is not any greater sign of want of vitality and hopefulness in the schools of the present day, than that unhappy prettiness and sameness under which they mask, or rather for which they barter, in their lentil thirst, all the birthright and power of nature; which prettiness, wrought out and spun fine in the study,[1] till it hardly betters the blocks on which dresses and hair are tried in barbers' windows and milliners' books, cannot but be revolting to any man who has his eyes, even in a measure, open to the divinity of the immortal seal on the common features that he meets in the highways and hedges hourly and momentarily, outreaching all efforts of conception as all power of realization, were it Raffaelle's three times over, even when the glory of the wedding garment is not there.*

If then individual humanity be taken as the basis of our conception, its right ideal[2] is to be reached, we have asserted, only by the banishment of the immediate signs of sin upon the countenance and body. How, therefore, are the signs of sin † to be known and separated?

No intellectual operation is here of any avail. There is not any reasoning by which the evidences of depravity are to be traced in movements of muscle or forms of feature; there is not any knowledge, nor experience, nor diligence of

* The error, since this passage was written, has been reversed: we have now plenty of wayside painting, but scarcely any ideal or historical: still less religious. The paragraph itself is expanded and explained in the chapter on "Purism" in the third volume of *Modern Painters*. [1883.]

† "As separated from the evil of distress," I should have said. [1883.]

[1] [In the MS. Ruskin had added "out of empty heads"; so above, he had written "the *utter* want of vitality and *power of* hopefulness . . . sameness *of feature*." Every page of the MS. shows similar instances of pruning in the process of revision.]

[2] [Here ed. 1 has a fresh paragraph, thus:—

"So far, then, of the use of the model and the preciousness of it in all art, from the highest to the lowest. But the use of the model is not all. It must be used in a certain way, and on this choice of right or wrong way all our ends are at stake, for the art, which is of no power without the model, is of pernicious and evil power if the model be wrongly used. What the right use is, has been at least established, if not fully explained, in the argument by which we arrived at the general principle.

§ 16. *The right use of the model.*

"The right ideal is to be reached, . . ."]

comparison that can be of avail. Here, as throughout the operation of the Theoretic faculty, the perception is altogether moral, and instinctive love and clinging to the lines of light. Nothing but love can read the letters, nothing but sympathy catch the sound; there is no pure passion that can be understood or painted except by pureness of heart; the foul or blunt feeling will see itself in everything, and set down blasphemies; it will see Baalzebub in the casting out of devils; it will find its God of flies in every alabaster box of precious ointment.[1] The indignation of zeal toward God[2] it will take for anger against man; faith and veneration it will miss, as not comprehending; charity it will turn into lust; compassion into pride; every virtue it will go over against, like Shimei, casting dust.[3] But the right Christian mind will, in like manner, find its own image wherever it exists; it will seek for what it loves, and draw it out of all dens and caves, and it will believe in its being, often when it cannot see it, and always turn away its eyes from beholding vanity;[4] and so it will lie lovingly over all the faults and rough places of the human heart, as the snow from heaven does over the hard, and black, and broken mountain rocks, following their forms truly, and yet catching light for them to make them fair, and that must be a steep and unkindly crag indeed which it cannot cover.

§ 16. *Ideal form to be reached only by Love.*

Now of this spirit there will always be little enough in the world, and it cannot be given or taught by men, and so it is of little use to insist on it farther; only I may note some practical points respecting the ideal treatment of human form, which may be of some use. There is not the face, I have said, which the painter may not make ideal if he choose; but that subtle feeling which shall find out all of good that there is in any given countenance is not, except by concern for other things than art,

§ 17. *Practical principles deducible.*

[1] [The Bible references here are Matthew ix. 34: "But the Pharisees said, He casteth out devils through the prince of the devils." Baalzebub (2 Kings i. 2, 16) was the god of flies. Matthew xxvi. 7–14.]

[2] [Ed. 1 inserts "(nemesis)."]

[3] [2 Samuel xvi. 13.]

[4] [Psalms cxix. 37.]

to be acquired. But certain broad indications of evil there are which the bluntest feeling may perceive, and which the habit of distinguishing and casting out would both ennoble the schools of art, and lead, in time, to greater acuteness of perception with respect to the less explicable characters of soul beauty.

§ 18. Expressions chiefly destructive of ideal character. 1st. Pride.

Those signs of evil which are commonly most manifest on the human features are roughly divisible into these four kinds; the signs of pride, of sensuality, of fear, and of cruelty. Any one of which will destroy the ideal character of the countenance and body.

Now of these, the first, Pride, is perhaps the most destructive of all the four, seeing it is the undermost and original vice of all;[1] and it is base also from the necessary foolishness of it, because at its best, when grounded on a just estimation of our own elevation or superiority above certain others, it cannot but imply that our eyes look downward only, and have never been raised above our own measure; for there is not the man so lofty in his standing or capacity, but he must be humble in thinking of the cloud habitation and far sight of the angelic intelligences above him; and in perceiving what infinity there is of things he cannot know, nor even reach unto, as it stands compared with that little body of things he can reach, and of which nevertheless he can altogether understand not one; not to speak of that wicked and fond attributing of such excellency as he may have to himself, and thinking of it as his own getting, (which is the real essence and criminality of Pride:)* nor of those viler forms of it, founded on false estimation of things beneath us and irrational contemning of them; but,

* The words in parenthesis are false. The criminality of pride is a selfish pleasure in our own pre-eminence, whether it be acknowledged as God's gift or not:—"Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are."[2] The denial of the power of God, as by Nebuchadnezzar, is impiety *added to* pride. [1883, when the words were first placed in parenthesis.]

[1] [For "vice of all," ed. 1 reads, "story of all sin," and in the next line inserts "that is" before "when grounded."]

[2] [Luke xviii. 11.]

taken at its best, it is still base to that degree that there is no grandeur of feature which it cannot destroy and make despicable, so that the first step towards the ennobling of any face is the ridding it of its vanity; to which aim there cannot be anything more contrary than that principle of portraiture which prevails with us in these days, whose end seems to be the expression of vanity throughout, in face and in all circumstances of accompaniment;[1] tending constantly to insolence of attitude, and levity and haughtiness of expression, and worked out farther in mean accompaniments of worldly splendour and possession; together with hints or proclamations of what the person has done or supposes himself to have done, which if known, it is gratuitous in the portrait to exhibit, and, if unknown, it is insolent in the portrait to proclaim: whence has arisen such a school of portraiture as must make the people of the nineteenth century the shame of their descendants, and the butt of all time.* To which practices are to be opposed both the glorious severity of Holbein, and the mighty and simple modesty of Raffaelle, Titian, Giorgione, and Tintoret, with whom armour does not constitute the warrior, neither silk the dame. And from what feeling the dignity of that portraiture arose is best traceable at Venice, where we find their victorious doges painted neither in the toil of battle nor the triumph of return: nor set forth with thrones and curtains of state, but kneeling, always crownless, and returning thanks to God for His help; or as priests interceding for the nation in its affliction. But this feeling and its results have been so well traced by Rio,† that I need not speak of it farther.

§ 19. *Portraiture, ancient and modern.*

* Rather strong, this! but extremely true. All the paragraph is valuable, and its sequel, to the end of the chapter, excellent in general criticism, and, with the slight exceptions noted, the basis of all my critical teaching since. [1883.]

† *De la Poésie Chrétienne. Forme de l'Art*, chap. viii.[2]

[1] [See *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. ch. ii. ("Roman Renaissance") § 37, where Ruskin refers to this passage and further illustrates it.]

[2] [For the reference to the English edition, see note on § 14 above.]

That second destroyer of ideal form, the appearance of Sensual character, though not less fatal in its operation on modern art, is more difficult to trace, owing to its peculiar subtlety.[1] For it is not possible to say by what minute differences the right conception of the human form is separated from that which is luscious and foul: for the root of all is in the love and seeking of the painter, who, if of impure and feeble mind, will cover all that he touches with clay staining, as Bandinelli puts a scent of common flesh[2] about his marble Christ,[3] and as many, whom I will not here name, among moderns; but if of mighty mind or pure, may pass through all places of foulness, and none will stay upon him, as Michael Angelo; or he will baptize all things and wash them with pure water, as our own Stothard.[4] Now, so far as this power is dependent on the seeking of the artist, and is only to be seen in the work of good and spiritually-minded men, it is vain to attempt to teach or illustrate it; neither is it here the place to show how[5] it belongs to the representation of the mental image of things, instead of things themselves, of which we are to speak in treating of the imagination; but thus much may here be noted of broad, practical principle, that the purity of flesh painting depends, in very considerable measure, on the intensity and warmth of its *colour*.* For if it be opaque, and clay cold, and devoid of all the radiance and life of flesh, the lines of its true beauty, being severe and firm, will become so hard in the loss of the glow and gradation by which nature illustrates

§ 20. *Secondly, Sensuality.*

§ 21. *How connected with impurity of colour,*

* I am glad to see how early this great principle of colour, so contrary to the common estimate of it, was known to me, and thus strongly asserted. [1883.][6]

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[1] [Compare with this section, *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. vi. § 58.]

[2] [Ed. 1 reads, "a foul scent of human flesh . . ."]

[3] [See below, sec. ii. ch. iii. § 27, p. 280.]

[4] [For other references to Stothard, whom Ruskin called the Angelico of England, see *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. vi. § 5; *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. vi. § 52; *Cestus of Aglaia*, § 80.]

[5] [Ed. 1 reads less briefly, "to take note of the way in which . . ."]

[6] [So in *The Queen of the Air*, colour is "the spiritual power of art" (§ 94 *n.*). Cf. *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. xiv. § 42; *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. v. §§ 30–34.]

them, that the painter will be compelled to sacrifice them for a luscious fulness and roundness, in order to give the conception of flesh; which, being done, destroys ideality of form as of colour, and gives all over to lasciviousness of surface; showing also that the painter sought for this, and this only, since otherwise he had not taken a subject in which he knew himself compelled to surrender all sources of dignity. Whereas right splendour of colour both bears out a nobler severity of form, and is in itself purifying and cleansing, like fire; furnishing also to the painter an excuse for the choice of his subject,* seeing that he may be supposed as not having painted it but in the admiration of its abstract glory of colour and form, and with no unworthy seeking. But the mere power of perfect and glowing colour will, in some sort, redeem even a debased tendency of mind itself, as eminently the case with Titian, who, though[1] often treating base subjects, or elevated subjects basely, as in the disgusting Magdalen of the Pitti Palace, and that of the Barberigo at Venice,[2] yet redeems all by his glory of hue, so that he cannot paint altogether coarsely: and with Giorgione, who had more imaginative intellect, the sense of nudity is utterly lost, and there is no need nor desire of concealment any more, but his naked figures move among the trees like fiery pillars, and lie

§ 22. *And prevented by its splendour,*

* Nevertheless, he ought not to take subjects *needing* excuse. [1883.]

[1] [Ed. 1 reads, "though of little feeling and often . . ."; and, four lines lower, instead of "more imaginative intellect," ed. 1 reads "nobler and more serious intellect, . . ."]

[2] [The following is Ruskin's note in his Florentine note-book (1845) on Titian's Magdalen in the Pitti:—

> "This picture may once have been fine, merely as a work of art, but it is now destroyed; a few folds of the hair, here and there, a shadow of the flesh, and the alabaster box with 'Titianus' in brown letters on it are all that remain. The rest is either picture-dealer, or ground colour with all the glazings off. In consequence the hair looks like a brown mat or like that of a rough Blenheim spaniel; the mass of it, without the slightest grouping or arrangement, is like the pictures of Circassians on the signs of Barbers in Bishopsgate Within. The fleshy and shapeless body is nearly as disgusting. The face of the grossest possible type, and the eyes turned up, as the model turned them when she was ordered to do so, are the crowning sin. The little alabaster vase and brown signature are very delicious; if I had the picture, I would cut them out and burn the rest."

Titian's pictures in the Barberigo Palace at Venice were at a later date sold to the Emperor of Russia (see *Stones of Venice*, Venetian index, *s.* Barberigo).]

on the grass like flakes of sunshine.* With the religious painters, on the other hand, such nudity as they were compelled to treat is redeemed as much by severity of form and hardness of line as by colour, so that generally their draped figures are preferable.[1] But they, with Michael Angelo and most of the Venetians, form a great group, pure in sight and aim, between which and all other schools by which the nude has been treated, there is a gulf fixed, and all the rest, compared with them, seem striving how best to illustrate Spenser's stanza in its second clause—

§ 23. *Or by severity of drawing.*

> "Of all God's works which doe this worlde adorn,
> There is no one more faire, and excellent,
> Than is man's body both for power and forme
> Whiles it is kept in sober government.
> *But none than it more foul and indecent*
> *Distempered through misrule and passions bace.*" [2]

Of these last, however, with whom ideality is lost, there are some worthier than others, according to that measure of colour they reach, and power they possess.[3] Much may be forgiven to Rubens; less, as I think, to Correggio, who has more of inherent sensuality wrought out with attractive and luscious refinement, and that alike in all subjects; as in the Madonna of the Incoronazione, over the high altar of San Giovanni at Parma, of which the head and upper portion of the figure, now preserved in the library, might serve as a

§ 24. *Degrees of descent in this respect; Rubens, Correggio, and Guido:*

* As in the noble Louvre picture.[4]

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[1] [Ed. 1 adds, ". . . , as in the Francia of our own gallery. But these . . .," omitting "most of" before "the Venetians." "The Francia of our own gallery" is the altar-piece with lunette (a Pietà), Nos. 179, 180, bought for the National Gallery in 1841.]

[2] [*Faerie Queene*, book ii. canto ix. st. 1. The italics were introduced in the 1883 ed.]

[3] [Ed. 1 has no break here, and reads:—

> "power they possess, whence much may be forgiven to Rubens, (as to our own Etty,) less, as I think to Correggio, who with less apparent and evident coarseness has more . . ."

The words "excepting always Etty" on the next page were inserted in ed. 2, which omitted the above passage.]

[4] [The "Concert Champêtre" or "Pastoral" described by Rossetti in a sonnet.]

model of attitude and expression to a ballet figurante:* and again in the lascivious St. Catherine of the Giorno, and in the Charioted Diana (both at Parma), not to name any of his works of aim more definitely evil.[1] Beneath which again will fall the works devoid alike of art and decency, as that Susannah of Guido, in our own gallery;[2] and so we may descend to the absolute clay of the moderns, excepting always Etty;† only noticing in all how much of what is evil and base in subject or tendency, is redeemed by what is pure and right in hue; so that I do not assert that the purpose and object of many of the grander painters of the nude, as of

* The Madonna turns her back to Christ, and bends her head over her shoulder to receive the crown, the arms being folded with studied grace over the bosom.

† Not in the least excepting him—this sentence, I fear, is mere politeness to a painter then living; and it ought to have been explained as only meaning that his colour was not "absolute clay."[3] [1883.]

[1] [The fresco of the Coronation of the Virgin is in the Palatine Library at Parma; it is figured at p. v. of Signor Ricci's *Correggio* (English ed., 1896). The picture called by Italian writers upon art "Il Giorno" (contrasting it with Correggio's "Notte" at Dresden), is the "Madonna with St. Jerome"; the figure which Ruskin calls St. Catherine, is more commonly identified as the Magdalen: the picture is engraved at p. 278 of Ricci. The "Charioted Diana" is a fresco in the Camera di San Paola; see Ricci, p. 166. Ruskin had been studying Correggio at Parma in July 1845, and here fulfils the slaughter promised in a letter to his father (July 10):—

> "I am off for Piacenza to-morrow, for this is without exception the dullest, ugliest town I have seen except Modena; it gives one the horrors, and I am so disgusted with Correggio that I know not what to say or do for indignation. . . . I always thought little of him, but of all vulgar, coarse, obscene, paltry desecrators of sacred subject I ever cast eyes on, his frescoes beat! They are rank blasphemy. I have had a hard scramble to-day over the tiles of the cathedral, to peep in at the little windows of the cupola, just to be sure of my game—and then, have at him."

See also a letter to D. G. Rossetti in 1865 in which Ruskin, referring to this period, thanks Providence that he "did not then write a separate book against Correggio" (*Rossetti Papers*, 1903, p. 138). For in later books Ruskin's estimate of Correggio was very different. For a transitional reference, see *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. iii. § 8, and then for full appreciation, *ibid.* vol. iv. ch. iv. § 9; vol. v. pt. vi. ch. v. § 3; pt. ix. ch. viii. 1; *Queen of the Air*, § 163; *Lectures on Art*, § 177; *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 94; *Art of England*, § 76.]

[2] [No. 196. This picture with another Guido, No. 193 ("Lot and his daughter leaving Sodom"), were bought at very high prices in 1844—acquisitions which put Ruskin "into a desperate rage"; see his letters to Liddell, Vol. III. p. 670.]

[3] [Etty died in 1847—the year after the publication of this volume. To his colour, Ruskin rendered another tribute in his review of Eastlake's *History of Oil Painting* in the *Quarterly Review* for March 1848 (*On the Old Road*, ed. 1899, vol. i. § 135). In *Modern Painters*, vol. i. (Vol. III. p. 266), he was less complimentary; see note on that passage.]

Titian for instance, were always elevated, but only that we, who cannot paint the lamp of fire within the earthen pitcher, must take other weapons in our left hands. And it is to be noted also, that, in climates where the body can be more openly and frequently visited by sun and weather, the nude both comes to be regarded in a way more grand and pure, as necessarily awakening no ideas of base kind* (as pre-eminently with the Greeks), and also from that exposure receives a firmness and sunny elasticity very different from the silky softness of the clothed nations of the north, where every model necessarily looks as if accidentally undressed; and hence, from the very fear and doubt with which we approach the nude, it becomes expressive of evil; and for that daring frankness of the old men, which seldom missed of human grandeur, even when it failed of holy feeling, we have substituted a mean, carpeted, gauze-veiled, mincing sensuality of curls and crisping-pins, out of which, I believe, nothing can come but moral enervation and mental paralysis.†

§ 25. *And modern art.*

Respecting those two other vices of the human form, the expressions of Fear and Ferocity, there is less to be noted, as they only occasionally enter into the conception of character; only it is most necessary to make careful distinction between the conception of power, destructiveness, or majesty, in matter, influence, or agent, and the actual fear of any of these: for it is possible to conceive of terribleness, without being in a position obnoxious to the danger of it, and so without fear; and the feeling arising from this contemplation of dreadfulness, ourselves being in safety, as of a stormy sea from the shore, is properly termed Awe, and is a most noble

§ 26. *Thirdly, Ferocity and Fear. The latter how to be distinguished from Awe.*

* Utterly bad writing again: I ought to have said "as not of necessity awakening ideas," etc. [1883.]

† Too truly prophesied: the vile help of photography hastening the corruption.[1] [1883.]

[1] [For a discussion of the nude in art, see *Eagle's Nest*, §§ 149, 164, 167, *Ariadne Florentina*, § 254 *n.*, and *cf.* a letter by Ruskin in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, June 1, 1885.]

passion;[1] whereas fear, mortal and extreme, may be felt respecting things ignoble, as the falling from a window, and without any conception of terribleness or majesty in the thing, or the accident dreaded; and even when fear is felt respecting things sublime, as thunder, or storm of battle, the tendency of it is to destroy all power of contemplation of their majesty, and to freeze and contract all the intellect into a shaking heap of clay; for absolute acute fear is of the same unworthiness and contempt from whatever source it arise, and degrades the mind and the outward bearing of the body alike, even though it be among hail of heaven and fire running along the ground. And so among[2] the children of God,* while there is always that fearful and bowed apprehension of His majesty, and that sacred dread of all offence to Him, which is called the Fear of God, yet of real and essential fear there is not any, but clinging of confidence to Him as their Rock, Fortress, and Deliverer; and perfect love, and casting out of fear; so that it is not possible that, while the mind is rightly bent on Him, there should be dread of anything either earthly or supernatural; and the more dreadful seems the height of His majesty, the less fear they feel that dwell in the shadow of it ("Of whom shall I be afraid?"), so that they are as David was, "devoted to His fear;"[3] whereas, on the other hand, those who, if they may help it, never conceive of God, but thrust away all thought and memory of Him, and in His real terribleness and omnipresence fear Him not nor know Him, yet are by real,

§ 27. *Holy Fear, how distinct from human Terror.*

* The insolence of these abrupt and unhesitating theological assertions, now become extremely painful to me, and much repented of, yet is in this degree pardonable, that is part of the main argument of the book, taken up in different places, as the occasion serves or tempts. The words "children of God" were meant only as a short expression for those who have entered His kingdom as a little child. [1883.]

[1] [For a full treatment of the subject of Awe, see Appendix i. pp. 371–381.]

[2] [This passage, "Among the children . . . ('Of whom shall I be afraid?')," is § 78 of *Frondes Agrestes*.]

[3] [The Bible references here are 2 Samuel xxii. 2; St. John iv. 18; Psalms xxvii. 1, cxix. 38.]

acute, piercing, and ignoble fear, haunted for evermore; fear inconceiving and desperate, that calls to the rocks, and hides in the dust; and hence the peculiar baseness of the expression of terror, a baseness attributed to it in all times, and among all nations, as of a passion atheistical, brutal, and profane. So, also, it is always joined with ferocity,* which is of all passions the least human; for of sensual desires there is license to men, as necessity; and of vanity there is intellectual cause, so that when seen in a brute it is pleasant, and a sign of good wit; and of fear there is at times necessity and excuse, as being allowed for prevention of harm; but of ferocity there is no excuse nor palliation, but it is pure essence of tiger and demon, and it casts on the human face the paleness alike of the horse of Death, and the ashes of Hell.

§ 28. *Ferocity is joined always with Fear. Its unpardonableness.*

Therefore, of all subjects that can be admitted to sight, the expressions of fear and ferocity are the most foul and detestable; and so there is in them I know not what sympathetic attractiveness for minds cowardly and base, as the vulgar of most nations; and as they are easily rendered by men who can render nothing else, they are often trusted in by the herd of painters incapable and profane, as in that monstrous abortion of the first room of the Louvre, called the Deluge,[1] whose subject is pure, acute, mortal fear; and so generally in the senseless horrors of the modern French schools, spawn of the guillotine; also there is not a greater test of grandeur or meanness of mind than the expressions it will seek for and develope in the features and forms of men in fierce strife; whether determination and devotion, and all the other attributes of that unselfishness which constitutes heroism, as in the

§ 29. *Such expressions, how sought by powerless and impious painters.*

* This is as bad as one of Gibbon's generalizations—"The timid are always cruel," and the like. It is, of course, nonsense; many of the timidest creatures being also the sweetest, and most of the fierce ones fearless. The substance of what follows, however, is right enough. [1883.]

[1] [By Nicolas Poussin; for other references to the picture see preceding volume, p. 518; *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. ch. xvi. § 23–24; vol. v. pt. ix. ch. v. § 18.]

warrior of Agasias;[1] and distress not agitated nor unworthy, though mortal, as in the dying gladiator;[2] or brutal ferocity and butchered agony, of which the lowest and least palliated examples are those battles of Salvator Rosa which none but a man base-born, and thief-bred, could have conceived[3] without sickening; of which I will only name that example in the Pitti Palace, wherein the chief figure in the foreground is a man with his arm cut off at the shoulder, run through the other hand into the breast with a lance.* And manifold instances of the same feeling are to be found in the repainting of the various representations of the Inferno, so common through Italy; more especially that of Orcagna's in the Campo Santo,[4] wherein the few figures near the top that yet remain untouched are grand in their severe drawing and expressions of enduring despair, while those below, repainted by Solazzino, depend for their expressiveness upon torrents of blood; so in the Inferno of Santa Maria Novella, and of the Arena chapel,[5] not to speak of the horrible images of the Passion, by which vulgar Romanism has always striven to excite the languid sympathies of its untaught flocks. Of

* Compare Michelet, *Du Prêtre, de la Femme, de la Famille,* chap. iii. note. He uses language too violent to be quoted; but excuses Salvator by reference to the savage character of the Thirty Years' War. That this excuse has no validity may be proved by comparing the painter's treatment of other subjects. See Sec. II. Chap. III. § 18, note [p. 265, below].

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[1] [See preceding volume, p. 82.]

[2] [The famous piece of sculpture in the Capitoline Museum at Rome—the subject of Byron's familiar lines (*Childe Harold,* iv. 140). For another reference, see above, p. 119 *n.*]

[3] [For "conceived" ed. 1 reads "dwelt on for an instant." The MS. has "held his breath to paint."]

[4] [Ruskin in his note-book of 1845 wrote of this fresco as follows :—

> "The Hell was probably once fine, but the whole of the lower part repainted by Solazzino, as well as the figure of Lucifer (who looks like a large unboiled crab), is execrable beyond forgiveness, and if preserved at all should immediately be reduced to outline and white plaster. The round, fat, unboned, cushiony limbs painted pink and running with blood are as disgusting as they are childish; there is more art in some of the signs at Bartholomew Fair."]

[5] [Orcagna's Inferno in S. Maria Novella is behind the altar of the chapel at the head of the staircase leading out of the north transept. The "Inferno of the Arena Chapel" refers to Giotto's fresco of "The Last Judgment," in which Hell occupies the whole right side of the composition.]

which foulness let us reason no farther, the very image and memory of them being pollution; only noticing this, that there has always been a morbid tendency in Romanism towards the contemplation of bodily pain, owing to the attribution of saving power to it; which, like every other moral error, has been of fatal effect in art, leaving not altogether without the stain and blame of it even the highest of the Romanist painters; as Fra Angelico, for instance, who, in his Passion subjects, always insists weakly on the bodily torture, and is unsparing of blood; and Giotto, though his treatment is usually grander, as in that Crucifixion over the door of the Convent of St. Mark's, where the blood is hardly actual, but issues from the feet in a conventional form, and becomes a crimson cord which is twined strangely beneath about a skull;[1] only what these holy men did to enhance, even though in their means mistaken, the impression and power of the sufferings of Christ, or of His saints, is always in a measure noble, and to be distinguished with all reverence from the abominations of the irreligious painters following; as of Camillo Procaccini, in one of his martyrdoms in the Gallery of the Brera, at Milan,[2] and other such, whose names may be well spared to the reader.

[1] [This crucifix is over the principal entrance (inside) of the church, not the convent of San Marco. It is mentioned by Vasari (i. 111), and is supposed to be the work which established Giotto's fame over Cimabue's, and called forth the lines in the *Purgatorio* (*Credette Cimabue*, etc., xi. 91, quoted in *Mornings in Florence*, § 37). It is thus described by Ruskin in the 1845 note-book :—

> "This . . . [crucifix], of which a copy exists in the transept of Ognissanti, is, I doubt not, the original of Giotto, and it has served as model for a host of others, small and great, with which the Tuscan churches were filled at the period, the same bend of the body and type of countenance being used in all. The two saints on the arms are in this of Giotto's singularly poor, but the face of the Christ is exceedingly grand—Vandyke-like, the hair flowing with the greatest dignity, the light soft, graduated, and beautifully concentrated on the forehead, the brow horizontal and full of power, the nose straight, the mouth sublime, no hard lines, nor lip drawing about it. The blood gushes from the side in a flat stream, that from the feet runs down till it enters a cavity of the rock, where it turns in a most singular way about a skull. On each side of the skull is a beautiful kneeling figure."

It appears from a further passage in the diary that from this work (as of very many others noted in it) Ruskin made a study.]

[2] [There is, however, no martyrdom by Camillo Procaccini in the Brera. The reference must be taken as generic, applying to pictures by the Eclectic School of the Procaccini—Ercole Procaccini, Camillo (his son), Giulio Cesare (another son), and Giovanni Battista Crespi (a scholar).]

These, then, are the four passions whose expression, in any degree, is degradation to the human form.[1] But of all passion it is to be observed, that it becomes ignoble either when entertained respecting unworthy objects, and therefore shallow or unjustifiable; or when of impious violence, and so destructive of human dignity. Thus Grief is noble or the reverse, according to the dignity and worthiness of the object lamented, and the grandeur of the mind enduring it. The sorrow of mortified vanity or avarice is simply disgusting; even that of bereaved affection may be base if selfish and unrestrained. All grief that convulses the features is ignoble because it is commonly shallow, and certainly temporary, as in children; though in the shock and shiver of a strong man's features, under sudden and violent grief, there may be something of sublime. The grief of Guercino's Hagar, in the Brera Gallery at Milan,[2] is partly despicable, partly disgusting, partly ridiculous; it is not the grief of the injured Egyptian, driven forth into the desert with the destiny of a nation in her heart; but of a servant of all work turned away

§ 30. *Of passion generally.*

[1] [Ed. 1 reads:—"These, then, are the four passions whose presence, in any degree, on the human face is degradation. But of all passion it is to be generally observed . . ." The MS. reads in place of the first six lines of § 30:—

> "The ignoble character of passion on the human face depends not so much on the character of the passion itself, as on the nobility and dignity of what excites it, and that which I call essentially ignoble is pure passion, *i.e.* the expression of pain, grief or fear concerning unworthy objects, or in general of pure passion as such without expression of any noble conception or worthy thought. Thus the fear which a man feels of being run over in the street, or of falling out of a window, though it may happen for an instant to be very acute, is essentially ignoble in its effect on the features. The fear which might be expressed in the same face during a violent thunderstorm, or of falling down a precipice is not ignoble, because although the pure passion is as base in itself, it is accompanied in the latter case with noble conceptions of divine power or natural sublimity."

This is one of several cases where familiar illustrations and simple language in the MS. were omitted or altered during revision, in order to preserve the uniform note of elevation at which Ruskin aimed in this volume.]

[2] [This is the picture which excited the admiration of Byron. "Of painting," he wrote from Milan, describing a visit to the Brera Gallery, "I know nothing; but I like a Guercino—a picture of Abraham putting away Hagar and Ishmael—which seems to be natural and godly" (*Letters and Journals*, ed. of 1899, iii. 377). And so Stendhal: "Il y a une Agar du Guercin faite, pour attendrir les cœurs les plus durs et les plus dévoués à l'argent ou aux cordons" (*Rome, Naples, et Florence*, ed. 1854, p. 45). Modern opinion follows rather that of Ruskin; see, for instance, J. A. Symonds' *Renaissance*, ed. 1898, vii. 225.]

for stealing tea and sugar.* Common painters forget that passion is not absolutely, and in itself, great or violent, but only in proportion to the weakness of the mind it has to deal with; and that, in exaggerating its outward signs, they are not exalting the passion, but lowering[1] the hero.† They think too much of passions as always the same in their nature: forgetting that the love of Achilles is different from the love of Paris, and of Alcestis from that of Laodamia. The use and value of passion is not as a subject of contemplation in itself, but as it breaks up the fountains of the great deep of the human mind, or displays its mightiness and ribbed majesty, as mountains are seen in their stability best among the coil of clouds; whence, in fine, I think it is to be held, that all passion which attains overwhelming power, so that it is not as resisting, but as conquered, that the creature is contemplated, is unfit for high art, and destructive of the ideal character of the countenance: and, in this respect, I cannot but hold Raffaelle to have erred in his endeavour to express passion of such acuteness in the human face; as in the fragment of the Massacre of the Innocents[2] in our own gallery (wherein, repainted though it be, I suppose the purpose of the master is yet to

§ 31. *It is never to be for itself exhibited—at least on the face.*

* Extremely right; and the entire contents of this paragraph, with the 31st, are of great general value. They are much illustrated and reinforced in my later writings. [1883.]

† "The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it."
—*Henry VIII.*

[1] [For "lowering," ed. 1 reads "evaporating."]

[2] [This is a cartoon, after a design by Raphael, 9 feet 11 inches by 9 feet 3 inches. It was presented by Mr. Prince Hoare to the Foundling Hospital, and was lent by that institution to the National Gallery in 1840. It was formerly No. 184 in the catalogues of the Gallery (see *e.g.* "Felix Summerly's" (Sir H. Cole's) *Handbook*, 1852). The number was removed and allotted to another work when the cartoon was reclaimed by the Hospital in 1858 (see *Report of the Director of the National Gallery*, 1858). The Massacre of the Innocents was a subject more than once designed by Raphael; there is a well-known engraving of one design by Marc Antonio (see No. 567 in Sidney Colvin's *Guide to an Exhibition of Drawings and Engravings* in the British Museum, 1895. There are studies for the subject in the Albertina collection at Vienna and in the Venice Academy. Raphael had intended it to form one of the series of cartoons for the Vatican tapestries.]

be understood); for if such subjects are to be represented at all, their entire expression may be given without degrading the face, as we shall presently see done with unspeakable power by Tintoret;* and I think that all subjects of the kind, all human misery, slaughter, famine, plague, peril, and crime, are better in the main avoided, as of unprofitable and hardening influence, unless so far as out of the suffering, hinted rather than expressed, we may raise into nobler relief the eternal enduring of fortitude and affection, of mercy and self-devotion; or when, as by the threshing-floor of Ornan, and by the cave of Lazarus,[1] the angel of the Lord is to be seen in the chastisement, and his love to be manifested to the despair of men.

§ 32. *Recapitulation.*

Thus, then, we have in some sort enumerated those evil signs which are most to be shunned in the seeking of Ideal beauty;† though it is not the knowledge of them, but the dread and hatred of them, which will effectually aid the painter; as, on the other hand, it is not by mere admission of the loveliness of good and holy expression that its subtle characters are to be traced. Raffaelle himself, questioned on this subject, made doubtful answer:[2] he probably could not trace through what early teaching or by what dies of emotion the image had been sealed upon his heart. Our own Bacon, who well saw the impossibility of reaching it by the combination of many separate beauties, yet explains not the nature of that "kind of felicity" to which he attributes

* Sec. II. Chap. III. § 22.

† Let it be observed that it is always of beauty, not of human character in its lower and criminal modifications, that we have been speaking. That variety of character, therefore, which we have affirmed to be necessary, is the variety of Giotto and Angelico, not of Hogarth. Works concerned with the exhibition of general character are to be spoken of in the consideration of Ideas of Relation.

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[1] [Chronicles xxi. 15; John xi. 38.]

[2] [In a letter to his friend Count Castiglione, Raphael could only explain that he painted from an idea in his mind ("Mi servo d'una certa idea che me viene in mente.") See below, p. 351.]

success.[1] I suppose those who have conceived and wrought the loveliest things, have done so by no theorizing, but in simple labour of love, and could not, if put to a bar of rationalism, defend all points of what they had done; but painted it in their own delight, and to the delight of all besides, only always with that respect of conscience, and "fear of swerving from that which is right, which maketh diligent observers of circumstances, the loose regard whereof is the nurse of vulgar folly; no less than Solomon's attention thereunto was, of natural furtherances, the most effectual to make him eminent above others, for he gave good heed, and pierced everything to the very ground." *

With which good heed, and watching of the instants when men feel warmly and rightly, as the Indians do for the diamond in their washing of sand, and that with the desire and hope of finding true good in men, and not with the ready vanity that sets itself to fiction instantly, and carries its potter's wheel about with it always (off which there will come only clay vessels of regular shape after all), instead of the pure mirror that can show the seraph standing by the human body—standing as signal to the heavenly land: † with this heed and this charity, there are none of us that

* Hooker, book v. chap. i. § 2.

† "A man all light, a seraph man,
By every corse there stood.

This seraph band each waved his hand,
It was a heavenly sight;
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light."

—*Ancient Mariner.*[2]

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[1] [*Essays*, xliii. "*Of Beauty*": "Not but I thinke a Painter may make a better Face, than ever was; But he must doe it, by a Kinde of Felicity (as a Musician that maketh an excellent Ayre in Musicke, And not by Rule."]

[2] [Ed. 1 quotes two more lines at the beginning :—

"Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And by the holy rood,
A man . . ."]

may not bring down that lamp upon his path of which Spenser sang:—

"That Beauty is not, as fond men misdeem,
An outward show of things, that only seem;
But that fair lamp, from whose celestial ray
That light proceeds which kindleth lover's fire,
Shall never be extinguished nor decay;
But, when the vital spirits do expire,
Unto her native planet shall retire,
For it is heavenly born and cannot die,
Being a parcel of the purest sky."[1]

[1] [*An Hymne in Honour of Beautie.* Ruskin first quotes the last two lines of st. 13, and then omitting st. 14, the whole of st. 15. See above, p. 131, where the Hymn is also quoted, and Ruskin's note thereon.]

CHAPTER XV[1]

GENERAL CONCLUSIONS RESPECTING THE THEORETIC FACULTY

Of the sources of beauty open to us in the visible world, we have now obtained a view which, however scanty[2] in its detail, is yet general in its range. Of no other sources than these visible ones, can we, by any effort in our present condition of existence, conceive. For what revelations have been made to humanity inspired, or caught up to heaven, of things to the heavenly region belonging, have been either by unspeakable words,[3] or else by their very nature incommunicable, except in types and shadows; and ineffable by words belonging to earth, for, of things different from the visible, words appropriated to the visible can convey no image. How different from earthly gold the clear pavement of the city might have seemed to the eyes of St. John, we of unreceived sight cannot know; neither of that strange jasper and sardine can we conceive the likeness which He assumed that sat on the throne above the crystal sea; neither what seeming that was of slaying that the Root of David bore in the midst of the elders; neither what change it was upon the form of the fourth of them that walked in the furnace of Dura, that even the wrath of Idolatry knew for the likeness of the Son of God. The knowing that is here permitted to us is either of things outward only, as in those it is whose eyes Faith never opened, or else of that dark

§ 1. There are no sources of the emotion of Beauty more than those found in things visible.

[1] [Ch. iv. of sec. iii. in the Re-arranged Edition of 1883.]

[2] [Ed. 1 reads ". . . which though most feeble in its grasp and scanty . . ."]

[3] [Ed. 1 adds, "which it is not lawful for man to utter, . . ." In marking the revisions made after the first edition, the reader will already have observed how often Ruskin curtailed his words.]

part that her glass shows feebly, of things supernatural, that gleaming of the Divine form among the mortal crowd, which all may catch if they will climb the sycamore and wait: nor how much of God's abiding at the house may be granted to those that so seek, and how much more may be opened to them in the breaking of bread, cannot be said; but of that only we can reason which is in a measure revealed to all, of that which is by constancy and purity of affection to be found in the things and the beings around us upon earth.[1] Now among all those things whose beauty we have hitherto examined, there has been a measure of imperfection. Either inferiority of kind, as the beauty of the lower animals, or resulting from degradation, as in man himself; and although in considering the beauty of human form, we arrived at some conception of restoration, yet we found that even the restoration must be, in some respect, imperfect, as incapable of embracing all qualities, moral and intellectual, at once, neither to be freed from all signs of former evil done or suffered. Consummate beauty, therefore, is not to be found on earth, neither is it to be respecting humanity legitimately conceived. But by certain operations of the imagination upon ideas of beauty received from things around us, it is possible to conceive respecting superhuman creatures (of that which is more than creature, no creature ever conceived) a beauty in some sort greater than we see. Of this beauty, however, it is impossible to determine anything until we have traced the imaginative operations to which it owes its being, of which operations this much may be prematurely said, that they are not creative, that no new ideas are elicited by them, and that their whole function is only a certain dealing with, concentrating, or mode of regarding the impressions received from external things: that therefore, in the beauty to which they will conduct us, there will be found no new element,

§ 2. *What imperfection exists in visible things. How in a sort by imagination removable.*

§ 3. *Which, however, affects not our present conclusions.*

[1] [The Bible references in § 1 are Revelations xxi. 18; iv. 3, 6; Daniel iii. 25; Luke xix. 4; Acts ii. 42.]

but only a peculiar combination or phase of those elements that we now know; and that therefore we may at present draw all the conclusions with respect to the rank of the Theoretic faculty, which the knowledge of its subject matter can warrant.

§ 4. The four sources from which the sense of Beauty is derived are all Divine.

We have seen that this subject matter is referable to four general heads. It is either the record of conscience, written in things external, or it is a symbolizing of Divine attributes in matter, or it is the felicity of living things, or the perfect fulfilment of their duties and functions. In all cases it is something Divine; either the approving voice of God, the glorious symbol of Him, the evidence of His kind presence, or the obedience to His will by Him induced and supported.

All these subjects of contemplation are such as we may suppose will remain sources of pleasure to the perfected spirit throughout eternity. Divine in their nature, they are addressed to the immortal part of men.

§ 5. What objections may be made to this conclusion.

There remain, however, two points to be noticed before I can hope that this conclusion will be frankly accepted by the reader. If it be the moral part of us to which Beauty addresses itself, how does it happen, it will be asked, that it is ever found in the works of impious men, and how is it possible for such to desire or conceive it?

On the other hand, how does it happen that men in high state of moral culture are often insensible to the influence of material beauty: and insist feebly upon it as an instrument of soul culture?

These two objections I shall endeavour briefly to answer; not that they can be satisfactorily treated without that examination of the connection between all kinds of greatness in art,[1] on which I purpose to enter in the following volume.[2] For

[1] [Ed. 1 reads, "without that detailed examination of the whole body of great works of art, on which . . ."]

[2] [See in *Modern Painters*, ch. iii., "Of the Real Nature of Greatness of Style," and the succeeding chapters on the False and True Ideals.]

the right determination of these two questions is indeed the whole end and aim of my labour (and if it could be here accomplished, I should bestow no effort farther), namely, the proving that no supreme power of art can be attained by impious men; and that the neglect of art, as an interpreter of divine things, has been of evil consequence to the Christian world.*

At present, however, I would only meet such objections as must immediately arise in the reader's mind.

§ 6. *Typical beauty may be æsthetically pursued. Instances.*

And first, it will be remembered that I have, throughout the examination of Typical beauty, asserted our instinctive sense of it;[1] the moral *meaning* of it being only discoverable by reflection. Now this instinctive sense of it varies in intensity among men, being given, like the hearing ear of music, to some more than to others: and if those to whom it is given in large measure be unfortunately men of impious or unreflecting spirit, it is very possible that the perceptions of beauty should be by them cultivated on principles merely *æsthetic*,† and so lose their hallowing power; for though the good seed in them is altogether divine, yet, there being no blessing in the spring thereof, it brings forth wild grapes in the end. And yet these wild grapes are well discernible, like the deadly gourds of Gilgal.[2] There is in all works of such men a taint and stain, and jarring discord, darker[3] and louder exactly in proportion to the moral deficiency; of which the best proof and measure are to be found in their treatment of the human form (since in landscape it is nearly impossible to introduce definite

* It is extraordinary that these real motives of the book have never been asserted till now, and even here, thus hastily. I had no memory, myself, when I began the revision of the text, that it was anywise so pregnant with design of subsequent works. [1883.]

† I have italicised the word, that the reader may note the anticipation of the mischief which has since followed from this sect. [1883.]

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[1] [Ed. 1 reads less accurately "asserted its instinctive power; . . ." The italicising of "meaning" was introduced in ed. 2.]

[2] [2 Kings iv. 38–40.]

[3] [For "darker," ed. 1 reads unalliteratively "blacker."]

expression of evil),* of which the highest beauty has been attained only once, and then by no system-taught painter, but by a most holy Dominican monk of Fiesole: and beneath him all fall lower and lower in proportion to their inferior sanctity (though with more or less attainment of that which is noble, according to their intellectual power and earnestness), as Raffaelle in his St. Cecilia[1] (a mere study of a passionate, dark-eyed, large-formed Italian model); and even Perugino, in that there is about his noblest faces a short-coming, indefinable; an absence of the full outpouring of the sacred spirit that there is in Angelico; traceable, I doubt not, to some deficiencies and avaricious flaws of his heart, whose consequences in his conduct were such as to give Vasari hope that his lies might stick to him (for the contradiction of which in the main, if there be not contradiction enough in every line that the hand of Perugino drew, compare Rio; †[2] and note also what Rio has singularly missed observing, that Perugino, in his portrait of himself in the Florence Gallery, has put a scroll into the hand, with the words "Timete Deum," thus surely indicating what he considered his duty and message): and so all other even of the sacred painters, not to speak of the lower body of men in whom, on the one hand, there is marked sensuality and impurity in all that they seek of beauty, as in Correggio and Guido; or, on the other, a partial want of the sense of beauty itself, as in Rubens and Titian, exhibited in the adoption of coarse types of feature and form; sometimes,

* I had not seen, at this time, and could not have conceived the darkness and distortion of the vicious French schools of landscape. [1883.]

† *De la Poésie Chrétienne. Forme de l'Art.*

[1] ["The image with the lifted eyes," at Bologna, described in "The Broken Chain"; see Vol. II. p. 167 and *n.*]

[2] [Vasari's bias against the Umbrian master is, indeed, very marked, and there is no proof whatever that Perugino was irreligious or atheistic, as Vasari implies. The criminal records of Florence show, however, that he was of violent temper (see Symonds' *Renaissance*, iii. 218). The passage of Rio to which Ruskin refers is at p. 165 of the English ed. of 1854. The "Portrait of Perugino" in the Uffizi is inscribed on the back: "1494 D'Luglio Pietro Perugino Pinse Franco del Ope," and is now believed to represent, not Perugino himself, but Francesco delle Opere, a Florentine artist, a brother of Giovanni Corniole. For other references by Ruskin to Perugino, see below, sec. ii. ch. v. § 20, p. 330; and *Ariadne Florentina*, App. vi.]

also (of which I could find instances in modern times), by a want of evidence of delight in what they do; so that, after they have rendered some passage of exceeding beauty, they will suffer some discordant point to interfere with it, and it will not hurt them; as if they had no pleasure in that which was best, but had done it in inspiration that was not profitable to them; as deaf men might touch an instrument with a feeling in their heart, which yet returns not outwardly upon them, and so know not when they play false: and sometimes by total want of choice, for there is a choice of love in all rightly tempered men; not that ignorant and insolent choice which rejects half nature as empty of the right, but that pure choice that fetches the right out of everything; and where this is wanting, we may see men walking up and down in dry places, finding no rest;[1] ever and anon doing something noble and yet not following it up, but dwelling the next instant on something impure or profitless with the same intensity and yet impatience, so that they are ever wondered at and never sympathized with, and while they dazzle all they lead none; and then, beneath these again, we find others on whose works there are definite signs of evil desire ill repressed, and then inability to avoid, and at last perpetual seeking for, and feeding upon, horror and ugliness, and filthiness of sin; as eminently in Salvator and Caravaggio, and the lower Dutch schools, only in these last less painfully as they lose the villainous in the brutal, and the horror of crime in its idiocy.

§ 7. *How interrupted by false feeling.*

But secondly, it is to be noted that it is neither by us ascertainable what moments of pure feeling or aspiration may occur to men of minds apparently cold and lost, nor by us to be pronounced through what instruments, and in what strangely occurrent voices, God may choose to communicate good to men. It seems to me that much of what is great, and to all men beneficial, has been wrought by those who

§ 8. *Greatness and truth are sometimes by the Deity sustained and spoken in and through evil men.*

[1] [Matthew xii. 43.]

neither intended nor knew the good they did; and that many mighty harmonies have been discoursed by instruments that had been dumb or discordant, but that God knew their stops. The Spirit of Prophecy consisted with the avarice of Balaam, and the disobedience of Saul.[1] Could we spare from its page that parable, which he said, who saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open; though we know that the sword of his punishment was then sharp in its sheath beneath him in the plains of Moab? or shall we not lament with David over the shield, cast away on the Gilboa mountains, of him to whom God gave *another heart* that day, when he turned his back to go from Samuel?[2] It is not our part to look hardly, nor to look always, to the character or the deeds of men, but to accept from all of them, and to hold fast, that which we can prove good, and feel to be ordained for us. We know that whatever good there is in them is itself divine; and wherever we see the virtue of ardent labour and self-surrendering to a single purpose, wherever we find constant reference made to the written scripture of natural beauty, this at least we know is great and good; this we know is not granted by the counsel of God without purpose, nor maintained without result: their interpretation we may accept, into their labour we may enter, but they themselves must look to it, if what they do has no intent of good, nor any reference to the Giver of all gifts. Selfish in their industry, unchastened in their wills, ungrateful for the Spirit that is upon them, they may yet be helmed by that Spirit whithersoever the Governor listeth; involuntary instruments they may become of others' good; unwillingly they may bless Israel, doubtingly discomfit Amalek; but short-coming there will be of their glory, and sure, of their punishment.[3]

I believe I shall be able, incidentally, in succeeding investigations, to prove this short-coming, and to examine

[1] [Numbers xxiv. 4, 16.]
[2] [2 Samuel i. 21.]
[3] [James iii. 4; Exodus xvii. 8–13.]

the sources of it; not absolutely indeed (seeing that all reasoning on the characters of men must be treacherous, our knowledge on this head being as corrupt as it is scanty, while even in living with them it is impossible to trace the working, or estimate the errors, of great and self-secreted minds), but at least enough to establish the general principle upon such grounds of fact as may satisfy those who not too severely demand the practical proof (often in a measure impossible) of things which can hardly be doubted in their rational consequence. At present, it would be useless to enter on an examination for which we have no materials; and I proceed, therefore,[1] shortly to reply to that other objection urged against the real moral dignity of the faculty, that many Christian men seem to be in themselves without it, and even to discountenance it in others.

§ 9. The second objection arising from the coldness of Christian men to external beauty.

It has been said by Schiller, in his letters on æsthetic culture, that the sense of beauty never farthered the performance of a single duty.[2]

Although this gross and inconceivable falsity will hardly be accepted by any one in so many words, seeing that there are few who do not receive,[3] and know that they receive, at certain moments strength of some kind, or rebuke, from the appealings of outward things; and that it is not possible for a Christian man to walk across so much as a rood of the natural earth, with mind unagitated and rightly poised, without receiving strength and hope from some stone, flower, leaf, or sound, nor without a sense of a dew falling upon

[1] [Ed. 1 reads :—

"and I proceed, therefore, to notice that other and opposite error of Christian men in thinking that there is little use or value in the operation of the Theoretic faculty; not that I at present feel myself capable, or that this is the place for the discussion of that vast question of the operation of Taste (as it is called) on the minds of men, and the national value of its teaching, but I wish shortly to reply to that objection which might be urged to the real moral dignity . . ."]

[2] [See, for statements in that sense, Letter 10 of the "Letters upon the Æsthetic Culture of the Man" (in the book cited above, p. 122 *n.*). Such statements, taken by themselves, hardly represent Schiller's theories.]

[3] [Ed. 1 reads, "so many terms, seeing that there are few so utterly lost but that they receive . . ."]

him out of the sky; though, I say, this falsity is not wholly and in terms admitted, yet it seems to be partly and practically so in much of the doing and teaching even of holy men, who in the recommending of the love of God to us, refer but seldom to those things in which it is most abundantly and immediately shown: though they insist much on His giving of bread, and raiment, and health (which He gives to all inferior creatures), they require us not to thank Him for that glory of His works which He has permitted us alone to perceive: they tell us often to meditate in the closet, but they send us not, like Isaac, into the fields at even;[1] they dwell on the duty of self-denial, but they exhibit not the duty of delight. Now there are reasons for this, manifold, in the toil and warfare of an earnest mind, which, in its efforts at the raising of men from utter loss and misery, has often but little time or disposition to take heed of anything more than the mere life, and of those so occupied it is not for us to judge; but I think that of the weaknesses, distresses, vanities, schisms, and sins, which often, even in the holiest men, diminish their usefulness, and mar their happiness, there would be fewer if, in their struggle with nature fallen, they sought for more aid from nature undestroyed. It seems to me that the real sources of bluntness in the feelings towards the splendour of the grass and glory of the flower,[2] are less to be found in ardour of occupation, in seriousness of compassion, or heavenliness of desire, than in the turning of the eye at intervals of rest too selfishly within; the want of power to shake off the anxieties of actual and near interest, and to leave results in God's hands; the scorn of all that does not seem immediately apt for our purposes, or open to our understanding, and perhaps something of pride,

§ 10. *Reasons for this coldness in the anxieties of the world. These anxieties overwrought and criminal.*

[1] [Genesis xxiv. 63.]

[2] [Wordsworth: *Intimations of Immortality*:—

"Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind."]

which desires rather to investigate than to feel. (I believe that the root of almost every schism and heresy from which the Christian church has ever suffered, has been the effort of men to earn, rather than to receive, their salvation; and that the reason that preaching is so commonly ineffectual is, that it calls on men oftener to work for God, than to behold God working for them.)* If, for every[1] rebuke that we utter of men's vices, we put forth a claim upon their hearts; if, for every assertion of God's demands from them, we could substitute a display of His kindness to them; if side by side, with every warning of death, we could exhibit proofs and promises of immortality; if, in fine, instead of assuming the being of an awful Deity, which men, though they cannot and dare not deny, are always unwilling, sometimes unable, to conceive, we were to show them a near, visible, inevitable, but all beneficent Deity, whose presence makes the earth itself a heaven, I think there would be fewer deaf children sitting in the market-place.[2] At all events, whatever may be the inability, in this present life, to mingle the full enjoyment of the Divine works with the full discharge of every practical duty, and confessedly in many cases this must be, let us not attribute the inconsistency to any indignity of the faculty of contemplation, but to the sin and the suffering of the fallen state, and the change of order from the keeping of the garden to the tilling of the ground. We cannot say how far it is right or agreeable with God's will, while men are perishing round about us; while grief

§ 11. *Evil consequences of such coldness.*

§ 12. *Theoria the service of Heaven.*

* This eleventh paragraph, as being extremely palatable to everybody, and especially to the amiable Protestant, has been more quoted, I suppose, than any sentence I ever wrote. The first clause of it, now put as a parenthesis, should be at once cancelled, if in this reprint I cancelled anything: but becomes pardonable to me, when I see the general fervour of belief in God's goodness, and man's possible happiness, which runs throughout all the theology in this volume. The close of the paragraph is good and valuable. [1883.]

[1] [This passage, "If, for every rebuke . . . in the market-place," is § 79 of *Frondes Agrestes.*]

[2] [Luke vii. 32.]

and pain, and wrath, and impiety, and death, and all the powers of the air, are working wildly and evermore,[1] and the cry of blood going up to heaven, that any of us should take hand from the plough; but this we know, that there will come a time when the service of God shall be the beholding of Him; and though in these stormy seas where we are now driven up and down, His Spirit is dimly seen on the face of the waters, and we are left to cast anchors out of the stern, and wish for the day, that day will come, when, with the evangelists on the crystal and stable sea, all the creatures of God shall be full of eyes within, and there shall be "no more curse, but His servants shall serve Him, and shall see His face."[2]

[1] [Here a characteristic instance may be noted, in comparing the text with the MS., of the chastening to which Ruskin subjected his words. The MS. reads, ". . . all the powers of the air are turning the heap of human dust over and over with their reeking spades."]

[2] [The Bible references in § 12 are Genesis ii. 15, iii. 23, i. 2; Revelations iv. 6, 8, xxii. 3, 4.]

SECTION II

OF THE IMAGINATIVE FACULTY

INTRODUCTORY NOTE (1883)[1]

1. In revising this terminal division of my former second volume, I find less to be corrected or condemned than in the previous chapters; but far more, were it conveniently now possible, to be supplied. The treatment of this part of the subject is not only incomplete, but involves the omission of all the most important practical questions in the useless curiosity of analysis, just as a common anatomist describes the action of muscles in walking, without thereby helping anybody to walk, or those of a bird's wing in flying, without defining the angles of its stroke to the air.[2] I have thus examined at tedious length the various actions of human conception and memory, without helping any one to conceive, or to remember; and, at least in this part of the book, scarcely touching at all on the primary questions (both moral and intellectual) how far the will has power over the imagination. It was perhaps in reality fortunate that I should not have entered on these higher inquiries till I was older and more experienced; nor shall I now attempt to remedy such defects by hasty patching of the text or fortuitous addition of notes to it. One or two introductory observations may, however, make this imperfect essay more useful, so far as it reaches.

2. In the first place, the reader must be warned not to trouble himself with the distinctions, attempted or alluded to, between Fancy and Imagination. The subject is jaded, the matter of it insignificant, and the settlement of it practically

[1] [Inserted at the beginning of vol. ii. of the re-arranged edition (1883)].
[2] [Cf. *Love's Meinie*, Lecture ii.]

impossible, not merely because everybody has his own theory, but also because nobody ever states his own in terms on which other people are agreed. I am myself now entirely indifferent which word I use; and should say of a work of art that it was well "fancied," or well "invented," or well "imagined," with only some shades of different meaning in the application of the terms, rather dependent on the matter treated, than the power of mind involved in the treatment. I might agree with Sir Piercie Shafton that his doublet was well fancied,[1] or that his figure of speech was well conceived, and might perhaps reserve the word "imagined" for the design of an angel's dress by Giotto, or the choice of a simile by Dante. But such distinctions are scarcely more than varieties of courtesy or dignity in the use of words; and I could not in essential nature of faculty distinguish Sir Piercie's designing from Giotto's, except, as I said, with respect to the matter of it, and the fixture of his attention rather on the dress than the angel. Briefly, the power of the human mind to invent circumstances, forms, or scenes, at its pleasure, may be generally and properly called "imagination;" while the especial power of intellect required to handle the different subjects of invention varies in so many modes that it is of no use to try to find words for them. Sir Piercie (to keep to one example) is at no loss for new metaphors, or for new patterns of colour, but he is struck dumb when required to invent a story; and stands helpless by, hearing with mere amazement Mysie Happer's flowing relation to the inquiring landlord "that Ball, her palfrey, had fallen by the way, because he had been overwrought with carrying home the last melder of meal to the portioner of Longhope; and that she had turned in Ball to graze in the Taskers' Park, near Cripplecross, for he had stood as still as Lot's wife with very weariness; and that the knight had courteously insisted she should ride behind him, and that she had brought him to her kind friend's hostelry rather than to proud Peter Peddie's, who got his malt at the Mellerstane Mills; and that he must get the best the house

[1] [See *The Monastery*, ch. xxvii., and for the passage quoted further on, ch. xxix.]

afforded, and that he must get it ready in a moment of time, and that she was ready to help in the kitchen." It seems to me, indeed, probable, from my general experience, and observation, that the distinction thus implied by Scott between the gifts of ornamental designs and of circumstantial invention, may be well grounded, and perhaps demonstrable by a sufficient comparison of biographies; yet these faculties are usually possessed in the same relative proportion by great painters, so that the pictures most entertaining by their incidents are usually also the richest in their ornament; and certainly if Miss Edgeworth, in that unbounded faith in the directing power of education which she learnt from Johnson, had been one of the company on any of the happy days when Scott took Turner to show him the best views of the scenery of Abbotsford,[1] she would assuredly, had the question been mooted, have maintained that Scott, had he chosen, might have been the brightest of landscape painters, and Turner, under better literary culture, have written the *Lady of the Lake.*

3. But a far more important subject of inquiry than any respecting the various kinds or powers of imagination is the degree in which all of them are subject to the control of the will, and liable to disease through the absence of direction and discipline. No attempt whatever, so far as I have observed, has yet been made by physicians to distinguish the morbid developments or disturbances of really strong intellectual powers from those which result from conditions of weakness or deficiency in them, as, for instance, the ordinary spectre seen by most persons in a state of feverish exhaustion from the visions of over-excited religious or poetical fancy. In all cases when it is involuntary, the vision or imagination may be considered as morbid (unless admitted to be supernatural); but even on the simplest principles of physical investigation the visions of St. Paul or St. Anthony are not to be classed with those of common delirium, and still less the powers

[1] [See Lockhart's *Life of Scott,* ch. lxxx., where Scott's walks with Turner are described.]

which can be summoned at will, and directed to chosen objects, with those which enslave the conscience, and resist the reason, of their possessor.[1]

4. I scarcely now remember how far through a true sense of my inability at that time to deal with them adequately, or how far through imperfect sense of their importance, all these subjects of inquiry have been waived in the following essay, but I felicitate the reader on the neglect of which I am nevertheless myself ashamed; and believe that the conclusions arrived at are safer in their narrowness than they could have been in pretending to include the total field of investigation.

The reader must therefore remember throughout that the "Imagination" spoken of is meant only to include the healthy, voluntary, and necessary action of the highest powers of the human mind on subjects properly demanding and justifying their exertion;[2] and that, without adopting, if he think them inaccurate, the terms I have used for any special kind of them, he may yet be helped, by the analysis I have given, to follow with more pleasurable interest the various operations of constructive or inventive genius on the common material of the external world.

[1] [With the distinctions here drawn between morbid and healthy action of the imagination, should be compared *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 88 (Feb. 8, 1880), where Ruskin emphasises "the precise and sharp distinction between the state of morbid inflammation of brain which gives rise to false vision" and "the not morbid, however dangerous, states of more or less excited temper, and too much quickened thought." Compare also, for the healthy exercise of the imagination in seeing visions and painting or describing them "from the life," *Deucalion* (chapter entitled "Revision," § 18) and *Lectures on Art*, §§ 45, 46. See also below, Ruskin's remarks on Bunyan, p. 349 *n.*]

[2] [See *Pleasures of England*, "The Pleasures of Fancy," § 89, where Ruskin quotes this passage and explains that it means "that all healthy minds possess imagination, and use it at will, under fixed laws of truthful perception and memory." Compare *Deucalion*, ii. ch. i., where Ruskin gives an example to "show you in a moment what long chapters of *Modern Painters* were written to explain,—how the real faculty of imagination is always true, and goes straight to its mark; but people with no imagination are always false, and blunder or drivel about their mark." Ruskin's chapter on the Imagination may appropriately be compared with Lamb's essay on the "Sanity of True Genius," where many of the same points are made—*e.g.* "The true poet dreams being awake. He is not possessed by his subject but has dominion over it. . . . From beyond the scope of Nature if he summon possible existences, he subjugates them to the law of her consistency. . . . Herein the great and little wits are differenced; that if the latter wander ever so little from nature or actual existence, they lose themselves and their readers. Their phantoms are lawless; their visions nightmares."]

CHAPTER I

OF THE THREE FORMS OF IMAGINATION

§ 1. *A partial examination only of the Imagination is to be attempted.*

We have hitherto been exclusively occupied with those sources of pleasure which exist in the external creation, and which in any faithful copy of it must to a certain extent exist also.

These sources of beauty, however, are not presented by any very great work of art in a form of pure transcript. They invariably receive the reflection of the mind under whose influence* they have passed, and are modified or coloured by its image.

This modification is the Work of Imagination.

As, in the course of our succeeding investigation, we shall be called upon constantly to compare sources of beauty existing in nature with the images of them received by the human mind, it is very necessary for us shortly to review the conditions and limits of the Imaginative faculty, and to ascertain by what tests we may distinguish its sane, healthy, and profitable operation, from that which is erratic, diseased, and dangerous.

It is neither desirable nor possible here to examine or illustrate in full the essence of this mighty faculty. Such an examination would require a review of the whole field of literature, and would alone demand a volume.† Our present task is not to explain or exhibit full portraiture of this function of the mind in all its relations, but only to obtain some certain tests by which we may determine whether

* In the old editions, "shadow." I change to "influence," because it is not the proper work of intellect to cast shadows on what it observes. [1883.]

† "Many and many volumes," I should have said. It had, altogether, more than a volume to itself, as it was,—scattered through five of the old edition,—and was then not half analyzed. [1883.]

it be very Imagination or not, and unmask all impersonations of it; and this chiefly with respect to art, for in literature the faculty takes a thousand forms according to the matter it has to treat, and becomes like the princess of the Arabian tale, sword, eagle, or fire, according to the war it wages;[1] sometimes piercing, sometimes soaring, sometimes illumining, retaining no image of itself, except its supernatural power; so that I shall content myself with tracing that particular form of it, and unveiling those imitations of it only, which are to be found, or feared, in painting, referring to other creations of mind only for illustration.

§ 2. *The works of the Metaphysicians, how nugatory with respect to this faculty.*

Unfortunately, the works of metaphysicians will afford us in this most interesting inquiry, no aid whatsoever. They who are constantly endeavouring to fathom and explain the essence of the faculties of mind, are sure, in the end, to lose sight of all that cannot be explained (though it may be defined and felt); and because, as I shall presently show, the essence of the Imaginative faculty is utterly mysterious and inexplicable, and to be recognized in its results only, or in the negative results of its absence, the metaphysicians, as far as I am acquainted with their works, miss it altogether, and never reach higher than a definition of Fancy by a false name.

What I understand by fancy will presently appear: not that I contend for nomenclature, but only for distinction between two mental faculties, by whatever name they be called; one the source of all that is great in the poetic arts, the other merely decorative and entertaining; but which are often confounded together, and which have so much in common as to render strict definition of either difficult.

§ 3. *D. Stewart's definition, how inadequate.*

Dugald Stewart's meagre definition may serve us for a starting point. "Imagination," he says, "includes conception or simple apprehension, which enables us to form a notion of those former objects of perception or of knowledge, out of which we are to make a

[1] [The reference is to the story of the Second Royal Mendicant, ch. iii. of *The Arabian Nights* (Lane's edition)].

selection; abstraction, which separates the selected materials from the qualities and circumstances which are connected with them in nature; and judgment or taste, which selects the materials and directs their combination. To these powers we may add that particular habit of association to which I formerly gave the name of Fancy; as it is this which presents to our choice all the different materials which are subservient to the efforts of imagination, and which may therefore be considered as forming the ground-work of poetical genius." [1]

(By Fancy in this passage, we find on referring to the chapter treating of it, that nothing more is meant than the rapid occurrence of ideas of sense to the mind.)

Now, in this definition, the very point and purpose of all the inquiry is missed. We are told that judgment or taste "directs the combination." In order that anything may be directed, an end must be previously determined; what is the faculty that determines this end? and of what frame and make, how boned and fleshed, how conceived or seen, is the end itself? Bare judgment or taste, cannot approve of what has no existence; and yet by Dugald Stewart's definition we are left to their catering among a host of conceptions, to produce a combination which, as they work for, they must see and approve before it exists. This power of prophecy is the very essence of the whole matter, and it is just that inexplicable part which the metaphysician misses.

§ 4. *His instance nugatory.*

As might be expected from his misunderstanding of the faculty he has given an instance entirely nugatory.* It would be difficult to find in Milton a passage in which less power of imagination was shown, than the description of Eden, if, as I suppose, this be

* He continues thus: "To illustrate these observations, let us consider the steps by which Milton must have proceeded in creating his imaginary garden of Eden. When he first proposed to himself that subject of description, it is reasonable to suppose that a variety of the most striking scenes which he had seen, crowded into his mind. The association of ideas suggested them, and the power of conception placed each of them before him with all its beauties and imperfections. In every natural scene, if we destine

[1] [*Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, Part i. ch. viii.; ed. 1843, p. 257.]

the passage meant, at the beginning of the fourth book, where I can find three expressions only in which this power is shown; the "*burnished* with golden rind, hung amiable," of the Hesperian fruit, the "*lays forth* her purple grape" of the vine, and the "*fringed* bank with myrtle crowned" of the lake:* and these are not what Stewart meant, but only that accumulation of bowers, groves, lawns, and hillocks, which is not imagination at all, but composition, and that of the commonest kind. Hence if we take any passage in which there is real imagination, we shall find Stewart's hypothesis not only inefficient and obscure, but utterly inapplicable.

Take one or two at random.

§ 5. *Various instances.*

"On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war."

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it for any particular purpose, there are defects and redundancies, which art may sometimes, but cannot always correct. But the power of Imagination is unlimited. She can create and annihilate, and dispose at pleasure, her woods, her rocks, and her rivers. Milton, accordingly, would not copy his Eden from any one scene, but would select from each the features which were most eminently beautiful. The power of abstraction enabled him to make the separation, and taste directed him in the selection."

* I ought at once to have explained here what I meant, myself, by imagination;[1] and how these three words gave evidence of it. I meant, and always do mean by it, primarily, the power of seeing anything we describe as if it were real; so that, looking at it as we describe (or paint), points may strike us which will give a vividness to the description that would not have occurred to vague memory, or been easily borrowed from the expressions of other writers. Any ordinary author might have spoken of oranges as golden, of grapes as purple, or of a bank as crowned with myrtle; but the conception is much more distinct and forcible which catches the lustre on the luminous rind, feels the weight of cluster in bending the festooned branches to the ground, or sees, in the distance, the delicate branches becoming a fringe at the lake's border. On the contrary, the mere collection of the most agreeable features from various scenes is in the power of ordinary industry, and is rather the folly of vulgar minds than the strength of distinguished ones. No intelligent traveller would ask a landscape-painter to gather for him into one canvas the cascade of Terni, the lake of Nemi, and the promontory of Sestri. [1883.]

[1] [*Cf.* Ruskin's index to *Fors Clavigera* for 1871 and 1872, *s.* "Imagination."]

(Note that the word incensed is to be taken in its literal and material sense, set on fire.) What taste or judgment was it that directed this combination? or is there nothing more than taste or judgment here?

"Ten paces huge
He back recoiled; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstaid; as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had pushed a mountain from his seat,
Half-sunk with all his pines."

"Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her *sultry* horn."

"Missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, *as if her head she bowed,*
Stooping through a fleecy cloud."[1]

It is evident that Stewart's explanation utterly fails in all these instances; for there is in them no "combination" whatsoever, but a particular mode of regarding the qualities or appearances of a single thing, illustrated and conveyed to us by the image of another; and the act of imagination, observe, is not the selection of this image, but the mode of regarding the object.

But the metaphysician's definition fails yet more utterly, when we look at the imagination neither as regarding, nor combining, but as penetrating.

"My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons."[2]

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[1] [The quotations are from (1) *Paradise Lost*, ii. 707; (2) *Paradise Lost*, vi. 193; (3) *Lycidas*, 25; (4) *Il Penseroso*, 65.]

[2] [*Coriolanus*, Act ii. sc. i.]

How did Shakespeare *know* that Virgilia could not speak?

This knowledge, this intuitive and penetrative perception, is still one of the forms, the highest, of imagination, but there is no combination of images here.

§ 6. *The three operations of the Imagination: Penetrative, Associative, Contemplative.*

We find, then, that the Imagination has three totally distinct functions. It combines, and by combination creates new forms; but the secret principle of this combination has not been shown by the analysts. Again, it treats, or regards, both the simple images and its own combinations in peculiar ways; and, thirdly, it penetrates, analyzes, and reaches truths by no other faculty discoverable. These its three functions, I shall endeavour to illustrate, but not in this order: the most logical mode of treatment would be to follow the order in which commonly the mind works; that is, penetrating first, combining next, and treating or regarding, finally; but this arrangement would be inconvenient, because the acts of penetration and of regard are so closely connected, and so like in their relations to other mental acts, that I wish to examine them consecutively; and the rather, because they have to do with higher subject matter than the mere act of combination, whose distinctive nature, that property which makes it imagination and not composition, it will, I think, be best to explain at setting out, as we easily may, in subjects familiar and material. I shall therefore examine the Imaginative faculty in these three forms; first, as Combining or Associative; secondly, as Analytic or Penetrative; thirdly, as Regardant or Contemplative.

CHAPTER II

OF IMAGINATION ASSOCIATIVE

In order to render our inquiry as easy as possible, we shall consider the dealing of the Associative imagination with the simplest possible matter,—that is, with conceptions of material things. First, therefore, we must define the nature of these conceptions themselves. *§ 1. Of simple Conception.*

After beholding and examining any material object, our knowledge respecting it exists in two different forms. Some facts exist in the brain in a verbal form, as known, but not conceived; as, for instance, that it was heavy or light, that it was eight inches and a quarter long, etc., of which length we cannot have accurate conception, but only such a conception as might attach to a length of seven inches or nine; and which fact we may recollect without any conception of the object at all. Other facts respecting it exist in the brain in a visible form, not always visible, but visible at will, as its being of such a colour, or having such and such a complicated shape: as the form of a rose-bud for instance, which it would be difficult to express verbally, neither is it retained by the brain in a verbal form, but a visible one: that is, when we wish for knowledge of its form for immediate use, we summon up a vision or image of the thing; we do not remember it in words, as we remember the fact that it took so many days to blow, or that it was gathered at such and such a time.

The knowledge of things retained in this visible form is called Conception by the metaphysicians, which term I shall retain; it is inaccurately called Imagination by Taylor, in the passage quoted by Wordsworth in the preface to his

poems;[1] not but that the term Imagination is etymologically and rightly expressive of it, but we want that term for a higher faculty.

§ 2. *How connected with verbal knowledge.*

There are many questions respecting this faculty of conception of very great interest; such as the exact amount of aid that verbal knowledge renders to visible knowledge (as, for instance, the verbal knowledge that a flower has five, or seven, or ten petals, or that a muscle is inserted at such and such a point of the bone, aids the conception of the flower or the limb); and again, what amount of aid the visible knowledge renders to the verbal; as, for instance, whether any one, being asked a question about some animal or thing which instantly and from verbal knowledge he cannot answer, may have such power of summoning up the image of the animal or thing as to ascertain the fact by actual beholding (which I do not assert, but can conceive to be possible); and again, what is that indefinite and subtle character of the conception itself in most men, which admits not of being by themselves traced or realized, and yet is a sure test of likeness in any representation of the thing; like an intaglio, with a front light on it, whose lines cannot be seen, and yet they will fit one definite form only, and that accurately; these and many other questions it is irrelevant at present to determine,* since to forward our present purpose, it will be well to suppose the conception aided by verbal knowledge to be absolutely perfect; and we will suppose a man to retain such clear image of a large number of the material things he has seen, as to be able to set down any of them on paper, with perfect fidelity and absolute memory † of their most minute features.

In thus setting them down on paper, he works, I suppose,

* Compare Chapter IV. of this Section.

† On the distinction rightly made by the metaphysicians between conception absolute, and conception accompanied by reference to past time (or memory), it is of no use here to insist.

[1] [The reference is to the Preface to the edition of 1815. The passage there cited from W. Taylor (*British Synonyms Discriminated*) is: "A man has imagination in proportion as he can distinctly copy in idea the impressions of sense; it is the faculty which *images* within the mind the phenomena of sensation."]

exactly as he would work from nature, only copying the remembered image in his mind, instead of the real thing. He is, therefore, still nothing more than a copyist. There is no exercise of imagination in this whatsoever.

§ 3. *How used in composition.*

But over these images, vivid and distinct as nature herself, he has a command which over nature he has not. He can summon any that he chooses; and if, therefore, any group of them which he received from nature be not altogether to his mind, he is at liberty to remove some of the component images, and others foreign, and re-arrange the whole.

Let us suppose, for instance, that he has perfect knowledge of the forms of the Aiguilles Verte and Argentière, and of the great glacier between them at the upper extremity of the valley of Chamonix. The forms of the mountains please him, but the presence of the glacier suits not his purpose. He removes the glacier, sets the mountains further apart, and introduces between them part of the valley of the Rhone.

This is composition, and is what Dugald Stewart mistook for imagination, in the kingdom of which noble faculty it has no part nor lot.

§ 4. *Characteristics of Composition.*

The essential acts of Composition, properly so called, are the following. The mind which desires the new feature summons up before it those images which it supposes to be the kind wanted; of these it takes the one which it supposes to be fittest, and tries it; if it will not answer, it tries another, until it has obtained such an association as pleases it.

In this operation, if it be of little sensibility, it regards only the absolute beauty or value of the images brought before it; and takes that or those which it thinks fairest or most interesting, without any regard to their sympathy with those for whose company they are destined. Of this kind is all vulgar composition; the "Mulino" of Claude, described in the preface to the First Part, being a characteristic example.[1]

[1] [See Vol. III. p. 41.]

If the mind be of higher feeling, it will look to the sympathy or contrast of the features, to their likeness or dissimilarity: it will take, as it thinks best, features resembling or discordant; and if, when it has put them together, it be not satisfied, it will repeat the process on the features themselves, cutting away one part and putting in another; so working more and more delicately down to the lowest details, until by dint of experiment, of repeated trials and shiftings, and constant reference to principles (as that two lines must not mimic one another, that one mass must not be equal to another), etc., it has mortised together a satisfactory result.

§ 5. What powers are implied by it. The first of the three functions of fancy.

This process will be more and more rapid and effective, in proportion to the artist's powers of conception and association, these in their turn depending on his knowledge and experience. The distinctness of his powers of conception will give value, point, and truth to every fragment that he draws from memory. His powers of association, and his knowledge of nature, will pour out before him, in greater or less number and appositeness, the images from which to choose. His experience guides him to quick discernment in the combination, when made, of the parts that are offensive and require change.

The most elevated power of mind of all these is that of association, by which images apposite or resemblant, or of whatever kind wanted, are called up quickly and in multitudes. When this power is very brilliant, it is called Fancy; not that this is the only meaning of the word Fancy; but it is the meaning of it in relation to that function of the imagination which we are here considering; for fancy has three functions; one subordinate to each of the three functions of the imagination.

Great differences of power are manifested among artists in this respect; some having hosts of distinct images always at their command, and rapidly discerning resemblance or contrast; others having few images, and obscure, at their disposal, nor readily governing those they have.

Where the powers of fancy are very brilliant, the picture becomes highly interesting; if her images are systematically and rightly combined, and truthfully rendered, it will become even impressive and instructive; if wittily and curiously combined, it will be captivating and entertaining.

§ 6. *Imagination not yet manifested.*

But all this time the imagination has not once shown itself. All this (except the gift of fancy) may be taught; all this is easily comprehended and analyzed; but imagination is neither to be taught, nor by any efforts to be attained, nor by any acuteness of discernment dissected or analyzed.

It has been said that in composition the mind can only take cognizance of likeness or dissimilarity, or of abstract beauty among the ideas it brings together. But neither likeness nor dissimilarity secures harmony. We saw in the Chapter on Unity that likeness destroyed harmony or unity of membership;[1] and that difference did not necessarily secure it, but only that particular *imperfection* in each of the harmonizing parts which can only be supplied by its fellow part. If, therefore, the combination made is to be harmonious,* the artist must induce in each of its component parts (suppose two only, for simplicity's sake), such imperfection as that the other shall put it right. If one of them be perfect by itself, the other will be an excrescence. Both must be faulty when separate, and each corrected by the presence of the other. If he can accomplish this, the result will be beautiful; it will be a whole, an organized body with dependent members;—he is an inventor. If not, let his separate features be as beautiful,

* The use of this word ought to have shown me the narrowness, and, if generalized, the fallacy of this theory of imperfection. Musicians, indeed, speak of the imperfection of chords, without certain notes required for their completion or resolution; but the separate notes in either melody or harmony are not themselves faultful or painful. The theory stated in the text applies in music only to the use of discords; and in painting applies but vaguely and doubtfully to anything. Two wrongs do, indeed, in pictures, sometimes make a right: but it is much more likely they will make a third wrong; and the several parts of a beautiful composition may often be as lovely as the whole. [1883.]

[1] [Sec. i. ch. vi. § 4, p. 95.]

as apposite, or as resemblant as they may, they form no whole. They are two members glued together. He is only a carpenter and joiner.

§ 7. *Imagination associative is the* co-relative conception of imperfect component parts.

Now, the conceivable imperfections of any single feature are infinite. It is impossible, therefore, to fix upon a form of imperfection in the one, and try with this all the forms of imperfection of the other until one fits; but the two imperfections must be co-relatively and simultaneously conceived.

This is Imagination, properly so called; imagination associative, the grandest mechanical power that the human intelligence possesses, and one which will appear more and more marvellous the longer we consider it. By its operation, two ideas are chosen out of an infinite mass (for it evidently matters not whether the imperfections be conceived out of the infinite number conceivable, or selected out of a number recollected), two ideas which are *separately wrong*, which together shall be right, and of whose unity, therefore, the idea must be formed at the instant they are seized, as it is only in that unity that either is good, and therefore only the *conception of that unity can prompt the preference.** Now, what is that prophetic action of mind, which out of an infinite mass of things that cannot be tried together, seizes, at the same instant, two that are fit for each other; together right, yet each disagreeable alone?

§ 8. *Material analogy with Imagination.*

This operation of mind, so far as I can see, is absolutely inexplicable, but there is something like it in chemistry.[1]

"The action of sulphuric acid on metallic zinc affords an instance of what was once called Disposing Affinity.

* This anticipatory preference or determination takes place whether the parts to be combined are beautiful or ugly. The following chemical illustration is not inapt, and the rest of the chapter, with some abatement of its hyperbole, true. [1883.]

[1] [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 83 (1877): "Among the other virtues of the great classic masters, this of enchanted Design is, of all, the least visible to the present apothecary mind; for although, when I first gave analysis of the inventive power in *Modern Painters*, I was best able to illustrate its combining method by showing that 'there was something like it in chemistry,' it is precisely what *is* like it in chemistry, that the chemist of to-day denies."]

Zinc decomposes pure water at common temperatures with extreme slowness; but as soon as sulphuric acid is added, decomposition of the water takes place rapidly, though the acid merely unites with oxide of zinc. The former explanation was, that the affinity of the acid for oxide of zinc disposed the metal to unite with oxygen, and thus enabled it to decompose water; that is, the oxide of zinc was supposed to produce an effect previous to its existence. The obscurity of this explanation arises from regarding changes as consecutive, which are in reality simultaneous. There is no succession in the process, the oxide of zinc is not formed previously to its combination with the acid, but at the same instant. There is, as it were, but one chemical change, which consists in the combination, at one and the same moment, of zinc with oxygen, and of oxide of zinc with the acid; and this change occurs because these two affinities, acting together, overcome the attraction of oxygen and hydrogen for one another." *

Now, if the imaginative artist will permit us, with all deference, to represent his combining intelligence under the figure of sulphuric acid; and if we suppose the fragment of zinc to be embarrassed among infinitely numerous fragments of diverse metals, and the oxygen dispersed and mingled among gases countless and indistinguishable; we shall have an excellent type, in material things, of the action of the imagination on the immaterial. Both actions are, I think, inexplicable; for, however simultaneous the chemical changes may be, yet the causing power is the affinity of the acid for what has no existence. It is neither to be explained how that affinity operates on atoms uncombined, nor how the artist's desire for an unconceived whole prompts him to the selection of necessary divisions.

§ 9. *The grasp and dignity of Imagination.*

This operation would be wonderful enough, if it were concerned with two ideas only. But a powerfully imaginative mind seizes and combines

* *Elements of Chemistry,* by the late Edward Turner, M.D., part ii. sec. iv.

at the same instant, not only two, but all the important ideas of its poem or picture; and while it works with any one of them, it is at the same instant working with and modifying all in their relations to it, never losing sight of their bearings on each other; as the motion of a snake's body goes through all parts at once, and its volition acts at the same instant in coils that go contrary ways.

This faculty is indeed something that looks as if man were made after the image of God. It is inconceivable, admirable, altogether divine; and yet, wonderful as it may seem, it is palpably evident that no less an operation is necessary for the production of any great work: for, by the definition of Unity of Membership (the essential characteristic of greatness), not only certain couples or groups of parts, but *all* the parts of a noble work must be separately imperfect; each must imply, and ask for all the rest, and the glory of every one of them must consist in its relation to the rest; neither while so much as one is wanting can any be right. And it is evidently impossible to conceive, in each separate feature, a certain want or wrongness which can only be corrected by the other features of the picture (not by one or two merely, but by all), unless, together with the want, we conceive also of what is wanted, that is, of all the rest of the work or picture. Hence Fuseli:—

"Second thoughts are admissible in painting and poetry only as dressers of the first conception; no great idea was ever formed in fragments."

"He alone can conceive and compose, who sees the whole at once before him."[1]

§ 10. *Its limits.* There is, however, a limit to the power of all human imagination. When the relations to be observed are *absolutely* necessary, and highly complicated, the mind cannot grasp them; and the result is a total deprivation of all power of imagination associative in such matter. For this reason, no human mind has ever conceived a new

[1] [Aphorisms 71 and 72; *Life and Writings*, iii. 85.]

animal.* For as it is evident that in an animal, every part implies all the rest; that is, the form of the eye involves the form of the brow and nose, these the form of the forehead and lip, these of the head and chin, and so on, so that it is physically impossible to conceive of any one of these members, unless we conceive the relation it bears to the whole animal; and as this relation is necessary, certain, and complicated, allowing of no licence or inaccuracy, the intellect utterly fails under the load, and is reduced to mere composition; putting the bird's wing on men's shoulders, or half the human body to half the horse's, in doing which there is no action of imagination, but only of fancy; though in the treatment and contemplation of the compound form there may be much imagination, as we shall presently see. (Chap. III. § 29.)

§ 11. *How manifested in treatment of uncertain relations. Its deficiency illustrated.*

The matter, therefore, in which associative imagination can be shown is that which admits of great licence and variety of arrangement, and in which a certain amount of relation only is required; as especially in the elements of landscape painting, in which best it may be illustrated.

When an unimaginative painter is about to draw a tree, (and we will suppose him, for better illustration of the point in question, to have good feeling and correct knowledge of the nature of trees,) he probably lays on his paper such a general form as he knows to be characteristic of the tree to be drawn, and such as he believes will fall in agreeably with the other masses of his picture, which we will suppose partly prepared. When this form is set down, he assuredly finds it has done something he did not intend it to do. It has mimicked some prominent line, or overpowered some necessary mass. He begins pruning and changing, and, after several experiments, succeeds in obtaining a form which does no material mischief to any other. To this form he

* Too bold a negative; yet it is true that imagined animals are nearly always feebler or less interesting than real ones. In the "Voyage of Violet, Guy, and Lionel," the Quangle-wangle always hides its head. [1883.][1]

[1] [Edward Lear's *Nonsense Songs and Stories.*]

proceeds to attach a trunk, and, working probably on a received notion or rule (for the unimaginative[1] painter never works without a principle) that tree trunks ought to lean first one way and then the other as they go up, and ought not to stand under the middle of the tree, he sketches a serpentine form of requisite propriety; when it has gone up far enough, that is, till it looks disagreeably long, he will begin to ramify it; and if there be another tree in the picture with two large branches, he knows that this, by all laws of composition, ought to have three or four, or some different number; and because he knows that if three or four branches start from the same point they will look formal, therefore he makes them start from points one above another; and because equal distances are improper, therefore they shall start at unequal distances. When they are fairly started, he knows they must undulate or go backwards and forwards, which accordingly he makes them do at random; and because he knows that all forms ought to be contrasted, he makes one bend down while the other three go up. The three that go up he knows must not go up without interfering with each other, and so he makes two of them cross. He thinks it also proper that there should be variety of character in them; so he makes the one that bends down graceful and flexible, and, of the two that cross, he splinters one and makes a stump of it. He repeats the process among the more complicated minor boughs, until coming to the smallest, he thinks farther care unnecessary, but draws them freely, and by chance. Having to put on the foliage, he will make it flow properly in the direction of the tree's growth; he will make all the extremities graceful; but will be tormented by finding them come all alike, and at last will be obliged to spoil a number of them altogether, in order to obtain opposition. They will not, however, be united in this their spoliation, but will remain uncomfortably separate and individually ill-tempered. He consoles himself by the reflection that it is unnatural for all of them to be equally perfect.

[1] [Misprinted "imaginative" in ed. 1.]

Now, I suppose that through the whole of this process, he has been able to refer to his definite memory or conception of nature for every one of the fragments he has successively added; that the details, colour, fractures, insertions, etc., of his boughs, are all either actual recollections or based on secure knowledge of the tree (and herein I allow far more than is commonly the case with unimaginative painters). But, as far as the process of combination is concerned, it is evident that, from beginning to end, his laws have been his safety, and his plague has been his liberty. He has been compelled to work at random or under the guidance of feeling only, whenever there was anything left to his own decision. He has never been decided in anything except in what he *must* or *must not* do. He has walked as a drunken man on a broad road; his guides are the hedges; and, between these limits, the broader the way, the more difficult his progress.[1]

§ 12. *Laws of art, the safeguard of the unimaginative,*

The advance of the imaginative artist is precisely the reverse of this. He owns no laws. He defies all restraint, and cuts down all hedges. There is nothing within the limits of natural possibility that he dares not do, or that he allows the necessity of doing. The laws of nature he knows; these are to him no restraint. They are his own nature. All other laws or limits he sets at utter defiance; his journey is over an untrodden and pathless plain. But he sees his end over the waste from the first, and goes straight at it; never losing sight of it, nor throwing away a step. Nothing can stop him, nothing turn him aside; falcons and lynxes are of slow and uncertain sight compared with his. He saw his tree, trunk, boughs, foliage and all, from the first moment; not only the tree, but the sky behind it; not only that tree or sky, but all the other great features of his picture: by what intense power of instantaneous selection and amalgamation cannot be explained, but by this it may be proved and tested; that, if we examine the

§ 13. *Are by the imaginative painter despised. Tests of Imagination.*

[1] [Ed. 1 reads more colloquially "the worse he gets on."]

tree of the unimaginative painter, we shall find that on removing any part or parts of it, though the rest will indeed suffer, as being deprived of the proper development of a tree, and as involving a blank space that wants occupation, yet the portions left are not made discordant or disagreeable. They are absolutely and in themselves as valuable as they can be; every stem is a perfect stem, and every twig a graceful twig, or at least as perfect and as graceful as they were before the removal of the rest. But if we try the same experiment on the imaginative painter's work, and break off the merest stem or twig of it, it all goes to pieces like a Prince Rupert's drop.[1] There is not so much as a seed of it but it lies on the tree's life, like the grain upon the tongue of Chaucer's sainted child.[2] Take it away, and the boughs will sing to us no longer. All is dead and cold.

§ 14. *The monotony of unimaginative treatment.*

This, then, is the first sign of the presence of real imagination as opposed to composition. But here is another not less important.

We have seen that as each part is selected and fitted by the unimaginative painter, he renders it, in itself, as beautiful as he is able. If it be ugly it remains so; he is incapable of correcting it by the *addition of another ugliness*,* and therefore he chooses all his features as fair as they may be (at least if his object be beauty). But a small proportion only of the ideas he has at his disposal will reach his standard of absolute beauty. The others will be of no use to him: and among those which he permits himself to use, there will be so marked a family likeness that he will be more and more cramped, as his picture advances, for want

* I had better have said "picturesqueness" or "individuality," than "ugliness"; yet the gist of this part of the chapter is true. [1883.]

[1] [Drops of molten glass, consolidated by falling into water; in shape resembling tadpoles. The thick end may be hammered safely; but if the smallest portion of the thin end is broken off, the whole flies into fine dust. These toys, if not invented by Prince Rupert, were introduced by him into England.]

[2] [*The Prioresses Tale*, l. 1852:—

"Me thoughte she leyde a greyn vp-on my tonge.
Wherefor I singe, and singe I mot certeyn
In honour of that blisful mayden free,
Til fro my tonge of-taken is the greyn."]

of material, and tormented by multiplying resemblances, unless disguised by some artifice of light and shade or other forced difference; and with all the differences he can imagine, his tree will yet show a sameness and sickening repetition in all its parts, and all his trees will be like one another, except so far as one leans east and another west, one is broadest at the top and another at the bottom: while through all this insipid repetition, the means by which he forces contrast, dark boughs opposed to light, rugged to smooth, etc., will be painfully evident, to the utter destruction of all dignity and repose. The imaginative work is necessarily the absolute opposite of all this. As all its parts are imperfect, and as there is an unlimited supply of imperfection (for the ways in which things may be wrong are infinite), the imagination is never at a loss, nor ever likely to repeat itself; nothing comes amiss to it; but whatever rude matter it receives, it instantly so arranges that it comes right; all things fall into their place, and appear in that place perfect, useful, and evidently not to be spared; so that of its combinations there is endless variety, and every intractable and seemingly unavailable fragment that we give to it, is instantly turned to some brilliant use, and made the nucleus of a new group of glory; however poor or common the gift, it will be thankful for it, treasure it up, and pay in gold; and it has that life in it, and fire, that wherever it passes, among the dead bones and dust of things, behold! a shaking, and the bones come together bone to his bone.

§ 15. *Imagination never repeats itself.*

And now we find what noble sympathy and unity there are between the Imaginative and Theoretic faculties. Both agree in this, that they reject nothing, and are thankful for all; but the Theoretic faculty takes out of everything that which is beautiful, while the Imaginative faculty takes hold of the very imperfections which the Theoretic rejects; and, by means of these angles and roughnesses, it joints and bolts the separate stones into a mighty temple, wherein the Theoretic faculty, in its turn, does deepest homage. Thus sympathetic in their desires,

§ 16. *Relation of the Imaginative faculty to the Theoretic.*

harmoniously diverse in their operation, each working for the other with what the other needs not, all things external to man are by one or other turned to good.

§ 17. *Modifications of its manifestation.*

Now we have hitherto, for the sake of clearness, opposed the total absence of imagination to the perfect presence of it, in order to make the difference between composition and imagination thoroughly understood. But if we are to give examples of either the want or the presence of the Power, it is necessary to note the circumstances by which both are modified. In the first place, few artists of any standing are totally devoid of this faculty: some small measure of it most of them possess, though of all the forms of intellect, this, and its sister, penetrative imagination, are the rarest and most precious; but few painters have reached eminence without some leaven of it; whether it can be increased by practice I doubt. On the other hand, fewer still are possessed of it in very high degree; and even with the men of most gigantic power in this respect, of whom, I think, Tintoret stands far the head, there are evident limits to its exercise, and portions to be found in their works that have not been included in the original grasp of them, but have been suggested and incorporated during their progress, or added in decoration; and, with the great mass of painters, there are frequent flaws and failures in the conception, so that when they intend to produce a perfect work, they throw their thought into different experimental forms, and decorate it and discipline it long before realizing it, so that there is a certain amount of mere composition in the most imaginative works; and a grain or two of imagination commonly in the most artificial. And again, whatever portions of a picture are taken honestly and without alteration from nature, have, so far as they go, the look of imagination, because all that nature does is imaginative,* that is, perfect as a whole, and made up of imperfect features; so that the painter of the meanest

* Nonsense, again. Imagination is the name of a human faculty, not of inanimate power: if we compare them on equal terms, there is plenty of natural scenery which is stupid and ugly, just as there are plenty of pictures that are so. See the note farther on at page 246. [1883.]

imaginative power may yet do grand things, if he will keep to strict portraiture; and it would be well if all artists were to endeavour to do so, for if they have imagination, it will force its way in spite of them, and show itself in their every stroke; and if not, they will not get it by leaving nature, but only sink into nothingness.

§ 18. *Instance of absence of Imagination.—Claude, Gaspar Poussin.*

Keeping these points in view, it is interesting to observe the different degrees and relations of the imagination, as accompanied with more or less feeling or desire of harmony, vigour of conception, or constancy of reference to truth. Of men of name, perhaps Claude[1] is the best instance of a want of imagination, nearly total, borne out by painful but untaught study of nature, and much feeling for abstract beauty of form, with none whatever for harmony of expression. In Gaspar Poussin, we have the same want of imagination disguised by more masculine qualities of mind, and grander reachings after sympathy. Thus, in the Sacrifice of Isaac, in our own Gallery,[2] the spirit of the composition is solemn and unbroken; it would have been a grand picture if the forms of the mass of foliage on the right, and of the clouds in the centre, had not been hopelessly unimaginative. The stormy wind of the picture of Dido and Æneas blows loudly through its leaves; but the total want of invention in the cloud forms bears it down beyond redemption.[3] The foreground tree of the La Riccia (compare Part II. Sec. VI. Chap. I. § 6) is another characteristic instance of absolute nullity of imagination.[4]

§ 19. *Its presence.—Salvator, Nicolo Poussin, Titian, Tintoret,*

In Salvator, the imagination is vigorous, the composition dexterous and clever, as in the St. Jerome of the Brera Gallery, the Diogenes of the Pitti, and the pictures of the Guadagni Palace;[5] while all are rendered valueless by coarseness of feeling and habitual non-reference to nature.

[1] [For Ruskin on Claude, see Vol. III. p. xxxiv.]
[2] [No. 31. See Vol. III. pp. 282, 332, 348, 376.]
[3] [No. 95. See Vol. III. pp. 396, 409.]
[4] [No. 98. See Vol. III. pp. 277, 577, 588 *n.*]
[5] [There is no picture of St. Jerome by Salvator Rosa in the Brera; the reference is presumably to his "St. Paul the Hermit" there. The "Diogenes of the Pitti" is

All the landscape of Nicolo Poussin is imaginative,[1] but the development of the power in Tintoret and Titian is so unapproachably intense that the mind unwillingly rests elsewhere. The four landscapes which occur to me as the most magnificently characteristic are: first, the Flight into Egypt, of the Scuola di San Rocco (Tintoret); secondly, the Titian of the Camuccini collection at Rome, with the figures by John Bellini; thirdly, Titian's St. Jerome, in the Brera Gallery at Milan; and fourthly, the S. Pietro Martire,[2] which I name last in spite of its importance, because there is something unmeaning and unworthy of Titian about the undulation of the trunks, and the upper part of it is destroyed by the intrusion of some dramatic clouds of that species which I have enough described in our former examination of the Central Cloud Region, § 13.[3]

I do not mean to set these four works above the rest of the landscape of these masters; I name them only because the landscape is in them prominent and characteristic. It would be well to compare with them the other backgrounds of Tintoret in the Scuola, especially that of the Temptation

No. 475, commonly known as "The School of Philosophers"—a landscape with Diogenes throwing away his drinking-cup. Ruskin thus describes it in his 1845 notebook:—

> "Although this picture wants breadth, it would yet be an interesting and valuable one if we could get rid of the philosophers, but these would pollute the loveliest landscape. (Diogenes is a true Salvator conception: St. Giles's all over). It is, however, on the whole, perhaps the best Salvator in the Pitti; the distance is more inventive than usual—city on hill, winding lake and bold mountains—the colour glowing, and the trees well studied."

For the Salvators in the Guadagni Palace, see preceding volume, p. 582, and below, ch. iii. § 18 *n.*]

[1] [See Vol. III. p. 263.]

[2] [Tintoret's "Flight into Egypt" is described below, ch. iii. § 22, p. 274. "The Titian of the Camuccini collection, etc.," is the "Feast of the Gods" (or "Bacchanal"), now in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland at Alnwick Castle. It forms one of the series of four mythological landscapes painted for Duke Alfonso of Ferrara, of which the "Bacchus and Ariadne" in the National Gallery is another. It is supposed to have been left incomplete by Bellini and finished by Titian with a landscape borrowed from his native Cadore. The share of Bellini and Titian respectively in the work is, however, a subject of much debate (see, *e.g.*, *The Earlier Work of Titian*, by Claude Phillips, 1897, pp. 66–69). An outline of the picture will be found at vol. i. p. 313 (ed. 1887) of Kugler's *Italian Schools of Painting*. For the St. Jerome, *cf.* preceding volume, pp. 181–182; below, § 19; and *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. ch. xx. § 16, vol. v. pt. vi. ch. viii. § 13. For the S. Pietro Martire, see preceding volume, p. 28.]

[3] [Vol. i. pt. ii. sec. iii. ch. iii. Vol. III. p. 379, of this edition.]

and the Agony in the Garden, and the landscape of the two large pictures in the Church of La Madonna dell' Orto.[1]

But for immediate and close illustration, it is perhaps best to refer to a work more accessible, the Cephalus and Procris of Turner in the Liber Studiorum.[2] § 20. *And Turner.* I know of no landscape more purely or magnificently imaginative, or bearing more distinct evidence of the relative and simultaneous conception of the parts. Let the reader first cover with his hand the two trunks that rise against the sky on the right, and ask himself how any termination of the central mass so *ugly* as the straight trunk which he will then painfully see, could have been conceived or admitted without *simultaneous conception* of the trunks he has taken away on the right? Let him again conceal the whole central mass, and leave these two only, and again ask himself whether anything so ugly as that bare trunk in the shape of a Y, could have been admitted without reference to the central mass? Then let him remove from this trunk its two arms, and try the effect; let him again remove the single trunk on the extreme right; then let him try the third trunk without the excrescence at the bottom of it; finally, let him conceal the fourth trunk from the right, with the slender boughs at the top: he will find, in each case, that he has destroyed a feature on which everything else depends; and if proof be required of the vital power of still smaller features, let him remove the sunbeam that comes through beneath the faint mass of trees on the hill in the distance.*

It is useless to enter into farther particulars; the reader may be left to his own close examination of this and of the

* This ray of light, however, has an imaginative power of another kind, presently to be spoken of. Compare Chap. IV. § 18.

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[1] [For the "Temptation," see below, ch. iii. § 28 *n.*, ch. v. § 7 *n.*, pp. 285, 319. The two large pictures in S. Maria dell' Orto are "The Last Judgment" (see below, ch. iii. § 23–24) and "The Worship of the Golden Calf" (see below, ch. iv. § 17, and *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. ch. iv. § 2 *n.*) See also above, Introduction, p. xxxvi.]

[2] [Engraved and further discussed in *Lectures on Landscape*, §§ 94–96. See also preceding volume, pp. 586, 595 *n.*; below, ch. iv. § 18, and Epilogue, § 9; and *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. xviii. § 19, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. xi. § 29.]

other works of Turner, in which he will always find the associative imagination developed in the most profuse and marvellous modes; especially in the drawing of foliage and skies, in both of which the presence or absence of the associative power may best be tested in all artists. I have, however, confined my present illustrations chiefly to foliage, because other operations of the imagination, besides the associative, interfere extensively in the treatment of sky.

§ 21. The due function of associative imagination with respect to nature.

There remains but one question to be determined relating to this faculty; what operation, namely, supposing it possessed in high degree, it has or ought to have in the artist's treatment of natural scenery?

I have just said that nature is always imaginative,* but it does not follow that her imagination is always of high subject, or that the imagination of all the parts is of a like and sympathetic kind; the boughs of every bramble bush are imaginatively arranged, so are those of every oak and cedar; but it does not follow that there is imaginative sympathy between bramble and cedar. There are few natural scenes whose harmonies are not conceivably improvable either by banishment of some discordant point, or by addition of some sympathetic one; it constantly happens that there is a profuseness too great to be comprehended, or an inequality in the pitch, meaning, and intensity of different parts. The imagination will banish all that is extraneous; it will seize out of the many threads of different feeling which nature has suffered to become entangled, one only; and where that seems thin and likely to break, it will spin it stouter, and in doing this, it never knots, but weaves in the new thread; so that all its work looks as pure and true as nature itself, and cannot be guessed from it but by its exceeding simplicity, (*known* from it, it cannot be); so that herein we

* What I meant by this twice repeated bit of nonsense, was a fact of some interest, had it been better explained,—namely, that almost any honest study of natural grouping will look intellectually, if not always agreeably, composed,[1] provided it be honest throughout. [1883.]

[1] [See Vol. III. p. xxi.]

find another test of the imaginative work, that it looks always as if it had been gathered straight from nature, whereas the unimaginative shows its joints and knots, and is visibly composition.

§ 22. The sign of imaginative work is its appearance of absolute truth.

And here, then, we arrive at an important conclusion (though one somewhat contrary to the positions commonly held on the subject), namely, that if anything looks unnatural, there can be no imagination in it (at least not associative). We frequently hear works that have no truth in them justified or elevated on the score of being imaginative. Let it be understood once for all, that imagination never deigns to touch anything but truth; and though it does not follow that where there is the appearance of truth, there has been imaginative operation, of this we may be assured, that where there is appearance of falsehood, the imagination has had no hand.*

For instance, the landscape above mentioned of Titian's St. Jerome[1] may, for aught I know, be a pure transcript of a rocky slope covered with chestnuts among his native mountains. It has all the look of a sketch from nature; if it be not, the imagination developed in it is of the highest order; if it be, the imagination has only acted in the suggestion of the dark sky, of the shape of the flakes of solemn cloud, and of the gleam of russet light along the distant ground.†

* Compare Chap. III. § 30.**

** Untrue again, in the sweeping negation: right only in the general connection of wisely inventive with closely observant faculty. [1883.]

† It is said at Venice that Titian took the trees of the S. Pietro Martire out of his garden opposite Murano.[2] I think this unlikely; there is something about the lower trunks that has a taint of composition: the thought of the whole, however, is thoroughly fine. The backgrounds of the frescoes at Padua are also very characteristic, and the well-known woodcut of St. Francis receiving the stigmata[3] one of the mightiest of existing landscape thoughts; and yet it is pure portraiture of pine and Spanish chestnut.

[1] [§ 19 above, p. 244.]
[2] [See Vol. III. p. 170 *n.*]
[3] [See Vol. III. p. 355 *n.*]

Again, it is impossible to tell whether the two nearest trunks of the Æsacus and Hesperie of the Liber Studiorum,[1] especially the large one on the right with the ivy, have been invented, or taken straight from nature; they have all the look of accurate portraiture. I can hardly imagine anything so perfect to have been obtained except from the real thing; but we know that the imagination must have begun to operate somewhere, we cannot tell where, since the multitudinous harmonies of the rest of the picture could hardly in any real scene have continued so inviolately sweet.

The final tests, therefore, of the work of associative imagination are, its intense simplicity, its perfect harmony, and its absolute truth. It may be a harmony, majestic or humble, abrupt or prolonged, but it is always a governed and perfect whole; evidencing in all its relations the weight, prevalence, and universal dominion of an awful inexplicable Power; a chastising, animating, and disposing Mind.[2]

[1] [Engraved and further described in *Lectures on Landscape*, § 93; and see preceding volume, pp. 240, 586, and *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. xi. § 29.]

[2] [The MS. reading of this last sentence may be given as an instance of Ruskin's careful revision, which was also in most cases compression: "It may be a harmony of majesty or of humility, of sorrow or of cheerfulness, but it is always a governed and perfect whole; and in its government, whether it be a work of art, or a scene of nature, there is felt the weight, prevalence, and universal dominion of an awful and inexplicable Power; a chastising, animating, and all-absorbing mind."]

J. Ruskin after Tintoret

Allen & Co. S.

The Adoration of the Magi

CHAPTER III

OF IMAGINATION PENETRATIVE

THUS far we have been defining that combining operation of the Imagination, which appears to be in a sort mechanical, yet takes place in the same inexplicable modes, whatever be the order of conception submitted to it, though I choose to illustrate it by its dealings with mere matter before taking cognizance of any nobler subjects of imagery. We must now examine the dealing of the Imagination with its separate conceptions, and endeavour to understand, not only its principles of selection, but its modes of apprehension with respect to what it selects.

§ 1. *Imagination penetrative is concerned, not with the combining, but the apprehending of things.*

When Milton's Satan first "rears from off the pool his mighty stature," the image of leviathan before suggested not being yet abandoned, the effect on the fire-wave is described as of the upheaved monster on the ocean-stream.

§ 2. *Milton's and Dante's description of flame.*

> "On each hand the flames
> Driven backward, slope their pointed spires, and, rolled
> In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale." [1]

And then follows a fiercely restless piece of volcanic imagery:

> "As when the force
> Of subterranean wind transports a hill
> Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
> Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
> And fuelled entrails, thence conceiving fire,
> Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
> And leave a singëd bottom all involved
> With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
> Of unblest feet."

[1] [*Paradise Lost*, i. 224.]

Yet I think all this is too far detailed, and deals too much with externals: we feel rather the form of the fire-waves than their fury; we walk upon them too securely; and the fuel, sublimation, smoke, and singeing seem to me images only of partial combustion; they vary and extend the conception, but they lower the thermometer. Look back, if you will, and add to the description the glimmering of the livid flames; the sulphurous hail and red lightning; yet all together, however they overwhelm us with horror, fail of making us thoroughly, unendurably *hot*. The essence of intense flame has not been given. Now hear Dante:

> "Feriami 'l Sole in su l' omero destro,
> Che già raggiando tutto l' Occidente
> *Mutava in bianco aspetto di cilestro.*
> Ed io facea *con l'ombra più rovente*
> *Parer la fiamma.*" [1]

That is a slight touch; he has not gone to Ætna or Pelorus for fuel; but we shall not soon recover from it, he has taken our breath away, and leaves us gasping. No smoke nor cinders there. Pure white, hurtling, formless flame; very fire-crystal, we cannot make spires nor waves of it, nor divide it, nor walk on it; there is no question about singeing soles of feet. It is lambent annihilation.

§ 3. *The Imagination seizes always by the innermost point.*

Such is always the mode in which the highest imaginative faculty seizes its materials. It never stops at crusts or ashes, or outward images of any kind; it ploughs them all aside, and plunges into the very central fiery heart; nothing else will content its spirituality; whatever semblances and various outward shows and phases its subject may possess * go for nothing; it gets within all fence, cuts down to the root, and drinks

* Another exemplary course of hissing. [1883.]

[1] [*Purgatorio*, xxvi. 4. Cary translates:—

> "The sun
> Now all the western clime irradiate changed
> From azure tinct to white; and, as I passed,
> My passing shadow made the umber'd flame
> Burn ruddier."]

the very vital sap of that it deals with: once therein, it is at liberty to throw up what new shoots it will, so always that the true juice and sap be in them, and to prune and twist them at its pleasure, and bring them to fairer fruit than grew on the old tree; but all this pruning and twisting is work that it likes not, and often does ill; its function and gift are the getting at the root, its nature and dignity depend on its holding things always by the heart. Take its hand from off the beating of that, and it will prophesy no longer; it looks not in the eyes, it judges not by the voice, it describes not by outward features; all that it affirms, judges, or describes, it affirms, from within.*

§ 4. *It acts intuitively and without reasoning.*

It may seem to the reader that I am incorrect in calling this penetrating possession-taking faculty Imagination. Be it so; the name is of little consequence; the faculty itself, called by what name we will, I insist upon as the highest intellectual power of man. There is no reasoning in it; it works not by algebra, nor by integral calculus; it is a piercing pholas-like[1] mind's tongue, that works and tastes into the very rock heart; no matter what be the subject submitted to it, substance or spirit; all is alike divided asunder, joint and marrow, whatever utmost truth, life, principle it has, laid bare, and that which has no truth, life, nor principle, dissipated into its original smoke at a touch. The whispers at men's ears it lifts into visible angels. Vials that have lain sealed in the deep sea a thousand years it unseals, and brings out of them Genii.[2]

Every great conception of poet or painter is held and treated by this faculty. Every character that is so much as

* The reader will find in the 86th paper of the *Guardian* some interesting passages confirmatory of the view above given of the Imagination.[3]

[1] [Pholas, a sea-animal of the molluscous kind that makes holes in stone.]

[2] [*The Arabian Nights*, ch. ii. (Lane's edition).]

[3] [Note first added in ed. 2. Johnson there cites the verses in the Book of Job, beginning "Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder," and says: "Whereas the classical poets chiefly endeavour to paint the outward figure, lineaments and motions; the sacred poet makes all the beauties to flow from an inward principle in the creature he describes."]

touched by men like Æschylus, Homer, Dante, or Shakspeare, is by them held by the heart; and every circumstance or sentence of their being, speaking, or seeming, is seized by process from within, and is referred to that inner secret spring of which the hold is never lost for an instant; so that every sentence, as it has been thought out from the heart, opens for us a way down to the heart, leads us to the centre, and then leaves us to gather what more we may. It is the Open Sesame of a huge, obscure, endless cave, with inexhaustible treasure of pure gold scattered in it;[1] the wandering about and gathering the pieces may be left to any of us, all can accomplish that; but the first opening of that invisible door in the rock is of the imagination only.

§ 5. *Signs of it in language.*

Hence there is in every word set down by the imaginative mind an awful under-current of meaning, and evidence and shadow upon it of the deep places out of which it has come. It is often obscure, often half-told; for he who wrote it, in his clear seeing of the things beneath, may have been impatient of detailed interpretation: but, if we choose to dwell upon it and trace it, it will lead us always securely back to that metropolis of the soul's dominion from which we may follow out all the ways and tracks to its farthest coasts.

I think the "Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante" of Francesca di Rimini, and the "He has no children" of Macduff,[2] are as fine instances as can be given; but the sign and mark of it are visible on every line of the four great men above instanced.

§ 6. *Absence of Imagination, how shown.*

The unimaginative writer, on the other hand, as he has never pierced to the heart, so he can never touch it. If he has to paint a passion, he remembers the external signs of it, he collects expressions of it from other writers, he searches for similes, he composes, exaggerates, heaps term on term, figure on figure, till we groan beneath the cold disjointed heap: but it is all faggot

[1] [Cf. *Sesame and Lilies*, § 50.]
[2] ["That day we read no farther," *Inferno*, v. 138; *Macbeth*, Act iv. sc. iii.]

and no fire; the life breath is not in it; his passion has the form of the leviathan, but it never makes the deep boil; he fastens us all at anchor in the scaly rind of it; our sympathies remain as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.[1]

And that virtue of originality that men so strain after is not *newness*, as they vainly think (there is nothing new), it is only *genuineness;** it all depends on this single glorious faculty of getting to the spring of things and working out from that; it is the coolness, and clearness, and deliciousness of the water fresh from the fountain head, opposed to the thick, hot, unrefreshing drainage from other men's meadows.

§ 7. *Distinction between Imagination and Fancy.*

This freshness, however, is not to be taken for an infallible sign of imagination, inasmuch as it results also from a vivid operation of fancy, whose parallel function to this division of the imaginative faculty it is here necessary to distinguish.

I believe it will be found that the entirely unimaginative mind *sees* nothing of the object it has to dwell upon or describe, and is therefore utterly unable, as it is blind itself, to set anything before the eyes of the reader.†

The fancy sees the outside, and is able to give a portrait of the outside, clear, brilliant, and full of detail.‡

The imagination sees the heart and inner nature, and makes them felt, but is often obscure, mysterious, and interrupted, in its giving of outer detail.

Take an instance. A writer with neither imagination nor fancy, describing a fair lip, does not see it, but thinks about it, and about what is said of it, and calls it well turned, or

* Some sense in this bit at last! The six pages of metaphor which we have just gone through mean, in all, little more than that the best authors express the mind, more than the person or manners, of men or heroes. I often wish, now, they were a little more communicative. It is pleasant to know that Pallas had blue eyes; but I think Homer might have also told us something about her lips and chin. [1883.]

† Compare Arist. *Rhet.* iii. 11.

‡ For the distinction between fancy and simple conception, see Chap. IV. § 3. [P. 290.]

[1] [*The Ancient Mariner;* the words are quoted also in the preceding volume, p. 524.]

rosy, or delicate, or lovely, or afflicts us with some other quenching and chilling epithet. Now hear Fancy speak:

"Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared with that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly." *[1]

The real, red, bright being of the lip is there in a moment. But it is all outside; no expression yet, no mind. Let us go a step farther with Warner, of Fair Rosamond struck by Eleanor:

"With that she dashed her on the lips,
So dyëd double red;
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were those lips that bled." [2]

The tenderness of mind begins to mingle with the outside colour, the Imagination is seen in its awakening. Next Shelley:

"Lamp of life, thy lips are burning
Through the veil that seems to hide them,
As the radiant lines of morning
Through thin clouds ere they divide them." [3]

* I take this and the next instance from Leigh Hunt's admirable piece of criticism, "Imagination and Fancy," which ought to be read with care, and to which, though somewhat loosely arranged, I may refer for all the filling up and illustration that the subject requires. With respect to what has just been said respecting want of imagination, compare his criticism of Addison's *Cato*, p. 28. I cannot, however, confirm his judgment, nor admit his selection of instances, among painters: he has looked to their manner only and habitual choice of subject, without feeling their power; and has given work to the coarseness, mindlessness, and eclecticism of Guido and the Carracci, which, in its poetical demand of tenderness, might have foiled Pinturicchio, of dignity Leonardo, and of colour Giorgione.[4]

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[1] [Quoted from Sir John Suckling at p. 35 of Leigh Hunt.]
[2] [Quoted from William Warner at p. 7 of Leigh Hunt.]
[3] [Quoted from memory from Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, act iv. sc. 5:—

"Child of light, thy limbs are burning
Through the vest that seems to hide them," etc.

Mrs. Shelley's (1839) edition reads "lips" for "limbs," but "Lamp of life" is a confusion of the first lines of the first and last verses of the song.]
[4] [The book referred to is *Imagination and Fancy; or Selections from the English Poets, illustrative of those First Requisites of their Art.* By Leigh Hunt. (Smith, Elder & Co., 1844.) Of Addison's *Cato* he remarks that it is full of those commonplaces,

There dawns the entire soul in that morning; yet we may stop if we choose at the image still external, at the crimson clouds. The imagination is contemplative rather than penetrative. Last, hear Hamlet:

"Here hung those lips that I have kissed, I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar?"

There is the essence of lip, and the full power of the imagination.

Again, compare Milton's flowers in Lycidas with Perdita's. In Milton it happens, I think, generally, and in the case before us most certainly, that the imagination is mixed and broken with fancy, and so the strength of the imagery is part of iron and part of clay:

"Bring the rathe primrose, that forsaken dies,	*Imagination.*
The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,	*Nugatory.*
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,	*Fancy.*
The glowing violet,	*Imagination.*
The musk rose, and the well-attired woodbine,	*Fancy*, vulgar.
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,	*Imagination.*
And every flower that sad embroidery wears."	*Mixed.*

Then hear Perdita:

"O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids."

Observe how the imagination in these last lines goes into the very inmost soul of every flower, after having touched

conventional metaphors, and hackneyed images which betray the absence of imagination. Hunt in his illustrative extracts from Spenser, whom he calls "the poet of the painters," "attached to each of the pictures in this Spenser Gallery the name of the painter of whose genius it reminded me." Some of the most beautiful are thus connected with the names of the Caracci and Guido.]

them all at first with that heavenly timidness, the shadow of Proserpine's, and gilded them with celestial gathering, and never stops on their spots, or their bodily shape; while Milton sticks in the stains upon them, and puts us off with that unhappy freak of jet in the very flower that, without this bit of paper-staining, would have been the most precious to us of all. "There is pansies, that's for thoughts."[1]

§ 8. *Fancy, how involved with Imagination.*

So, I believe, it will be found throughout the operation of the fancy, that it has to do with the outsides of things,* and is content therewith; of this there can be no doubt in such passages as that description of Mab so often given as an illustration of it,[2] and many other instances will be found in Leigh Hunt's work already referred to. Only some embarrassment is caused by passages in which Fancy is seizing the outward signs of emotion, understanding them as such, and yet, in pursuance of her proper function, taking for her share, and for that which she chooses to dwell upon, the outside sign rather than the emotion. Note in *Macbeth* that brilliant instance:

> "Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
> And fan our people cold."

The outward shiver and coldness of fear is seized on, and irregularly but admirably attributed by the fancy to the drift

* As I said before [§ 7] if anybody likes to call the fancy of outsides, one faculty, and of insides, another, he may do as he pleases. But he needn't unless he please. [1883.]

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[1] [*Hamlet*, iv. 5. Ruskin's close study of *Lycidas* is familiar to readers of *Sesame and Lilies*. The first lines of the quotation above from *The Winter's Tale* (iv. 4) were taken by Ruskin as the motto for his book on flowers, *Proserpina*. Cf. also Vol. I. p. 158 *n.*]

[2] [The description of Queen Mab and her equipage in *Romeo and Juliet* (Act i. sc. iv.)—

> "Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
> The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
> The traces of the smallest spider's web,
> The collars of the moonshine's watery beams"—

is quoted by Leigh Hunt (*l.c.*, p. 33), who adds, "This is Fancy in its playful creativeness."]

of the banners. Compare Solomon's Song, where the imagination stays not at the outside, but dwells on the fearful emotion itself:

"Who is she that looketh forth as the morning; fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

§ 9. *Fancy is never serious.*

Now, if these be the prevailing characteristics of the two faculties, it is evident that certain other collateral differences will result from them. Fancy, as she stays at the externals, can never feel. She is one of the hardest-hearted of the intellectual faculties, or rather one of the most purely and simply intellectual. She cannot be made serious,* no edge-tools but she will play with. Whereas the Imagination is in all things the reverse. She cannot be but serious; she sees too far, too darkly, too solemnly, too earnestly ever to smile. There is something in the heart of everything, if we can reach it, that we shall not be inclined to laugh at.[1] And thus there is reciprocal action between the intensity of moral feeling and the power of imagination; for, on the one hand, those who have keenest sympathy are those who look closest and pierce deepest, and hold securest; and on the other, those who have so pierced and seen the melancholy deeps of things are filled with the most intense passion and gentleness of sympathy. Hence, I suppose that the powers of the imagination may always be tested by accompanying tenderness of emotion; and thus, as Byron said,[2] there is no tenderness like Dante's, neither any intensity nor seriousness like his, such seriousness that it is incapable of perceiving that which is commonplace or ridiculous, but fuses all down into

* Fancy, in her third function, may, however, become serious, and gradually rise into imagination in doing so. Compare Chap. IV. § 5 [p. 292].

[1] [Ed. 1 adds:—
"The ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα of the sea is on its surface, not in the deep. And thus . . ."
See for this phrase from Æschylus, Vols. II. pp. 36, 45; III. p. 573 *n.*]

[2] ["Why, there is gentleness in Dante beyond all gentleness, when he is tender."—Byron's Diary, Jan. 29, 1821 (*Letters and Journals* ed. by R. E. Prothero, v. 194).]

its own whitehot fire. And, on the other hand, I suppose the chief bar to the action of imagination, and stop to all greatness in this present age of ours, is its mean and shallow love of jest; so that if there be in any good and lofty work a flaw, failing, or undipped vulnerable part, where sarcasm may stick or stay, it is caught at, and pointed at, and buzzed about, and fixed upon, and stung into, as a recent wound is by flies;[1] and nothing is ever taken seriously or as it was meant, but always, if it may be, turned the wrong way, and misunderstood; and while this is so, there is not, nor cannot be, any hope of achievement of high things; men dare not open their hearts to us, if we are to broil them on a thorn-fire.

§ 10. *Want of seriousness, the bar to high art at the present time.*

This, then, is one essential difference between imagination and fancy; and another is like it and resultant from it, that the imagination being at the heart of things, poises herself there, and is still, quiet, and brooding, comprehending all around her with her fixed look; but the fancy staying at the outside of things cannot see them all at once; but runs hither and thither, and round and about to see more and more, bounding merrily from point to point, and glittering here and there, but necessarily always settling, if she settle at all, on a point only, never embracing the whole. And from these single points she can strike out analogies and catch resemblances, which, so far as the point she looks at is concerned, are true, but would be false, if she could see through to the other side. This, however, she cares not to do; the point of contact is enough for her, and even if there be a gap left between the two things and they do not quite touch, she will spring from one to the other like an electric spark, and be seen brightest in her leaping.

§ 11. *Imagination is quiet; Fancy, restless.*

Now these differences between the imagination and the fancy hold not only in the way they lay hold of separate conceptions, but even in the points they occupy of time; for the

[1] [Here, as in so many other places, Ruskin, in revising, curtailed. The MS. adds after "flies," "that suck blood and prick the gallantest horse," and, after "misunderstood," two lines lower, "half in jest and half in malice, and altogether in folly."]

fancy loves to run hither and thither in time, and to follow long chains of circumstances from link to link; but the imagination, if it may, gets hold of a moment or link in the middle that implies all the rest, and fastens there. Hence Fuseli's aphorism: "Invention never suffers the action to expire, nor the spectator's fancy to consume itself in preparation, or stagnate into repose. It neither begins from the egg, nor coldly gathers the remains."[1]

§ 12. *The detailing operation of Fancy;*

In Retsch's illustrations to Schiller's *Kampf mit dem Drachen*,[2] we have an instance, miserably feeble indeed, but characteristic, and suited to our present purpose, of the detailing, finishing action of the fancy. The dragon is drawn from head to tail, vulture eyes, serpent teeth, forked tongue, fiery crest, armour, claws, and coils as grisly as may be; his den is drawn, and all the dead bones in it, and all the savage forest country about it far and wide; we have him, from the beginning of his career to the end, devouring, rampant, victorious over whole armies, gorged with death; we are present at all the preparations for his attack, see him receive his death-wound, and our anxieties are finally becalmed by seeing him lie peaceably dead on his back.

All the time we have never got into the dragon heart, we have never once felt real pervading horror, nor sense of the creature's being; it is throughout nothing but an ugly composition of claw and scale. Now take up Turner's Jason, Liber Studiorum,[3] and observe how the imagination can concentrate all this, and infinitely more, into one moment. No far forest country, no secret path, nor cloven hills; nothing but a gleam of pale horizontal sky, that broods over pleasant places far away, and sends in, through the wild overgrowth of the thicket, a ray of broken daylight into the hopeless pit. No flaunting plumes

§ 13. *And suggestive of the Imagination.*

[1] [Aphorism 95; *Life and Writings*, iii. 93.]

[2] [*The Fight with the Dragon.* . . . Illustrated with sixteen engravings in outline by Henry Moses, from the designs of Retsch (the German illustrator, 1779–1857). London: 1825. *Cf.* p. 371 below.]

[3] [The original drawing is No. 461 in the National Gallery: for other references see preceding volume, p. 240; below, ch. iv. § 6, p. 297; *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. viii. § 7, ch. xviii. § 19.]

nor brandished lances, but stern purpose in the turn of the crestless helmet, visible victory in the drawing back of the prepared right arm behind the steady point. No more claws, nor teeth, nor manes, nor stinging tails. We have the dragon, like everything else, by the middle. We need see no more of him. All his horror is in that fearful, slow, griding upheaval of the single coil. Spark after spark of it, ring after ring, is sliding into the light, the slow glitter steals along him step by step, broader and broader, a lighting of funeral lamps one by one, quicker and quicker; a moment more, and he is out upon us, all crash and blaze, among those broken trunks; —but he will be nothing then to what he is now.

§ 14. *This suggestiveness how opposed to vacancy.*

Now it is necessary here very carefully to distinguish between that character of the work which depends on the imagination of the beholder, and that which results from the imagination of the artist; for a work is often called imaginative when it merely leaves room for the action of the imagination; whereas though nearly all imaginative works do this, yet it may be done also by works that have in them no imagination at all. A few shapeless scratches or accidental stains on a wall, or the forms of clouds, or any other complicated accidents, will set the imagination to work to coin something out of them; and all paintings in which there is much gloom or mystery, possess therein a certain sublimity owing to the play given to the beholder's imagination, without, necessarily, being in the slightest degree imaginative themselves. The vacancy of a truly imaginative work results not from absence of ideas, or incapability of grasping and detailing them, but from the painter having told the whole pith and power of his subject and disdaining to tell more; and the sign of this being the case is, that the mind of the beholder is forced to act in a certain mode, and feels itself overpowered and borne away by that of the painter, and not able to defend itself, nor go which way it will: and the value of the work depends on the truth, authority, and inevitability of this suggestiveness.[1] Now observe in this work of

[1] [Ed. 1 adds, "and on the absolute right choice of the critical moment."]

Turner that the whole value of it depends on the character of curve assumed by the serpent's body; for had it been a mere semicircle, or gone down in a series of smaller coils, it would have been in the first case, ridiculous, as unlike a serpent, or in the second, disgusting, nothing more than an exaggerated viper; but it is that *coming straight* at the right hand which suggests the drawing forth of an enormous weight, and gives the bent part its springing look, that frightens us. Again, remove the light trunk * on the left, and observe how useless all the gloom of the picture would have been, if this trunk had not given it depth and *hollowness*. Finally and chiefly, observe that the painter is not satisfied even with all the suggestiveness thus obtained, but to make sure of us, and force us, whether we will or not, to walk his way, and not ours, the trunks of the trees on the right are all cloven into yawning and writhing heads and bodies, and alive with dragon energy all about us; note especially the nearest with its gaping jaws and claw-like branch at the seeming shoulder; a kind of suggestion which in itself is not imaginative, but merely fanciful (using the term fancy in that third sense not yet explained, corresponding to the third office of imagination); but it is imaginative in its present use and application, for the painter addresses thereby that morbid and fearful condition of mind which he has endeavoured to excite in the spectator, and which in reality would have seen in every trunk and bough, as it penetrated into the deeper thicket, the object of its terror.

§ 15. *Imagination addresses itself to Imagination.*

It is nevertheless evident, that however suggestive the work or picture may be, it cannot have effect unless we are ourselves both watchful of its every hint, and capable of understanding and carrying it out; and although I think that this power of continuing or accepting the direction of feeling given is less a peculiar gift, like that of the original seizing, than a faculty dependent on attention and improvable by cultivation; yet,

* I am describing from a proof: in bad impressions this trunk is darkened.

to a certain extent, the imaginative work will not, I think, be rightly esteemed except by a mind of some corresponding power: not but that there is an intense enjoyment in minds of feeble yet right conception in the help and food they get from those of stronger thought; but a certain imaginative susceptibility is at any rate necessary, and above all things earnestness and feeling; so that assuredly a work of high conceptive dignity will be always incomprehensible and valueless except to those who go to it in earnest and give it time; and this is peculiarly the case when the imagination acts not merely on the immediate subject, nor in giving a fanciful and peculiar character to prominent objects, as we have just seen, but busies itself throughout in expressing occult and far-sought sympathies in every minor detail; of which action the most sublime instances are found in the works of Tintoret, whose intensity of imagination is such that there is not the commonest subject to which he will not attach a range of suggestiveness almost limitless; nor a stone, leaf, or shadow, nor anything so small, but he will give it meaning and oracular voice.

Instance, from the works of Tintoret.

In the centre of the gallery at Parma, there is a canvas of Tintoret's, whose sublimity of conception and grandeur of colour are seen in the highest perfection, by their opposition to the morbid and vulgar sentimentalism of Correggio. It is an Entombment of Christ, with a landscape distance, of whose technical composition and details I shall have much to say hereafter;[1] at present I speak only of the thought it is intended to convey. An ordinary or unimaginative painter would have made prominent, among his objects of landscape, such as might naturally be supposed to have been visible from the sepulchre, and shown with the crosses of Calvary, some portion of Jerusalem;[2] but Tintoret has a far higher aim. Dwelling on the peculiar force of the event before him, as the fulfilment of the final prophecy respecting the Passion, "He made His grave with the wicked

§ 16. *The Entombment.*

[1] [See next volume, ch. xviii. § 18, and plate 17.]
[2] [Ed. 1 adds, "or of the valley of Jehoshaphat."]

and with the *rich* in His death,"[1] he desires to direct the mind of the spectator to this receiving of the body of Christ, in its contrast with the houseless birth and the desert life. And, therefore, behind the ghastly tomb grass that shakes its black and withered blades above the rocks of the sepulchre, there is seen, not the actual material distance of the spot itself (though the crosses are shown faintly), but that to which the thoughtful spirit would return in vision, a desert place, where the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, and against the barred twilight of the melancholy sky are seen the mouldering beams and shattered roofing of a ruined *cattle-shed*, the canopy of the Nativity.

§ 17. *The Annunciation.*

Let us take another instance. No subject has been more frequently or exquisitely treated by the religious painters than that of the Annunciation;[2] though, as usual, the most perfect type of its pure ideal has been given by Angelico, and by him with the most radiant consummation (so far as I know) in a small reliquary in the sacristy of St[a]. Maria Novella.[3] The background there,

[1] [Isaiah liii. 9.]

[2] [For some other remarks on this subject, in connection with Rossetti's "Ecce Ancilla Domini," see *The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism*, § 3.]

[3] [This is the work from which Ruskin made the pencil sketch (see below, p. 350) engraved as the frontispiece to the last volume of *Modern Painters*, and described at pt. ix. ch. viii. § 12 of that volume. See also *Præterita*, ii. ch. vii. § 127. The following is the account of the picture in the 1845 note-book :—

"In the sacristy of Sta. Maria Novella is what I think on the whole his most *perfect* work, the small Annunciation of which I have a study. I have above noticed the exquisite jewellery of Angelico; it is here carried farther than in any other of his works, the gold deeper, and the ornaments more detailed aud delicate. The glories are formed of rays indented in the gold deeper and deeper as they approach the head, so that there is always a vivid light on some portion of them, playiug in the most miraculous way round the head as the spectator moves, and always brightest close to the head and graduated away so that the effect is absolutely real, and a positive light of the brightest brilliancy is obtained which throws the purest pale flesh colour out in dark relief—an advantage possessed by no other painter. The glories of the angels in the large Uffizii picture are executed with rays in the same way, but have also an outer circle of stars. The style of ornament adopted by Angelico in the dress is also very instructive. Had he made it perfectly regular and of complicated design, he would have given the dresses the appearance of having been embroidered, and the weight of the embroidery would have pulled his angels to earth in an instant. But he has used only rays or dashes of light in clusters, not joined at the roots (Note this in speaking of fuuctional unity), and curved lines with dots at the end not particularly graceful, but varied and irregular looking like no earthly ornament,

however, is altogether decorative; but, in the fresco of the corridor of St. Mark's, the concomitant circumstances are of exceeding loveliness. The Virgin sits in an open loggia, resembling that of the Florentine church of L'Annunziata. Before her is a meadow of rich herbage, covered with daisies. Behind her is seen, through the door at the end of the loggia, a chamber with a single grated window, through which a starlike[1] beam of light falls into the silence. All is exquisite in feeling, but not inventive nor imaginative. Severe would be the shock and painful the contrast, if we could pass in an instant from that pure vision to the wild thought of Tintoret.[2] For not in meek reception of the adoring messenger, but startled by the rush of his horizontal and rattling wings, the Virgin sits, not in the quiet loggia, not by the green pasture of the restored soul, but houseless, under the shelter of a palace vestibule ruined and abandoned, with the noise of the axe and the hammer in her ears, and the tumult of a city round about her desolation. The spectator turns away at first, revolted, from the central object of the picture forced painfully and coarsely forward, a mass of shattered brickwork, with the plaster mildewed away from it, and the mortar mouldering from its seams; and if he look again, either at this or at the carpenter's tools beneath it, will perhaps see, in the one and the other, nothing more than such a study of scene as Tintoret could but too easily obtain among the ruins of his own Venice, chosen to give a coarse explanation of the calling and the condition of the husband of Mary. But there is more meant than this. When he looks at the

but simple and childish and therefore heavenly. The Madonna's dress is blue; the angel's, lilac-purple. No other work of the painter can be set beside this for action and expression. The Virgin's face is absolutely luminous with love."

This reliquary has now been transferred to the museum in the convent of San Marco (Cell 34). The fresco next described in the text is on the upper floor, at the head of the stairs in the corridor.]

[1] [Misprinted "star-light" in the 1873 edition.]

[2] [Tintoret's "Annunciation" here described is in the Lower Room of the Scuola di San Rocco; for a further discussion of it, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii., Venetian Index (*s.* "Rocco, Scuola di San," No. 1). A photographic reproduction of the picture will be found at p. 80 of J. B. Stoughton Holborn's *Tintoretto*, 1903 ("Great Masters" series.)]

composition of the picture, he will find the whole symmetry of it depending on a narrow line of light, the edge of a carpenter's square, which connects these unused tools with an object at the top of the brickwork, a white stone, four square, the corner-stone of the old edifice, the base of its supporting column. This, I think, sufficiently explains the typical character of the whole. The ruined house is the Jewish dispensation; that obscurely arising in the dawning of the sky is the Christian; but the corner-stone of the old building remains, though the builders' tools lie idle beside it, and the stone which the builders refused is become the Headstone of the Corner.[1]

§ 18. *The Baptism of Christ. Its treatment by various painters.*

In this picture, however, the force of the thought hardly atones for the painfulness of the scene and the turbulence of its feeling. The power of the master is more strikingly shown in his treatment of the subject which, however important, and however deep in its meaning, supplies not to the ordinary painter material enough ever to form a picture of high interest; the Baptism of Christ. From the purity of Giotto to the intolerable, inconceivable brutality of Salvator,* every order

* The picture is in the Guadagni Palace. It is one of the most important landscapes Salvator ever painted. The figures are studied from street beggars. On the other side of the river, exactly opposite the point where the Baptism of Christ takes place, the painter, with a refinement of feeling peculiarly his own, has introduced some ruffians stripping off their shirts to bathe. He is fond of this incident. It occurs again in one of the marines of the Pitti Palace, with the additional interest of a foreshortened figure, swimming on its back, feet foremost, exactly in the stream of light to which the eye is principally directed.[2]

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[1] [Psalm cxviii. 22.]

[2] [The pictures by Salvator in the Guadagni Palace were the Showing and the Baptism of Christ. Ruskin's discussion of them in his 1845 note-book is worth giving at some length, as an illustration of his careful and prolonged study in the galleries:—

> "These are decidedly the best Salvators I have ever seen and perfectly genuine and undoubtable throughout. By these in fairness he ought to be judged, for he has taken pains with them and this he seldom did. The first—the Showing of Christ—consists chiefly of a huge and wild group of skeleton trees which occupy the centre of the picture, and straggle about the sky, shapeless rocks thrown about the foreground and middle distance, and

of feeling has been displayed in its treatment; but I am aware of no single case, except this of which I am about to speak, in which it has formed an impressive picture.

Giotto's, in the Academy of Florence, engraved in the series just published (Galleria delle belle Arti),[1] is one of

> cumbrous mountains behind. The other is finer; it is a sweet passage of calm river under steep and cavernous rocks, with a well studied distance and a grand dark tree obscuring the sky on the left. The skies are the same in both, the regular sky of Salvator—dark blue above cut off from the horizon by rolling white clouds with level flaky bases in shades, which come light upon the blue above, and dark on the yellow light of the distance below.
>
> "At the first sight of these pictures I was taken aback; their magnificent size, masterly handling and vigorous chiaroscuro (enhanced as it is by the blue of the sky having much darkened) and the skeleton branches of the trees like the limbs of the Tempting Demon of the St. Anthony [by Salvator in the Pitti] altogether are at first so impressive that if I had only looked for five minutes and come away, I might have altered my whole opinion of Salvator; and as few people ever look more than five minutes at any picture, it is no wonder that the energy of the superficial master obtains so many admirers, as it had very nearly carried me away myself.
>
> "But on sitting down for a moment and recovering from the first effect, the truth came upon me gradually and fast. Every time I looked, the colour seemed more false, and the eye detected some erring or disagreeable form. Repetition after repetition, mannerism after mannerism, was unveiled, and I did not leave the pictures before it had become painful to look at them. . . . It is not to be doubted that Salvator used this dead colour to enhance the sublimity of his landscape, and that to ill taught minds it does so, but to all pure feeling it only furnishes another and a manifest proof that all violations of national principles for an imaginative result, recoil on the inventor's head, and are productive of nothing but ugliness and disagreeableness. Had these pictures been warmed with real sunlight, they might have approached the true sublime, whereas now they are nothing but small scene-painting and that not of the best.
>
> "But it is not only their colour which is deficient. Their air-tones are still more so, . . . and [the shadows are] perfectly vacant and impenetrable —not black, nor, in the common sense of the term, heavy; as extreme darks they would be good, but they are extreme darks everywhere, the whole picture being made up of these necessarily in order to give value to the low, grey lights. This vulgarity is one of the chief causes of the rapid impression the pictures make, and it is also one of the chief causes of their final failure. For there is nothing to be discovered or penetrated anywhere; distant and near, all is alike—dense, formless, hopeless brown, with the lights cleverly touched over it, the same, whether in rock, trees, or water. One passage only affords an exception, and its beauty is a test of the wrong in the rest. In the Baptism of Christ, on the opposite side of the river, on the right hand, a glade runs up among scattered trunks of trees behind the rocks, and this part of the picture is refreshing and full of nature: one can walk through it, and breathe in it. . . ."

For the incident of the bathers, see above, ch. ii. § 19, and preceding volume, p. 518 *n.*]

[1] [*Galleria dell' I. e Reale Accademia delle Belle Arti di Firenze pubblicata con incisione in rame.* . . . Firenze, 1845. Giotto's "Baptism of Christ" is the seventh plate in that work.]

the most touching I know, especially in the reverent action of the attendant angels;[1] and Leonardo's angel in that of Andrea del Verrocchio[2] is very beautiful, but the event is one whose character and importance are ineffable upon the features: the descending dove hardly affects us, because its constant symbolical occurrence hardens us, and makes us look on it as a mere type or letter, instead of the actual presence of the Spirit: and by all the sacred painters the power that might be put into the landscape is lost; for though their use of foliage and distant sky or mountain is usually very admirable, as we shall see in the fifth chapter, yet they cannot deal with near water or rock; and the hexagonal and basaltic

[1] [This is one of a series of panels, removed from vestment presses at Santa Croce, representing scenes from the life of Christ. They are now attributed to Taddeo Gaddi.]

[2] [This is famous as one of the few certainly authentic pictures, if not the only one, by Verrocchio in existence. It was painted by commission for the monks of Vallombrosa. The kneeling angel to the extreme left is said, by a tradition of Vasari, to have been painted by Verrocchio's pupil, Leonardo. Modern critics accept the tradition, and many attribute a larger share in the picture to him (see, *e.g.*, Eugène Muntz's *Leonardo*, English ed., i. 40). Ruskin described the picture in the 1845 note-book:—

> "The head painted by Leonardo in this most interesting picture is not superior to Verrocchio's work in religious or grand qualities: neither of them is indeed particularly distinguished in this way; but still, the dark eyes and unpretending simplicity of Verrocchio's angels are to me quite as agreeable and certainly more solemn than the more finished beauty of Leonardo's work. But the difference is certainly great in the attractive qualities of art. Leonardo's hair is silky and lustrous, and more refined than even Raffaelle's in his finest works, and curled with the greatest grace and complexity. Verrocchio's is black, short, rough and straggly. Leonardo's features are full, round, and most purely chiselled. Verrocchio's are thin and marked like Botticelli's, and from poor models. Leonardo's complexion, fair and pure and stippled and shaded with great sweetness of colour. Verrocchio's brown and lightless; and finally, while the latter paints the iris of the eye with a dark, unvaried brown like Raphael, Leonardo has dwelt with a boyish delight on all the light he could get in it, through it and on it, making it a lustrous and transparent grey, that he might have the opportunity, and though it is a little fishy, it is still very ardent and full of feeling and exceedingly clever. The story told of Verrocchio is easily to be credited on looking at it."

Elsewhere in the note-book Ruskin adds:—

> "In the angel which Leonardo painted in Verrocchio's picture in the Accademia, the eyes are filled with moist, tender, transparent lustre and light, while Verrocchio's beside it is painted with both iris and pupil hard and dark. I almost think Verrocchio's the grandest of the two in spite of Leonardo's beautiful drawing."

Leonardo's angel, says Vasari, "was much superior to the other parts of the picture. Perceiving this, Andrea resolved never again to take pencil in hand, since Leonardo, though still so young, had acquitted himself in that art better than he had done" (Bohn's ed. 1871, ii. 255). One of the treasures of the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield is a work attributed to Verrocchio; see notes on that collection in a later volume of this edition.]

protuberances of their river shores are, I think, too painful to be endured even by the most acceptant mind; as eminently in that of Angelico, in the Vita di Cristo,[1] which, as far as I can judge, is a total failure in action, expression, and all else; and in general, it is in this subject especially that the greatest painters show their weakness. For this reason, I suppose, and feeling the difficulty of it, Tintoret has thrown into it his utmost strength, and it becomes noble in his hands by his most singularly imaginative expression, not only of the immediate fact, but of the whole train of thought of which it is suggestive; and by his considering the Baptism not only as the submission of Christ to the fulfilment of all righteousness, but as the opening of the earthly struggle with the prince of the powers of the air, which instantly beginning in the temptation, ended only on the cross.

The river flows fiercely under the shadow of a great rock.*

* A farther examination of this picture has made me doubt my interpretation of some portions of it. It is nearly destroyed, and placed between two lights, and far from the eye, so as to render its details in many of the shadowed portions almost untraceable. I leave the passage unaltered, however, until I can obtain an opportunity of close access to the picture. The other works described are in fuller light and in better preservation, and the reader may accept with confidence the account given of them, which I have confirmed by re-examination.[2]

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[1] [In the Accademia at Florence; *cf.* above, p. 100 *n.*]

[2] [This note was added in the second edition (1848). J. A. Symonds, in an article in the *National Observer* of August 1, 1891 ("A Morning at San Rocco"), made fun of Ruskin's description, pointing out that what appeared to Ruskin "a horizontal floor of flaky cloud, on which stand the hosts of heaven," was in fact "a set of fairly well-dressed women on the river-bank of Jordan, with trees behind them, the tops of which are clearly reflected in the stream." Symonds pointed out other particulars in which the description given above hardly accords with the picture; but the footnote shows that he had been anticipated (as is generally the case with Ruskin's critics) by Ruskin himself. See also *Stones of Venice*, *s.* "Rocco, Scuola di San," Upper Room, No. 11, where Ruskin says: "The river is seen far into the distance, with a piece of copse bordering it: the sky beyond is dark, but the water nevertheless receives a brilliant reflection from some unseen rent in the clouds, so brilliant, that when I was first at Venice, not being accustomed to Tintoret's slight execution, or to see pictures so much injured, I took this piece of water for a sky." In this later description of the picture, Ruskin says: "Behind the rocks on the right a single head is seen, with a collar on his shoulders; it seems to be intended for a portrait of some person connected with the picture." The *Pall Mall Gazette* (August 1, 1891), commenting on Symonds' article and Ruskin's own correction of this passage, remarked: "We doubt, however, whether even on further examination Mr. Ruskin would altogether give up his 'hosts of heaven.' On one occasion at Oxford he showed a sketch from some

From its opposite shore, thickets of close gloomy foliage rise against the rolling chasm of heaven, through which breaks the brightness of the descending Spirit. Across these, dividing them asunder, is stretched a horizontal floor of flaky cloud, on which stand the hosts of heaven. Christ kneels upon the water, and does not sink; the figure of St. John is indistinct, but close beside his raised right arm there is a spectre in the black shade; the Fiend, harpy-shaped, hardly seen, glares down upon Christ with eyes of fire, waiting his time. Beneath this figure there comes out of the mist a dark hand, the arm unseen, extended to a net in the river, the spars of which are in the shape of a cross. Behind this the roots and under stems of the trees are cut away by the cloud, and beneath it, and through them, is seen a vision of wild, melancholy, boundless light, the sweep of the desert; and the figure of Christ is seen therein alone, with His arms lifted as in supplication or ecstasy, borne of the Spirit into the Wilderness to be tempted of the Devil.

§ 19. *By Tintoret.*

There are many circumstances which combine to give to this noble work a more than usually imaginative character. The symbolical use of the net, which is the cross net still used constantly in the canals of Venice, and common throughout Italy, is of the same character as that of the carpenter's tools in the Annunciation; but the introduction of the spectral figure is of bolder reach, and yet more, that vision of the after-temptation which is expressly indicated as a subject of thought rather than of sight, because it is in a part of the scene which in *fact* must have been occupied by the trunks of the trees whose tops are seen above; and another circumstance completes the mystic character of the whole, that the flaky clouds which support the angelic hosts take on the right, where the light first falls upon them, the shape of the head

picture by Tintoret which, whether by chance or design we knew not, he held out wrong side up, and began discoursing on it so. 'Ah, well,' he said, joining in the general laughter, 'what does it matter? for in Tintoret you have heaven all round you.'"]

of a fish, the well-known type both of the baptismal sacrament and of Christ.

§ 20. *The Crucifixion.*

But the most exquisite instance of this imaginative power occurs in an incident in the background of the Crucifixion.[1] I will not insult this marvellous picture by an effort at a verbal account of it. I would not whitewash it with praise, and I refer to it only for the sake of two thoughts peculiarly illustrative of the intellectual faculty immediately under discussion. In the common and most Catholic treatment of the subject, the mind is either painfully directed to the bodily agony, coarsely expressed by outward anatomical signs, or else it is permitted to rest on that countenance inconceivable by man at any time, but chiefly so in this its consummated humiliation. In the first case, the representation is revolting; in the second, inefficient, false, and sometimes blasphemous. None even of the greatest religious painters have ever, so far as I know, succeeded here: Giotto and Angelico were cramped by the traditional treatment, and the latter especially, as before observed, is but too apt to indulge in those points of vitiated feeling which attained their worst development among the Byzantines; Perugino fails in his Christ in almost every instance: of other men than these, after them, we need not speak. But Tintoret here, as in all other cases, penetrating into the root and deep places of his subject, despising all outward and bodily appearances of pain, and seeking for some means of expressing, not the rack of nerve or sinew, but the fainting of the deserted Son of God before His Eloi cry, and yet feeling himself utterly unequal to the expression of this by the countenance, has, on the one hand, filled his picture with such various and impetuous muscular exertion, that the body of the Crucified

[1] [Also in the Scuola di San Rocco, Upper Room. For other references to the picture, see above, sec. i. ch. viii. § 4, and below, § 25, ch. iv. § 13, and Epilogue, § 12; also *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. i. § 8, ch. iii. § 17; and *Stones of Venice*, Venetian Index, *s.* "Rocco, Scuola di San," No. 62. A photographic reproduction of the picture will be found between pp. 80 and 81 of J. B. Stoughton Holborn's *Tintoretto*. The notice of the picture in that book is worth looking at as an instance of the acceptance of Ruskin's estimate of the master. See also above, Introduction, p. xlv. *n.*]

is, by comparison, in perfect repose, and, on the other, has cast the countenance altogether into shade. But the Agony is told by this, and by this only; that, though there yet remains a chasm of light on the mountain horizon where the earthquake darkness closes upon the day, the broad and sunlike glory about the head of the Redeemer has become wan, *and of the colour of ashes.**

But the great painter felt he had something more to do yet. Not only that Agony of the Crucified, but the tumult of the people, that rage which invoked His blood upon them and their children. Not only the brutality of the soldier, the apathy of the Centurion, or any other merely instrumental cause of the Divine suffering, but the fury of His own people, the noise against Him of those for whom He died, were to be set before the eye of the understanding, if the power of the picture was to be complete. This rage, be it remembered, was one of disappointed pride; and the disappointment dated essentially from the time when, but five days before, the King of Zion came, and was received with hosannahs, riding upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass. To this time, then, it was necessary to direct the thoughts, for therein are found both the cause and the character, the excitement of, and the witness against, this madness of the people. In the shadow behind the cross, a man, riding on an ass colt, looks back to the multitude, while he points with a rod to the Christ crucified. The ass is feeding on the *remnants* of *withered palm-leaves.*[1]

With this master-stroke, I believe, I may terminate all illustration of the peculiar power of the imagination over the feelings of the spectator, by the elevation into dignity and

* This circumstance, like most that lie not at the surface, has escaped Fuseli, though his remarks on the general tone of the picture are very good, as well as his opposition of it to the treatment of Rubens. (Lecture ix.)[2]

[1] [For Ruskin's first note of this "master-stroke," see above, Introduction, p. xxxviii.]

[2] [*Life and Writings of Fuseli*, ii. 366. The picture by Rubens which Fuseli contrasts for its inappropriate "gay technic exaltation" with the solemn tone of Tintoret is in the Church of St. Walburgha at Antwerp.]

meaning of the smallest accessory circumstances. But I have not yet sufficiently dwelt on the fact from which this power arises, the absolute truth of statement of the central fact as it was, or must have been. Without this truth, this awful first moving principle, all direction of the feelings is useless. That which we cannot excite, it is of no use to know how to govern.

I have before alluded, Sec. I. Chap. XIV., to the painfulness of Raffaelle's treatment of the Massacre of the Innocents. Fuseli affirms of it, that, "in dramatic gradation he disclosed all the mother through every image of pity and of terror."[1]

§ 21. *The Massacre of the Innocents.*

If this be so, I think the philosophical spirit has prevailed over the imaginative. The imagination never errs; it sees all that is, and all the relations and bearings of it; but it would not have confused the mortal frenzy of maternal terror with various development of maternal character. Fear, rage, and agony, at their utmost pitch, sweep away all character: humanity itself would be lost in maternity, the woman would become the mere personification of animal fury or fear. For this reason all the ordinary representations of this subject are, I think, false and cold: the artist has not heard the shrieks, nor mingled with the fugitives; he has sat down in his study to convulse features methodically, and philosophize over insanity. Not so Tintoret.[2] Knowing, or feeling, that the expression of the human face was, in such circumstances, not to be rendered, and that the effort could only end in an ugly falsehood, he denies himself all aid from the features, he feels that if he is to place himself or us in the midst of that maddened multitude, there can be no time allowed for watching expression. Still less does he depend on details of murder and ghastliness of death; there is no blood, no stabbing or cutting, but there is an awful substitute for these in the chiaroscuro. The scene is the

[1] [Lecture iii., *Life and Writings*, ii. 176.]

[2] [For Ruskin's first note of this picture (also in the Scuola di San Rocco, Lower Room), see above, Introduction, p. xxxviii. For other references, see above, sec. i. ch. xiv. § 31, and below, § 25. A photographic reproduction of the picture is given at p. 82 of J. B. Stoughton Holborn's *Tintoretto*.]

outer vestibule of a palace, the slippery marble floor is fearfully barred across by sanguine shadows, so that our eyes seem to become bloodshot and strained with strange horror and deadly vision; a lake of life before them, like the burning seen of the doomed Moabite on the water that came by the way of Edom; a huge flight of stairs, without parapet, descends on the left; down this rush a crowd of women mixed with the murderers; the child in the arms of one has been seized by the limbs, *she hurls herself over the edge, and falls head downmost, dragging the child out of the grasp by her weight;*—she will be dashed dead in a second;[1]—close to us is the great struggle; a heap of the mothers entangled in one mortal writhe with each other and the swords, one of the murderers dashed down and crushed beneath them, the sword of another caught by the blade and dragged at by a woman's naked hand; the youngest and fairest of the women, her child just torn away from a death grasp, and clasped to her breast with the grip of a steel vice, falls backwards, helplessly over the heap, right on the sword points; all knit together and hurled down in one hopeless, frenzied, furious abandonment of body and soul in the effort to save.[2] Far back, at the bottom of the stairs, there is something in the shadow like a heap of clothes. It is a woman, sitting quiet,—quite quiet,—still as any stone; she looks down steadfastly on her dead child, laid along on the floor before her, and her hand is pressed softly upon her brow.[3]

This, to my mind, is the only Imaginative, that is, the only true, real, heartfelt representation of the being and actuality of

[1] [Ed. 1 (in which the preceding words were not italicised) adds :—
"two others are farther in flight, they reach the edge of a deep river,—the water is beat into a hollow by the force of their plunge ;—close to us . . ."]

[2] [Ed. 1 adds :—
"Their shrieks ring in our ears till the marble seems rending around us, but far back . . ."]

[3] [Ruskin quoted this description a year later in *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Venetian Index, *s.* "Rocco, Scuola di San"), adding that "there may have been some change in the colour of the shadow that crosses the pavement. . . . I formerly supposed that this was meant to give greater horror to the scene, and it is very like Tintoret if it be so; but there is a strangeness and discordance in it which make me suspect the colour may have changed."]

the subject, in existence.* I should exhaust the patience of the reader, if I were to dwell at length on the various stupendous developments of the imagination of Tintoret in the Scuola di San Rocco alone. I would fain join awhile in that solemn pause of the journey into Egypt,[1] where the silver boughs of the shadowy trees lace with their tremulous lines the alternate folds of fair cloud, flushed by faint crimson light, and lie across the streams of blue between those rosy islands, like the white wakes of wandering ships; or watch beside the sleep of the disciples, among those massy leaves that lie so heavily on the dead of the night beneath the descent of the angel of the agony, and toss fearfully above the motion of the torches as the troop of the betrayer emerges out of the hollows of the olives;[2] or wait through the hour of accusing beside the judgment seat of Pilate, where all is unseen, unfelt, except the one figure that stands with its head bowed down, pale, like a pillar of moonlight, half bathed in the glory of the Godhead, half wrapt in the whiteness of the shroud.[3] Of these, and all the other thoughts of indescribable power that are now fading from the walls of those neglected chambers, I may perhaps endeavour at a future time to preserve some image and shadow more

§ 22. *Various works in the Scuola di San Rocco.*

§ 23. *The Last Judgment. How treated by various painters.*

* Note the shallow and uncomprehending notice of this picture by Fuseli. His description of the treatment of it by other painters is, however, true, terse, and valuable.[4]

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[1] [In the Lower Room of the Scuola di San Rocco. For another reference to the "Flight into Egypt," see above, ch. ii. § 19, p. 244, and Introduction, p. xxxix.; and for a fuller description of the picture, *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Venetian Index, *s.* "Rocco, Scuola di San," No. 3).]

[2] ["The Agony in the Garden," in the Upper Room of the Scuola di San Rocco. For a fuller description of the picture, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Venetian Index, *s.* "Rocco, Scuola di San," No. 13).]

[3] ["Christ before Pilate," in the Upper Room of the Scuola di San Rocco. For a fuller description of the picture, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Venetian Index, *s.* "Rocco, Scuola di San," No. 59). A photographic reproduction of the picture is given at p. 84 of J. B. Stoughton Holborn's *Tintoretto*.]

[4] [Fuseli says of the picture: "The stormy brush of Tintoretto swept individual woe away in general masses. Two immense wings of light and shade divide the composition, and hide the want of sentiment in tumult." The other pictures of the Massacre noticed by Fuseli are by Bandinelli, Rubens, Le Brun, Poussin, and Raphael (quoted above, p. 272). See Lecture iii., *Life and Writings*, ii. 175–176.]

faithfully than by words ;[1] but I shall at present terminate our series of illustrations by reference to a work of less touching, but more tremendous appeal ; the Last Judgment in the Church of Santa Maria dell' Orto.[2] In this subject, almost all realizing or local statement had been carefully avoided by the most powerful painters, they judging it better to represent its chief circumstances as generic thoughts, and present them to the mind in a typical or abstract form. In the Judgment of Angelico the treatment is purely typical ; a long Campo Santo, composed of two lines of graves, stretches away into the distance ; on the left side of it rise the condemned ; on the right the just.[3] With Giotto and Orcagna,[4] the conception, though less rigid, is equally typical ; no effort being made at

[1] [An intention which Ruskin did not succeed in carrying out.]

[2] [For Ruskin's first note of this picture, see Introduction, pp. xxxvi.–xxxvii.]

[3] [There are several examples of this subject by Fra Angelico. One of the best is in the Accademia at Florence (see Karl Károly's *Guide to the Paintings of Florence*, 1893, p. 133, for notices of it) ; another, from the Dudley collection, is now at Berlin (for a photographic reproduction, see *Fra Angelico*, by Langton Douglas, 1900, p. 132).]

[4] [For an illustration of Giotto's Last Judgment at Padua, see *Giotto and his Works at Padua*. Orcagna's (one of a series now ascribed by some to Bernardo Daddi) is in the Campo Santo at Pisa. Ruskin gave an interesting account of the fresco in his 1845 note-book :—

> "One hardly knows where to look for the first origin of the conventional mode of treating this subject, afterwards followed by all painters up to Michel Angelo. If *this* be the first idea, Orcagna should stand high in the list of truly creative painters. The origin of M. Angelo's whole plan is here. The Christ, in a singular oval glory divided by concentric lines like those on a watch case, and the resultant parallelograms thrown into rainbow zones of green and gold. The glory is just the shape of the Greek A,—Christ sitting on the cross bar. His right hand raised as in M. Angelo's. With his left he points to the wound in his side. At first, and from below, I thought the face a failure, but on close examination it gained upon me, and I have now every reason to suppose it very fine. It does not strike at first owing to a most meritorious effort of Orcagna's at rendering it perfectly tranquil and passionless. The brow is, however, slightly knit, but the eyes have no *local* direction, they seem to command all things. The Madonna in a similar glory, but lower and less, sits on the right hand. She is decidedly a failure—one of the most insipid figures in the whole work ; nor is the action of the hand on the knee well explained. The hand is, however, finely drawn.
>
> "On each side of these figures, but above, are three angels. Those on the right bear the Nails, Sponge, and Spear. Those on the left, the Cross, Scourge, and Shroud. Below them, six on each side, are the Apostles. These are by far the finest figures in the whole work. The St. John is perfectly sublime ; the second and fifth, counting from right hand, also deserve careful study, the latter looking down on the condemned with bitter pity, the former partly in pity but more in indignation and disgust. The great mass of the condemned are on the whole done rather for general effect and *distant*, and there is great want of dramatic conception. There are different degrees

the suggestion of space, and only so much ground represented as is absolutely necessary to support the near figures and allow space for a few graves. Michael Angelo in no respect differs in his treatment, except that his figures are less symmetrically grouped, and a greater conception of space is given by their various perspective. No interest is attached to his background in itself. Fra Bartolomeo, never able to grapple with any species of sublimity except that of simple religious feeling, fails most signally in this mighty theme.* His group of the dead, including not more than ten or twelve figures, occupies the foreground only; behind them a vacant plain extends to the foot of a cindery volcano, about whose mouth several little black devils like spiders are skipping and crawling. The judgment of quick and dead is thus expressed as taking place in about a rood square, and on a single group; the whole of the space and horizon of the sky and land being left vacant, and the presence of the Judge of all the earth made more finite than the sweep of a whirlwind or a thunder-storm.

§ 24. *By Tintoret.* By Tintoret only has this unimaginable event been grappled with in its Verity; not typically nor symbolically, but as they may see it who shall not sleep, but be

* Fresco in an outhouse of the Ospedale St^a^ Maria Nuova at Florence.[1]

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of grief but very little attempt at expressing either different character or different *conditions* of emotion. One head only is very fine in this respect, that of a Dominican just above the queen in green, who is in the front row. This monk in the midst of the howling, struggling, and shrieking crowd is abandoned to a fixed, quiet, tearful despair, seemingly rather reviewing his past life, than intent on what is around him. The green queen too would have been fine, had the face been of a higher type; she is trying to pull back another female from the grasp of a demon, and seems rather intent on this victim than on herself. But all the kings and queens are a good deal like Sadler's Wells ones, and the mass of the figures exhibit nothing but various degrees of a mean terror, howling grief, or a despair which, except in the case of the monk above mentioned, Orcagna has failed to express except by covering the face with the hands . . ."

With this passage, *cf.* Ruskin's review of Lord Lindsay, *On the Old Road*, 1899, i. § 73.]

[1] [Painted in 1499 for the cloistered cemetery of S. Maria Novella; now in the Picture Gallery of the Hospital and greatly damaged. It was sawn from the wall and placed in an open court, where it suffered greatly from damp until it was transferred to the picture gallery. The lower part was completed by Mariotto Albertinelli. The upper part of the composition, by Fra Bartolommeo, evidently influenced the design of Raphael's "Disputa." An outline reproduction of the fresco is given at vol. ii. p. 446 of Kugler's *Handbook of Painting*, ed. 1887.]

changed. Only one traditional circumstance he has received with Dante[1] and Michael Angelo, the Boat of the Condemned; but the impetuosity of his mind bursts out even in the adoption of this image; he has not stopped at the scowling ferryman of the one, nor at the sweeping blow and demon dragging of the other, but seized Hylas-like by the limbs, and tearing up the earth in his agony, the victim is dashed into his destruction: nor is it the sluggish Lethe, nor the fiery lake that bears the cursed vessel, but the oceans of the earth and the waters of the firmament gathered into one white, ghastly cataract; the river of the wrath of God, roaring down into the gulf where the world has melted with its fervent heat,[2] choked with the ruin of nations, and the limbs of its corpses tossed out of its whirling, like water-wheels. Bat-like, out of the holes and caverns and shadows of the earth, the bones gather and the clay heaps heave, rattling and adhering into half-kneaded anatomies, that crawl, and startle, and struggle up among the putrid weeds, with the clay clinging to their clotted hair, and their heavy eyes sealed by the earth darkness yet, like his of old who went his way unseeing to the Siloam Pool; shaking off one by one the dreams of the prison-house, hardly hearing the clangour of the trumpets of the armies of God, blinded yet more, as they awake, by the white light of the new Heaven, until the great vortex of the four winds bears up their bodies to the judgment-seat: the Firmament is all full of them, a very dust of human souls, that drifts, and floats, and falls in the interminable, inevitable light; the bright clouds are darkened with them as with thick snow, currents of atom life in the arteries of heaven, now soaring up slowly, and higher and higher still, till the eye and the thought can follow no farther, borne up, wingless, by their inward faith and by the angel powers invisible, now hurled in countless drifts of horror before the breath of their condemnation.[3]

[1] [*Inferno*, iii. 89.]
[2] [2 Peter iii. 12.]
[3] This description also was quoted in *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Venetian Index, *s.* "Orto").]

§ 25. *The Imaginative Verity, how distinguished from realism.*

Now, I wish the reader particularly to observe throughout all these works of Tintoret, the distinction of the Imaginative Verity from falsehood on the one hand, and from realism on the other. The power of every picture depends on the penetration of the imagination into the TRUE nature of the thing represented, and on the utter scorn of the imagination for all shackles and fetters of mere external fact that stand in the way of its suggestiveness. In the Baptism it cuts away the trunks of trees as if they were so much cloud or vapour, that it may exhibit to the thought the completed sequency of the scene; * in the Massacre it covers the marble floor with visionary light, that it may strike terror into the spectator without condescending to butchery; it defies the bare fact, but creates in him the fearful feeling; in the Crucifixion it annihilates locality, and brings the palm leaves to Calvary, so only that it may bear the mind to the Mount of Olives; as in the Entombment[1] it brings the manger to Jerusalem, that it may take the heart to Bethlehem; and all this it does in the daring consciousness of its higher and spiritual verity, and in the entire knowledge of the fact and substance of all that it touches. The imaginary boat of the demon angel expands the rush of the visible river into the descent of irresistible condemnation; but to make that rush and roar felt by the eye and heard by the ear, the rending of the pine branches above the cataract is taken directly from nature; it is an abstract of Alpine storm. Hence, while we are always placed face to face with whatever is to be told, there is in and beyond its reality a voice supernatural; and that which is doubtful in the vision has strength, sinew, and assuredness, built up in it by fact.

* The same thing is done yet more boldly in the large composition of the ceiling, the Plague of Fiery Serpents:[2] a part of the host, and another sky horizon, are seen through an opening in the ground.

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[1] [At Parma; see above, ch. iii. § 16, p. 262; and *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. xviii. § 18 (plate 17).]

[2] [Also in the Scuola di San Rocco, on the roof of the Upper Room; see for a full description of the picture, *Stones of Venice* (Venetian Index, *s.* "Rocco, Scuola di San," No. 24).]

Let us, however, still advance one step farther, and observe the imaginative power deprived of all aid from chiaroscuro, colour, or any other means of concealing the framework of its thoughts.

§ 26. *The Imagination, how manifested in sculpture.*

It was said by Michael Angelo that "non ha l'ottimo scultore alcun concetto, ch' un marmo solo in se non circoscriva,"[1] a sentence which, though in the immediate sense intended by the writer it may remind us a little of the indignation of Boileau's Pluto, "Il s'ensuit de-là que tout ce qui se peut dire de beau est dans les dictionnaires; il n'y a que les paroles qui sont transposées,"[2] yet is valuable, because it shows us that Michael Angelo held the imagination to be entirely expressible in rock, and therefore altogether independent, in its own nature, of those aids of colour and shade by which it is recommended in Tintoret, though the sphere of its operation is of course by these incalculably extended. But the presence of the imagination may be rendered in marble as deep, thrilling, and awful as in painting, so that the sculptor seek for the soul and govern the body thereby.

§ 27. *Bandinelli, Canova, Mino da Fiesole.*

Of unimaginative work, Bandinelli and Canova supply us with characteristic instances of every kind: the Hercules and Cacus of the former, and its criticism by Cellini, will occur at once to every one;[3] the disgusting statue now placed so as to conceal Giotto's important tempera picture in Santa Croce is a better

[1] [Sonnet xv. The original reads "artista," not "scultore." J. A. Symonds (*Sonnets of Michael Angelo*, etc., 1878, p. 46) thus translates

> "The best of artists hath no thought to show
> What the rough stone in its superfluous shell
> Doth not include: to break the marble spell
> Is all the hand that serves the brain can do."]

[2] [From "Les Héros de Roman: Dialogue a la manière de Lucien," p. 180 in the *Oeuvres Complètes de Boileau-Despréaux*, 1861.]

[3] [For Bandinelli, see above, p. 168 *n.*; for Canova, p. 121. This statue by Baccio Bandinelli (1488–1560), made in 1546, stands in the Piazza della Signoria at Florence. Cellini's very entertaining criticism of it given to the Grand Duke, in presence of Bandinelli — who, says Cellini, "writhed and made the most ugly faces" — is in ch. lxx. of the second book of his *Autobiography* (Symonds' translation, ed. 1888, ii. 221).]

instance;[1] but a still more impressive lesson might be received by comparing the inanity of Canova's garland grace, and ball-room sentiment,[2] with the intense truth, tenderness, and power of men like Mino da Fiesole, whose chisel leaves many a hard edge, and despises down and dimple, but it seems to cut light and carve breath, the marble burns beneath it, and becomes transparent with very spirit.[3] Yet Mino stopped at the human nature; he saw the soul, but not the ghostly presences about it; it was reserved for Michael Angelo to pierce deeper yet, and to see the

§ 28. *Michael Angelo.*

[1] [In the Capella dei Baroncelli, in the south transept, is Bandinelli's "Dead Christ" in marble. For another reference to it, see above, p. 194. Ruskin's account of it in his note-book of 1845 is as follows:—

"It is difficult to speak of this work (marble, colossal) in terms of sufficient dispraise. It is a bad statue of a dying French duellist or gamester, and the legs of the model have been so bad that, I think in almost every point, their forms may be taken to contrast with the Elgins as pure examples of the wrong. The details and particular references are given at pages 17 and 38 of the note-book [a book of sketches, etc., in illustration of the written diary]. But the peculiarity of its general effect is not there stated. Commonly when a statue is by an inferior hand, one feels a want of vitality, or a rigidity or an imperfection of form resulting from deficient knowledge, or want of completion or badly selected position; but here there is no stoniness, no rigidity, no incompletion; the statue has the disgusting effect of an ugly, naked body; one has the same reluctance to go near it, that one would have if it were a dirty, stripped Italian; the whole purity of the marble is destroyed by the man's vulgar conception, and this is an effect I never recollect having before perceived. Usually bad sculpture is not fleshy enough, but this is too much so."

This sculpture partially conceals Giotto's altar-piece, in five panels, of "The Coronation of the Virgin."]

[2] [*Cf.* preceding volume, p. 230.]

[3] [Ruskin had been specially struck by the two tombs by Mino da Fiesole in the church of the Badia. He writes in his note-book of 1845:—

"The recumbent figures have all his usual animation, but the gem of the church is the little child on the right hand side of that of Ugo, Count of Tuscany. It is the most beautiful and breathing realisation of infancy that ever sculptor struck; no fat legs, nor hands that look like stuffed gloves; no curly hair nor round cheeks nor bee-stung lips; the child is thin and somewhat hard in outline, there is no fine nor soft chiselling about it; it looks as if it had been exhausted by too much of the strong life within it, worn out with mind; and the execution is not delicate neither, but in many places hard and false or imperfect in what is commonly called *drawing*, and this is especially the case with the mouth, which hardly looks like a mouth at all when one looks close at it, but is rather like a deep chip or crack in the marble, and yet at the right distance it is a mouth all lighted up with love and child sweetness, altogether divine. Neither can I at all trace the sources of the heavenly expression in the eyes, for all is simply and even rudely cut, but the lines though apparently not refined in drawing are refined in their degree, their lightness and untraceableness being as total a defeat of all attempt to copy or imitate as nature herself."]

indwelling angels. No man's soul is alone; Laocoon or Tobit, the serpent has it by the heart or the angel by the hand; the light or the fear of the Spiritual things that move beside it may be seen on the body; and that bodily form with Buonarotti, white, solid, distinct, material, though it be, is invariably felt as the instrument or the habitation of some infinite, invisible power. The earth of the Sistine Adam that begins to burn; the woman-embodied burst of Adoration from his sleep; the twelve great torrents of the Spirit of God that pause above us there, urned in their vessels of clay; the waiting in the shadow of futurity of those through whom the Promise and Presence of God went down from the Eve to the Mary, each still and fixed, fixed in his expectation, silent, foreseeing, faithful, seated each on his stony throne, the building stones of the word of God, building on and on, tier by tier, to the Refused one the head of the corner;[1] not only these, not only the troops of terror torn up from the earth by the four-quartered winds of the Judgment, but every fragment and atom of stone that he ever touched became instantly inhabited by what makes the hair stand up and the words be few: the St. Matthew, not yet disengaged from his sepulchre, bound hand and foot by his grave clothes, it is left for us to loose him; the strange spectral wreath of the Florence Pietà, casting its pyramidal, distorted shadow, full of pain and death, among the faint purple light that cross and perish under the obscure dome of St[a]. Maria del Fiore; the white lassitude of joyous limbs, panther-like, yet passive, fainting with their own delight, that gleam among

[1] [The description down to this point is of the roof of the Sistine Chapel. (1) The creation of Adam, (2) the creation of Eve, and (3) the twelve Sibyls and Prophets, heralds and pioneers of Christ. "The Last Judgment" is of course on the wall of the same chapel. The "St. Matthew not yet disengaged from his sepulchre" refers to the huge roughed-out form of the disciple, now in the courtyard of the Accademia at Florence—the perfect shape not yet unloosed. "He also began," says Vasari, "a statue in marble of S. Matteo which, though it is but roughly hewn, shows perfection of design, and teaches sculptors how to extract figures from the stone." The unfinished Pietà—the sculptor's last work in marble—stands behind the high altar in the Cathedral of Florence. For the "Bacchus" in the Uffizi, see preceding volume, p. 118. The "Day and Night" and the "Dawn and Twilight" are of course in the Sagrestia Nuova of San Lorenzo; for another reference to them, see next volume, ch. viii. § 6, and, for Ruskin's study of them, see above, Introduction, p. xxi.]

the Pagan formalisms of the Uffizii, far away, separating themselves in their lustrous lightness as the waves of an Alpine torrent do by their dancing from the dead stones, though the stones be as white as they;* and finally, and perhaps more than all, those four ineffable types, not of darkness nor of day—not of morning nor evening, but of the departure and the resurrection, the twilight and the dawn of the souls of men—together with the spectre sitting in the shadow of the niche above them;† all these, and all else that I could

* The Bacchus. There is a small statue opposite it, also unfinished; but "a spirit still."

† I would have insisted more on the ghostly vitality of this dreadful statue; but the passage referring to it in Rogers' *Italy* supersedes all further description. I suppose most lovers of art know it by heart.

> "Nor then forget that chamber of the dead,
> Where the gigantic shapes of Night and Day,
> Turned into stone, rest everlastingly:
> Yet still are breathing and shed round at noon
> A twofold influence,—only to be felt—
> A light, a darkness, mingling each with each;
> Both, and yet neither. There, from age to age,
> Two ghosts are sitting on their sepulchres.
> That is the Duke Lorenzo. Mark him well.
> He meditates, his head upon his hand.
>
> What from beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls?
> Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull?
> 'Tis lost in shade; yet, like the basilisk,
> It fascinates, and is intolerable.
> His mien is noble, most majestical!
> Then most so, when the distant choir is heard
> At morn or eve—nor fail thou to attend
> On that thrice-hallowed day, when all are there;
> When all, propitiating with solemn songs,
> Visit the dead. Then wilt thou feel his power!"

It is strange that this should be the only written instance (as far as I recollect) of just and entire appreciation of Michael Angelo's spiritual power.[1] It is perhaps owing to the very intensity of his imagination that he has been so little understood: for, as I before said, imagination can never be met by vanity, nor without earnestness. His Florentine followers saw in him an

[1] [A few years later, Elizabeth Barrett Browning (who, as we have seen, Vol. III. p. xxxviii., read Ruskin at Florence) wrote a fine commentary on these same statues in *Casa Guidi Windows*, i. 74 *ff.*]

name of his forming, have borne, and in themselves retain and exercise the same inexplicable power—inexplicable because proceeding from an imaginative perception almost superhuman, which goes whither we cannot follow, and is where we cannot come; throwing naked the final, deepest root of the being of man, whereby he grows out of the invisible, and holds on his God home.*

anatomist and posture-master; and *art was finally destroyed by the influence over admiring idiocy* of the greatest mind that art ever inspired.**

** I italicised the earliest expression of my sense of the destructive power in Michael Angelo; my own mind was, however, still itself in the state described of "admiring idiocy" when I wrote the last words of the note. [1883.]

* I have not chosen to interrupt the argument respecting the essence of the imaginative faculty by any remarks on the execution of the imaginative hand; but we can hardly leave Tintoret and Michael Angelo without some notice of the pre-eminent power of execution exhibited by both of them, in consequence of their vigour and clearness of conception; nor without again [1] warning the lower artist from confounding this velocity of decision and impatience with the velocity of affectation or indolence. Every result of real imagination we have seen to be a truth of some sort; and it is the characteristic of truth to be in some way tangible, seizable, distinguishable, and clear, as it is of falsehood to be obscure, confused, and confusing. Not but that many, if not most truths have a dark side, a side by which they are connected with mysteries too high for us,—nay, I think it is commonly but a poor and miserable truth which the human mind can walk all round, but at all events they have one side by which we can lay hold of them, and feel that they are downright adamant, and that their form, though lost in cloud here and there, is unalterable and real, and not less real and rocky because infinite, and joined on, St. Michael's Mount-like, to a far mainland. So then, whatever the real imagination lays hold of, as it is a truth, does not alter into anything else, as the imaginative part works at it, and feels over it, and finds out more of it, but comes out more and more continually; all that is found out pointing to and indicating still more behind, and giving additional stability and reality to that which is discovered already. But if it be fancy or any other form of pseudo-imagination which is at work, then that which it gets hold of may not be a truth, but only an idea, which will keep giving way as soon as we try to take hold of it, and turning into something else; so that, as we go on copying it, every part will be inconsistent with all that has gone before, and at intervals it will vanish altogether and leave blanks which must be filled up by any means at hand. And in these circumstances, the painter, unable to seize his thought, because it has not substance nor bone enough to bear grasping, is liable to catch at every line that he lays down, for help

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[1] [See preceding volume, p. 126.]

§ 29. *Recapitulation. The perfect function of the Imagination is the intuitive perception of Ultimate Truth.*

Now, in all these instances, let it be observed—for it is to that end alone that I have been arguing all along—that the virtue of the Imagination is its reaching, by intuition and intensity of gaze (not by reasoning, but by its authoritative opening and revealing power), a more essential truth than is seen at the surface of things.[1] I repeat that it matters not whether the reader is willing to call this faculty Imagination or not; I do not care about the name; but I would be understood when I speak of imagination hereafter, to mean this,[2] the base of whose authority

and suggestion, and to be led away by it to something else, which the first effort to realize dissipates in like manner, placing another phantom in its stead; until, out of the fragments of these successive phantoms, he has glued together a vague, mindless involuntary whole, a mixture of all that was trite or common in each of the successive conceptions, for that is necessarily what is first caught, a heap of things with the bloom off and the chill on, laborious, unnatural, inane, with its emptiness disguised by affectation, and its deadness enlivened by extravagance.

Necessarily from these modes of conception, three vices of execution must result; and these are found in all those parts of the work where any trust has been put in conception, and only to be avoided in portions of actual portraiture, for a thoroughly unimaginative painter can make no use of a study—all his studies are guesses and experiments, all are equally wrong, and so far felt to be wrong by himself, that he will not work by any of them, but will always endeavour to improve upon them in the picture, and so lose the use of them. These three vices of execution are then—first, feebleness of handling, owing to uncertainty of intention; secondly, intentional carelessness of handling, in the hope of getting by accident something more than was meant; and, lastly, violence and haste of handling, in the effort to secure as much as possible of the obscure image of which the mind feels itself losing hold. I am throughout, it will be observed, attributing right feeling to the unimaginative painter; if he lack this, his execution may be cool and determined, as he will set down falsehood without blushing, and ugliness without suffering. Added to these various evidences of weakness, will be the various vices assumed for the sake of concealment; morbid refinements disguising feebleness,—or insolence and coarseness to cover desperation. When the imagination is powerful, the resulting execution is of course the contrary of all this: its first steps will commonly be impetuous, in clearing its

[1] [With this § compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. ch. iii. § 62, and *Pleasures of England*, § 90.]

[2] [Ed. 1 reads:—

"to mean this, the true foundation of all art which exercises eternal authority over men's minds; (all other imagination than this is either secondary and contemplative, or utterly spurious); the base of whose authority . . ."]

and being is its perpetual thirst for truth and purpose to be true. It has no food, no delight, no care, no perception, except of truth; it is forever looking under masks, and burning up mists; no fairness of form, no majesty of seeming will satisfy it; the first condition of its existence is incapability of being deceived; and though it sometimes dwells upon and substantiates the fictions of fancy, yet its own operation is to trace to their farthest limit the true laws and likelihoods even of the fictitious creation. This has been well explained by Fuseli, in his allusion to the Centaur of

ground and getting at its first conception—as we know of Michael Angelo in his smiting his blocks into shape (see the passage quoted by Sir Charles Bell in the Essay on Expression, from Blaise de Vigenere),[1] and as is visible in the handling of Tintoret always: as the work approaches completion, the stroke, while it remains certain and firm, because its end is always known, may frequently become slow and careful, both on account of the difficulty of following the pure lines of the conception, and because there is no fear felt of the conception's vanishing before it can be realized; but generally there is a certain degree of impetuosity visible in the works of all the men of high imagination, when they are not working from a study, showing itself in Michael Angelo by the number of blocks he left unfinished, and by some slight evidences in those he completed of his having worked painfully towards the close; so that, except the Duke Lorenzo, the Bacchus of the Florentine Gallery, and the Pietà of Genoa, I know not any of his finished works in which his mind is as mightily expressed as in his marble sketches; only, it is always to be observed that impetuosity or rudeness of hand is not necessarily —and, if imaginative, is never—carelessness. In the two landscapes at the end of the Scuola di San Rocco,[2] Tintoret has drawn several large tree trunks with two strokes of his brush—one for the dark, and another for the light side; and the large rock at the foot of the picture of the Temptation is painted with a few detached touches of grey over a flat brown ground; but the touches of the tree trunks have been followed by the mind as they went

[1] [*Anatomy of Expression*, 3rd ed., p. 207. The following is the passage: "I have seen Michael Angelo, when above sixty, and not very robust, make more fragments of the marble fly off in a quarter of an hour than three vigorous young sculptors would have done in an hour; and he worked with so much impetuosity, and put such strength into his blows, that I feared he would have broken the whole in pieces, for portions, the size of three or four fingers, were struck off so near to the contour or outline, that, if he erred by a hair's-breadth, he would have spoiled all and lost his labour, since the defect could not have been remedied as in working in clay."]

[2] [The pictures referred to are apparently the "Magdalen" and "St. Mary of Egypt" in the Lower Room; see *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Venetian index, *s.* "Rocco, Scuola di San," Nos. 5 and 6). On Tintoret's rapidity of execution in this respect, see above, Introduction, p. xxxix. The "Temptation" is in the Upper Room; for a further description of it, see *Stones of Venice, ibid.*, No. 20. It is reproduced as the frontispiece to J. B. Stoughton Holborn's *Tintoretto*.]

Zeuxis;[1] and there is not perhaps a greater exertion of imaginative power than may be manifested in following out to their farthest limits the necessary consequences of such arbitrary combination; but let not the jests of the fancy be confounded with that after serious work of the imagination which gives them all the nervous verity and substance of which they are capable. Let not the monsters of Chinese earthenware be confounded with the Faun, Satyr, or Centaur.

§ 30. *Imagination, how vulgarly understood.*

How different this definition of the Imagination may be from the idea of it commonly entertained among us, I can hardly say, because I have a very indistinct idea of what is usually meant by the term. I hear modern works constantly praised as being imaginative, in which I can trace no virtue of any kind; but simple, slavish, unpalliated falsehood and exaggeration. I see

down with the most painful intensity through their every undulation; and the few grey strokes on the stone are so considered that a better stone could not be painted if we took a month to it: and I suppose, generally, it would be utterly impossible to give an example of execution in which less was left to accident, or in which more care was concentrated in every stroke, than the seemingly regardless and impetuous handling of this painter.

On the habit of both Tintoret and Michael Angelo to work straight forward from the block and on the canvas, without study or model, it is needless to insist; for though this is one of the most amazing proofs of their imaginative power, it is a dangerous precedent. No mode of execution ought ever to be taught to a young artist as better than another; he ought to understand the truth of what he has to do; felicitous execution will follow as a matter of course; and if he feels himself capable of getting at the right at once, he will naturally do so without reference to precedent. He ought to hold always that his duty is to attain the highest result he can—but that no one has any business with the means or time he has taken. If it can be done quickly, let it be so done; if not, let it be done at any rate. For knowing his way he is answerable, and therefore must not walk *doubtingly;* but no one can blame him for walking *cautiously,* if the way be a narrow one, with a slip on each side. He may pause, but he must not hesitate—and tremble, but must not vacillate.

[1] [True invention, says Fuseli, "discovers, selects, combines the *possible*, the *probable*, the *known*, in a mode that strikes with an air of truth and novelty, at once. Possible . . . means the representation of effects derived from causes, or forms compounded from materials, heterogeneous and incompatible among themselves, but rendered so plausible to our senses, that the transition of one part to another seems to be accounted for by an air of organisation . . . ; that this was the condition on which, and the limits within which alone the ancients permitted invention to represent what was, strictly speaking, impossible, we may with plausibility surmise from the picture of Zeuxis, described by Lucian in the memoir to which he has prefixed that painter's name, who was probably one of the first adventurers in this species of

not what merit there can be in pure, ugly, resolute fiction; it is surely easy enough to be wrong; there are many ways of being unlike nature. I understand not what virtue that is which entitles one of these ways to be called imaginative, rather than another; and I am still further embarrassed by hearing the portions of those works called especially imaginative in which there is the most effort at minute and mechanical statement of contemptible details, and in which the artist would have been as actual and absolute in imitation as an echo, if he had known how. Against convictions which I do not understand I cannot argue; but I may warn the artist that imagination of this strange kind is not capable of bearing the time test; nothing of its doing has continued its influence over men; and if he desires to take place among the great men of older time, there is but one way for it; and one kind of imagination that will stand the immortal light: I know not how far it is by effort cultivable; but we have evidence enough before us to show in what direction that effort must be made.

§ 31. *How its cultivation is dependent on the moral feelings.*

We have seen (§ 10) that the Imagination is in no small degree dependent on acuteness of moral emotion; in fact, all moral truth can only thus be apprehended—and it is observable, generally, that all true and deep emotion is imaginative, both in conception and expression; and that the mental sight becomes sharper with every full beat of the heart: and, therefore, all egotism, and selfish care, or regard are, in proportion to their constancy, destructive of imagination; whose play and power depend altogether on our being able to forget ourselves and enter, like possessing spirits, into the bodies of things about us.

§ 32. *On independence of Mind,*

Again, as the Life of Imagination is in the discovering of truth, it is clear it can have no respect for sayings or opinions: knowing in itself when it has invented truly, restless and tormented except when it has this knowledge, its sense of success or failure is too acute to

imagery." Fuseli goes on to recall the pains taken by Zeuxis "to give plausibility to a compound of heterogeneous forms, to inspire them with suitable soul, and to imitate the laws of existence." But the Athenians admired not this artistic intention, but only the novelty of the subject, and the artist covered up his picture in disgust. (Lecture iii., in the *Life and Writings of Fuseli*, ii. 138.)]

be affected by praise or blame. Sympathy it desires—but can do without; of opinions it is regardless, not in pride but because it is conscious of a rule of action and object of aim in which it cannot be mistaken; partly, also, in pure energy of desire, and longing to do and to invent more and more, which suffer it not to suck the sweetness of praise—unless a little with the end of the rod in its hand, and without pausing in its march. It goes straight forward up the hill; no voices nor mutterings can turn it back, nor petrify it from its purpose.*

§ 33. *And on habitual reference to nature.*

Finally, it is evident that, like the theoretic faculty, the imagination must be fed constantly by external nature—after the illustrations we have given this may seem mere truism, for it is clear that to the exercise of the penetrative faculty a subject of penetration is necessary; but I note it because many painters of powerful mind have been lost to the world by their suffering the restless writhing of their imagination in its cage to take place of its healthy and exulting activity in the fields of nature.[1] The most imaginative men always study the hardest, and are the most thirsty for new knowledge. Fancy plays[2] like a squirrel in its circular prison, and is happy: but Imagination is a pilgrim on the earth—and her home is in heaven. Shut her from the fields of the celestial mountains —bar her from breathing their lofty, sun-warmed air; and we may as well turn upon her the last bolt of the Tower of Famine, and give the keys to the keeping of the wildest surge that washes Capraja and Gorgona.[3]

* That which we know of the lives of M. Angelo and Tintoret is eminently illustrative of this temper.

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[1] [Ed. 1 had a note, among the Addenda, referring to this passage; the note is given below, p. 341.]

[2] [This passage, "Fancy plays" to the end of the chapter, is § 14 of *Frondes Agrestes*, where Ruskin added the following note:—

"I leave this passage, as my friend has chosen it; but it is unintelligible without the contexts, which show how all the emotions described in the preceding passages of this section, are founded on trust in the beneficence and rule of an Omnipotent Spirit.]

[3] [For the Tower of Famine, see Vol. I. p. 115. The Tuscan islands—Capraja (the "island of goats," so called by the ancients also) and Gorgona, a yet more sterile island affording pasture to wild goats only—would often have been seen by Ruskin from the mainland.]

J. Ruskin after Tintoret

Allen & Co. Sc

Figures from "The Adoration of the Magi"

CHAPTER IV

OF IMAGINATION CONTEMPLATIVE

We have, in the two preceding chapters, arrived at definite conclusions respecting the power and essence of the imaginative faculty. In these two acts of penetration and combination, its separating and characteristic attributes are entirely developed; it remains for us only to observe a certain habit or mode of operation in which it frequently delights, and by which it addresses itself to our perceptions more forcibly, and asserts its presence more distinctly than in those mighty but more secret workings wherein its life consists.

§ 1. *Imagination contemplative is not part of the essence, but only a habit of the faculty.*

In our examination of the combining imagination, we chose to assume the first or simple conception to be as clear in the absence as in the presence of the object of it. This, I suppose, is, in point of fact, never the case, nor is an approximation to such distinctness of conception always a characteristic of the imaginative mind. Many persons have thorough and felicitous power of drawing from memory, yet never originate a thought, nor excite an emotion.

The form in which Conception actually occurs to ordinary minds appears to derive value and preciousness from that indefiniteness which we alluded to in the second chapter (§ 2); for there is an unfailing charm in the memory and anticipation of things beautiful, more sunny and spiritual than attaches to their presence; for with their presence it is possible to be sated, and even wearied, but with the imagination of them never; in so far that it needs some self discipline to prevent the mind from falling into a morbid condition of dissatisfaction with all that it immediately possesses, and continual longing for things absent:

§ 2. *The ambiguity of Conception.*

and yet I think this charm is not justly to be attributed to the mere vagueness and uncertainty of the conception, except thus far, that of objects whose substantial presence was painful, the sublimity and impressiveness, if there were any, are retained in the conception, while the sensual offensiveness is withdrawn; thus circumstances of horror may be safely touched in verbal description, and for a time dwelt upon by the mind as often by Homer and Spenser (by the latter frequently with too much grossness),[1] which could not for a moment be regarded or tolerated in their reality, or on canvas; and besides this mellowing and softening operation on those it retains, the conceptive faculty has the power of letting go many of them altogether out of its groups of ideas, and retaining only those where the "meminisse juvabit"[2] will apply; and in this way the entire group of memories becomes altogether delightful. But of those parts of anything which are in themselves beautiful, I think the indistinctness no benefit, but that the brighter they are the better; and that the peculiar charm we feel in conception results from its grasp and blending of ideas, rather than from their obscurity; for we do not usually recall, as we have seen, one part at a time only of a pleasant scene, one moment only of a happy day; but together with each single object we summon up a kind of crowded and involved shadowing forth of all the other glories with which it was associated, and into every moment we concentrate an epitome of the day; and it will happen frequently that even when the visible objects or actual circumstances are not in detail remembered, the feeling and joy of them are obtained we know not how or whence: and so, with a kind of conceptive burning-glass, we bend the sunshine of all the day, and the fulness of all the scene upon every point that we successively seize; and this together with more vivid action of Fancy, for I think that the wilful and playful seizures of

§ 3. Is not in itself capable of adding to the charm of fair things;

[1] [Ed. 1 reads, ". . . grossness, as in the description of the combat of the Red Cross Knight with Errour . . .)," *Faerie Queene,* book i. canto i.]

[2] [Virgil, *Æneid,* i. 203.]

the points that suit her purpose, and help her springing, whereby she is distinguished from simple conception, take place more easily and actively with the memory of things than in presence of them. But, however this be, and I confess that there is much that I cannot satisfactorily to myself unravel with respect to the nature of simple conception, it is evident that this agreeableness, whatever it be, is not by art attainable, for all art is, in some sort, realization; it may be the realization of obscurity or indefiniteness, but still it must differ from the mere *conception* of obscurity and indefiniteness; so that whatever emotions depend absolutely on imperfectness of conception, as the horror of Milton's Death, cannot be rendered by art; for art can only lay hold of things which have shape, and destroys by its touch the fearfulness or pleasurableness of those which "shape have none."[1]

§ 4. But gives to the Imagination its regardant power over them.

But on this indistinctness of conception, itself comparatively valueless and unaffecting, is based the operation of the Imaginative faculty with which we are at present concerned, and in which its glory is consummated; whereby, depriving the subject of material and bodily shape, and regarding such of its qualities only as it chooses for particular purpose, it forges these qualities together in such groups and forms as it desires, and gives to their abstract being consistency and reality, by striking them as it were with the die of an image belonging to other matter, which stroke having once received, they pass current at once in the peculiar conjunction and for the peculiar value desired.

Thus, in the description of Satan quoted in the first chapter,[2] "And like a comet burned," the bodily shape of the angel is destroyed, the inflaming of the formless spirit is alone regarded; and this, and his power of evil, associated in one fearful and abstract conception, are stamped to give them distinctness and permanence with the image of the

[1] [*Paradise Lost*, ii. 667.]
[2] [Of the second section, p. 226 above.]

comet, "That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge." Yet this could not be done, but that the image of the comet itself is in a measure indistinct, capable of awful expansion, and full of threatening and fear. Again, in his fall, the imagination gathers up the thunder, the resistance, the massy prostration, separates them from the external form, and binds them together by the help of that image of the mountain half sunk; which again would be unfit but for its own indistinctness, and for that glorious addition "with all his pines,"[1] whereby a vitality and spear-like hostility are communicated to its falling form; and the fall is marked as not utter subversion, but sinking only, the pines remaining in their uprightness and unity, and threatening of darkness upon the descended precipice; and again, in that yet more noble passage at the close of the fourth book, where almost every operation of the contemplative imagination is concentrated; the angelic squadron first gathered into one burning mass by the single expression "sharpening in mooned horns," then told out in their unity and multitude and stooped hostility, by the image of the wind upon the corn; Satan endowed with godlike strength and endurance in that mighty line, "Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved," with infinitude of size the next instant, and with all the vagueness and terribleness of spiritual power, by the "Horrour plumed," and the "*what seemed* both spear and shield."[2]

§ 5. The third office of Fancy distinguished from Imagination contemplative.

The third function of Fancy already spoken of as subordinate to this of the Imagination, is the highest of which she is capable; like the Imagination, she beholds in the things submitted to her treatment things different from the actual; but the suggestions she follows are not in their nature essential in the object contemplated; and the images resulting, instead of illustrating, may lead the mind away from it, and change the current of contemplative feeling: for, as in her operation parallel to Imagination penetrative we saw her dwelling upon

[1] [See above, p. 227].
[2] [The references here are to *Paradise Lost*, book iv., lines 978, 982, 987, 989, 990.]

external features, while the nobler sister faculty entered within; so now, when both, from what they see and know in their immediate object, are conjuring up images illustrative or elevatory of it, the Fancy necessarily summons those of mere external relationship, and therefore of unaffecting influence; while the Imagination, by every ghost she raises, tells tales about the prison house, and therefore never loses her power over the heart, nor her unity of emotion. On the other hand, the regardant or contemplative action of Fancy is in this different from, and in this nobler than, that mere seizing and likeness-catching operation we saw in her before; that, when contemplative, she verily believes in the truth of the vision she has summoned, loses sight of actuality, and beholds the new and spiritual image faithfully and even seriously; whereas, before, she summoned no spiritual image, but merely caught the vivid actuality, or the curious resemblance of the real object; not that these two operations are separate, for the Fancy passes gradually from mere vivid sight of reality, and witty suggestion of likeness, to a ghostly sight of what is unreal; and through this, in proportion as she begins to feel, she rises towards and partakes of Imagination itself; for Imagination and Fancy are continually united, and it is necessary, when they are so, carefully to distinguish the feelingless part which is Fancy's, from the sentient part, which is Imagination's. Let us take a few instances. Here is Fancy, first, very beautiful, in her simple capacity of likeness-catching:

> "To-day we purpose—ay, this hour we mount,
> To spur three leagues towards the Apennine.
> Come down, we pray thee, ere the *hot sun count*
> *His dewy rosary* on the eglantine."[1]

Seizing on the outside resemblances of bead form, and on the slipping from their threading bough one by one, the fancy is content to lose the heart of the thing, the solemnity

[1] [Keats: *Isabella*, xxiv. For Ruskin's intense admiration of this "glorious poet," see *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. vi. ch. ix. § 9 *n.*]

of prayer: or perhaps I do the glorious poet wrong in saying this, for the sense of a sun worship and orison in beginning its race, may have been in his mind; and so far as it was so, the passage is imaginative and not fanciful. But that which most readers would accept from it, is the mere flash of the external image, in whose truth the Fancy herself does not yet believe, and therefore is not yet contemplative. Here, however, is Fancy believing in the images she creates:

> "It feeds the quick growth of the serpent vine,
> And the dark linked ivy tangling wild,
> And budding, blown, or odour-faded blooms,
> Which *star the winds with points of coloured light*
> As they rain through them; and *bright golden globes*
> *Of fruit, suspended in their own green heaven.*" [1]

It is not, observe, a mere likeness that is caught here; but the flowers and fruit are entirely deprived by the fancy of their material existence, and contemplated by her seriously and faithfully as stars and worlds; yet it is only external likeness that she catches; she forces the resemblance, and lowers the dignity of the adopted image.

Next take two delicious stanzas of Fancy regardant (believing in her creations), followed by one of heavenly imagination, from Wordsworth's address to the daisy: [2]

> "A nun demure of lowly port;
> Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,
> In thy simplicity the sport
> Of all temptations.
> A queen in crown of rubies drest;
> A starveling in a scanty vest;
> Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
> Thy appellations.
>
> "I see thee glittering from afar—
> And then thou art a pretty star;
> Not quite so fair as many are
> In heaven above thee!

[1] [Shelley: *Prometheus*, iii. 3.]

[2] [The poem of 1805. A stanza is omitted in the quotation after the first one. The text of the quotation has in this edition been amended, in matters of punctuation, in accordance with the original.]

Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;—
May peace come never to his nest,
Who shall reprove thee!

"Bright *Flower!* for by that name at last
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent creature!
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature!"

Observe how spiritual, yet how wandering and playful, the fancy is in the first two stanzas, and how far she flies from the matter in hand; never stopping to brood on the character of any one of the images she summons, and yet for a moment truly seeing and believing in them all; while in the last stanza the imagination returns with its deep feeling to the heart of the flower, and "*cleaves fast*" to that. Compare the operation of the Imagination in Coleridge, on one of the most trifling objects that could possibly have been submitted to its action: § 6. *Various instances.*

"The thin blue flame
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit
By its own moods interprets, every where
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of Thought."[1]

Lastly, observe the sweet operation of Fancy regardant, in the following well-known passage from Scott, where both her beholding and transforming powers are seen in their simplicity:

"The rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret.

[1] [From the piece entitled "Frost at Midnight," 1798.]

Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair,
For, from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er th' unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drop sheen,
The briar-rose fell, in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs." [1]

Let the reader refer to this passage, with its pretty tremulous conclusion—above the pine tree, "where glistening streamers waved and danced," [2] and then compare with it the following, where the Imagination operates on a scene nearly similar:

"Grey rocks did peep from the spare moss, and stemmed
The struggling brook; tall spires of windlestrae
Threw their thin shadows down the rugged slope,
And nought but gnarled roots of ancient pines,
Branchless and blasted, clenched, with grasping roots,
The unwilling soil. A gradual change was here,
Yet ghastly. For, *as fast years flow away,*
The smooth brow gathers, and the hair grows thin
And white; and, where irradiate deny eyes
Had shone, gleam stony orbs;—so from his steps
Bright flowers departed, and the beautiful shade
Of the green groves, with all their odorous winds
And musical motions. . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . Where the pass expands
Its stony jaws, the abrupt mountain breaks,
And seems, with its accumulated crags,
To overhang the world; for wide expand
Beneath the wan stars, and descending moon,
Islanded seas, blue mountains, mighty streams,
Dim tracts and vast, robed in the lustrous gloom

[1] [*Lady of the Lake*, canto I. xi. Two lines are omitted after the fourth of the quotation.]

[2] [*Ibid.* xii:—

And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.]

Of leaden-coloured even, and fiery hills
Mingling their flames with twilight, on the verge
Of the remote horizon. The near scene,
In naked and severe simplicity,
Made contrast with the universe. A pine,
Rock-rooted, stretch'd athwart the vacancy
Its swinging boughs, to each *inconstant blast*
Yielding one only response, at each pause
In most familiar cadence, with the howl,
The thunder and the hiss of *homeless* streams,
Mingling its solemn song."[1]

In this last passage, the mind never departs from its solemn possession of the solitary scene, the Imagination only giving weight, meaning, and strange human sympathies to all its sights and sounds.

In that from Scott* the Fancy, led away by the outside resemblance of floating form and hue to the banners, loses the feeling and possession of the scene, and places herself in circumstances of character completely opposite to the quietness and grandeur of the natural objects; this would have been unjustifiable, but that the resemblance occurs to the mind of the monarch, rather than to that of the poet; and it is that which, of all others, would have been the most likely to occur at the time; from this point of view it has high imaginative propriety. Of the same fanciful character is that transformation of the tree trunks into dragons noticed before in Turner's Jason;[2] and in the same way this becomes imagi-

* Let it not be supposed that I mean to compare the sickly dreaming of Shelley[3] over clouds and waves, with the masculine and magnificent grasp of men and things which we find in Scott; it only happens that these two passages are more illustrative, by the likeness of the scenery they treat, than any others I could have opposed, and that Shelley is peculiarly distinguished by the faculty of Contemplative imagination. Scott's healthy and truthful feeling would not allow him to represent the benighted hunter, provoked by loss of game, horse, and way at once, as indulging in any more exalted flights of imagination than those naturally consequent on the contrast between the night's lodging he expected, and that which befitted him.

[1] [Shelley: *Alastor*, 527 *ff.* In the fourteenth line of the quotation, "extends" (in all previous eds.) has been corrected, in accordance with Shelley's text, to "expands." A few corrections of punctuation have also been made.]

[2] [Above, p. 261.]

[3] [For Ruskin's waning enthusiasm for Shelley, see Vol. I. pp. 253–254 *n.*]

native, as it exhibits the effect of Fear in disposing to morbid perception. Compare with it the real and high action of the Imagination on the same matter in Wordsworth's Yew trees[1] (perhaps the most vigorous and solemn bit of forest landscape ever painted):—

> "Each particular trunk a growth
> Of intertwisted fibres serpentine
> Up-coiling and inveterately convolved;
> *Nor uninformed with Phantasy, and looks*
> *That threaten the profane.*"

It is too long to quote, but the reader should refer to it: let him note especially, if painter, that pure touch of colour, "By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged."

In the same way the blasted trunk on the left, in Turner's drawing of the spot where Harold fell at the Battle of Hastings,[2] takes, where its boughs first separate, the shape of the head of an arrow; this, which is mere fancy in itself, is imagination as it supposes in the spectator an excited condition of feeling dependent on the history of the spot.

§ 7. *Morbid or Nervous Fancy.*

I have been led perhaps into too great detail in illustrating these points; but I think it is of no small importance to prove how in all cases the Imagination is based upon, and appeals to, a deep heart feeling; and how faithful and earnest it is in contemplation of the subject-matter, never losing sight of it, nor disguising it, but depriving it of extraneous and material accidents, and regarding it in its disembodied essence. I have not, however, sufficiently noted, in opposition to it, that diseased action of the fancy which depends more on nervous temperament than intellectual power; and which, as in dreaming, fever, insanity, and other morbid conditions of mind, is frequently a source of daring and inventive conception; and so the visionary appearances resulting from disturbances of the frame by passion, and from the rapid tendency of the mind to invest with shape and intelligence the active influences about it, as in the various demons, spirits, and fairies of all imaginative

[1] [The poem of 1803 so entitled.]
[2] [Engraved by W. Cooke in R. R. Reinagle's *Views in Sussex*, 1819.]

nations; which, however, I consider are no more to be ranked as right creations of fancy or imagination than things actually seen and heard; for the action of the nerves is, I suppose, the same, whether externally caused, or from within, although very grand imagination may be shown by the intellectual anticipation and realization of such impressions, as in that glorious vignette of Turner's to the voyage of Columbus, "Slowly along the evening sky they went."[1] Note especially how admirably true to the natural form, and yet how suggestive of the battlement, he has rendered the level flake of evening cloud.

§ 8. *The action of Contemplative imagination is not to be expressed by Art.*

I believe that it is unnecessary for me to enter into farther detail of illustration respecting these points; for fuller explanation of the operations of the contemplative faculty of things verbally expressible, the reader may be referred to Wordsworth's preface to his poems;[2] it only remains for us, here, to examine how far this imaginative or abstract conception is to be conveyed by the material art of the sculptor or the painter.

Now, it is evident that the bold action of either the fancy or the imagination, dependent on a bodiless and spiritual image of the object, is not to be by lines or colours represented. We cannot, in the painting of Satan fallen, suggest any image of pines or crags; neither can we assimilate the briar and the banner, nor give human sympathy to the motion of the film, nor voice to the swinging of the pines.

§ 9. *Except under narrow limits.—First Abstract rendering of form without colour;*

Yet certain powers there are, within due limits, of marking the thing represented with an ideal character; and it was to these powers that I alluded in defining the meaning of the term Ideal, in the thirteenth chapter of the preceding section.[3] For it is by this operation that the productions of high art are separated from those of the Realist.

[1] [Illustration to canto ii. of "The Voyage of Columbus" in Rogers' *Poems*; the drawing is No. 395 in the National Gallery. Cf. *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. viii. § 7.]

[2] [See above, p. 230.]

[3] [See above, p. 164.]

And, first, there is evidently capability of separating colour and form, and considering either separately. Form we find abstractedly considered by the sculptor; how far it would be possible to advantage a statue by the addition of colour, I venture not to affirm; the question is too extensive to be here discussed.[1] High authorities, and ancient practice, are in favour of colour; so the sculpture of the middle ages. The two statues of Mino da Fiesole[2] in the church of St^a. Caterina at Pisa have been coloured, the irises of the eyes painted dark, and the hair gilded, as also I think the Madonna in St^a. Maria della Spina; the eyes have been painted in the sculptures of Orcagna in Or San Michele. But it looks like a remnant of barbarism (compare the pulpit of Guido da Como, in the church of San Bartolomeo at Pistoja); and I have never seen colour on any solid forms, that did not, to my mind, neutralize all other power: the porcelains of Luca della Robbia are painful examples;[3] and, in lower art, Florentine mosaic in relief. Gilding is more admissible, and tells sometimes sweetly

[1] [On the subject of colour in ancient sculpture, the reader may consult the authorities cited in E. T. Cook's *Popular Handbook to the Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum*, 1903, p. 107.]

[2] [This was a slip of the pen. The statues in question are not by Mino da Fiesole, but by Nino Pisano. Ruskin's account of them in his 1845 note-book is as follows:—

> "In a chapel . . . [on the left of the high altar] are two statues by Nino Pisano. They call them Faith and Charity, but they seem to me like Faith and Hope; the doubtful one on the left is a little too smiling and French, but still fine; she has a roll in her hand, and a diadem on her brow. Faith has the right hand on her bosom and a book in her left, and looks down in meditation. These statues have been painted, the irises of the eyes dark, the inside of the dresses blue, the fringes of the dresses and their decorations richly gilt, and apparently the hair also; the marble seems to have been left for the face and body or dress. Be this as it may, they are now not injured by the remaining gold of the fringes, and they are certainly two examples of as much exquisite and living grace, chaste, pure, and yet full of blood and life as ever were warmed out of marble. All that I have seen of Nino's work is quite inimitable for grace, chastity, and animation."

In the chapel of S. Maria della Spina there is a statue over the altar, by Nino, of the Madonna offering a flower to the infant Saviour; and at the west end, a Madonna with Child, partly gilt, by Nino or Ugolino da Pisa. The sculptures of Orcagna in Or San Michele are on the shrine built and sculptured by him.]

[3] [In a letter to his father from Florence (May 29, 1845), Ruskin writes:—

> "It is curious that at Pistoja they have a complete series of marble pulpits of all dates, richer than any to be met with elsewhere; the best of them beating the celebrated one in the Pisan Baptistery all to shivers. I have no doubt it is the finest pulpit in the world. There is a singular thing on the Hospital front, a series of bas-reliefs in coloured porcelain by Luca della Robbia, which have of course the most vulgar effect conceivable, looking like the commonest

Casa Loredan, Venice.
(1845)

upon figures of quaint design, as on the pulpit of St^a. Maria Novella, while it spoils the classical ornaments of the mouldings.[1] But the truest grandeur of sculpture I believe to be in the white form; something of this feeling may be owing to the difficulty, or rather the impossibility, of obtaining truly noble colour upon it; but if we could colour the Elgin marbles with the flesh tint of Giorgione, I had rather not have it done.

§ 10. *Of colour without form;*

Colour, without form, is less frequently obtainable; and it may be doubted whether it be desirable; yet I think that to the full enjoyment of it a certain sacrifice of form is necessary; sometimes by reducing it to the shapeless glitter of the gem, as often Tintoret and Bassano; sometimes by loss of outline and blending of parts, as Turner; sometimes by flatness of mass, as often Giorgione and Titian. How far it is possible for the painter to represent those mountains of Shelley as the poet sees them, "mingling *their flames* with twilight,"[2] I cannot say; but my impression is, that there is no true abstract mode of considering colour; and that all the loss of form in the works of Titian or Turner is not ideal, but the representation of the natural conditions under which bright colour is seen; for form is always in a measure lost by Nature herself when colour is very vivid.

sign-post barbarisms. And yet if you struggle with yourself, and look into them, forgetting the colour, you find them magnificent works of the very highest merit—full of the purest sculptural feeling, and abundant in expression, grace of conception, and anatomical knowledge."]

[1] [The pulpit is by Maestro Lazzaro. Ruskin's account of it in his note-book of 1845 is as follows:—

"The pulpit is of marble gilt. It gives the usual series of the life of the Madonna, bearing this subtle inscription in which the omission of the single word 'rather' makes *rather* a difference: 'Beatus venter qui te portavit et ubera quæ suxisti. Beati qui verbum Dei audiunt et custodiunt." The gilding of the flower work and meaningless parts hurts their effect dreadfully, but on the figures it is agreeable, adding to their quaint and missal-like character. (This is important for after consideration.) The figure designs are very sweet and Giottesque; the Madonna rising in an oval glory with St. Thomas at her feet reminds one of Nino Pisano, and is very fine. The angels are all draped simply and severely, some so angular in line as to look like grasshoppers. Oppose this to the nasty fluttering of later times."

The "subtle inscription" is from Luke xi. 27, 28, and omits the words "quin imo" ("yea rather") before "Beati."]

[2] [See the passage quoted above, on p. 297.]

§ 11. *Or of both without texture.*

Again, there is capability of representing the essential character, form, and colour of an object, without external texture. On this point much has been said by Reynolds and others,[1] and it is, indeed, perhaps the most unfailing characteristic of great manner in painting. Compare a dog of Edwin Landseer with a dog of Paul Veronese. In the first, the outward texture is wrought out with exquisite dexterity of handling, and minute attention to all the accidents of curl and gloss which can give appearance of reality; while the hue and power of the sunshine, and the truth of the shadow, on all these forms are neglected, and the large relations of the animal, as a mass of colour, to the sky or ground, or other parts of the picture, utterly lost. This is realism at the expense of ideality; it is treatment essentially unimaginative.* With Veronese, there is no curling nor crisping, nor glossiness nor sparkle, hardly even hair; a mere type of hide, laid on with a few scene-painter's touches; but the essence of dog is there; the entire, magnificent, generic animal type, muscular and living, and with broad, pure, sunny daylight upon him, and bearing his true and harmonious

* I do not mean to withdraw the praise I have given, and shall always be willing to give, to pictures, such as the Shepherd's Chief Mourner, and many others, in which the soul, if we may so call it, of animals, has been explained to us in modes hitherto unfelt and unexampled.

But Mr. Landseer is much more a natural historian than a painter; and the power of his works depends more on his knowledge and love of animals—on his understanding of their minds and ways—on his unerring notice and memory of their gestures and expressions, than on artistical or technical excellence. He never aims at colour—his composition is always weak, and sometimes unskilful; and his execution, though partially dexterous, and admirably adapted to the imitation of certain textures and surfaces, is far from being that of a great Painter attained by the mastery of every various difficulty, and changefully adapted to the treatment of every object. Compare the Addenda to this volume [p. 334.][2]

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[1] [See, for instance, the eleventh *Discourse* of Reynolds.]

[2] [Ed. 1 does not contain the last twelve lines of this note, and reads instead :—

"Shepherd's Chief Mourner, and to all in which the character and inner life of animals are developed. But all lovers of art must regret to find Mr. Landseer wasting his energies on such inanities as the 'Shoeing,' and sacrificing colour, expression, and action to an imitation of a glossy hide."

"Shoeing" is No. 606 in the National Gallery. For other references to Landseer, see p. 334 *n.*]

relation of colour to all colour about him. This is ideal treatment.[1]

The same treatment is found in the works of all the greatest men; they all paint the lion more than his mane, and the horse rather than his hide; and I think also they are often more careful to obtain the right expression of large and universal light and colour, than accuracy of features;[2] for the warmth of sunshine, and the force of sunlighted hue, are always sublime on whatever subject they may be exhibited; and so also are light and shade, if grandly arranged, as may be well seen in an etching of Rembrandt's of a spotted shell, which he has made altogether sublime by broad truth and large ideality of light and shade:[3] and so we find frequent instances of very grand ideality in treatment of the most commonplace still life, by our own Hunt, where the petty glosses, and delicacies, and minor forms, are all merged in a broad glow of suffused colour;[4] so also in pieces of the same kind by Etty,[5] where, however, though the richness and play of colour are greater and the arrangement grander, there is less expression of light; neither is there anything in modern art that can be set beside some choice passages of Hunt in this respect.

Again, it is possible to represent objects capable of various accidents in a generic or symbolical form.

§ 12. *Abstraction or typical representation of animal form;*

How far this may be done with things having necessary form, as animals, I am not prepared to say. The Lions of the Egyptian room in the British Museum, and the Fish beside Michael Angelo's Jonah,[6] are instances; and there is imaginative power about both which we find not in the more perfectly realized Florentine

[1] [For another discussion of Veronese's dogs, see *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. vi. § 14 *ff.*]

[2] [For "accuracy of features," ed. 1 reads "local tints."]

[3] [The etching is signed and dated 1650. Fine impressions of it are in the British Museum; see No. 242 in Sidney Colvin's *Guide to an Exhibition of Drawings and Etchings by Rembrandt*, 1899.]

[4] [See preface to *Notes on Prout and Hunt.*]

[5] [For Etty, see above, sec. i. ch. xiv. § 24, p. 197.]

[6] [In the Sistine Chapel; see preceding volume, p. 117 *n.*]

boar, nor in Raffaelle's fish of the Draught.[1] And yet the propriety and nobility of these types depend on the architectural use and character of the one, and on the typical meaning of the other; we should be grieved to see the forms of the Egyptian lion substituted for those of Raffaelle's in its struggle with Samson,[2] nor would the whale of Michael Angelo be tolerated in the nets of Gennesaret. So that I think it is only when the figure of the creature stands, not for any representation of vitality, but merely for a letter or type of certain symbolical meaning, or else is adopted as a form of decoration or support in architecture, that such generalization is allowable; and in such circumstances it is perhaps necessary to adopt a typical form.[3] The evil consequences of the opposite treatment are ludicrously exhibited in the St. Peter of Carlo Dolci in the Pitti Palace, which owing to the prominent, glossy-plumed, and crimson-combed cock, is liable to be taken for the portrait of a poulterer; only let it be observed that the treatment of the animal form here is offensive, not only from its realization, but from the pettiness and meanness of its realization; for it might, in other hands than Carlo Dolci's, have been a sublime cock, though a real one; but, in his, it is fit for nothing but the spit. Compare, as an example partly of symbolical treatment, partly of magnificent realization, that supernatural lion of Tintoret (in the picture of the Doge Loredano before the Madonna)[4]

§ 13. *Either when it is symbolically used,*

[1] [The cartoon, in the Victoria and Albert (South Kensington) Museum; *cf.* preceding volume, p. 29.]

[2] [The drawing of this subject by Raphael is in the collection at Oxford: see J. C. Robinson's *Critical Account of the Drawings by Michel Angelo and Raffaello in the University Galleries, Oxford*, 1870, p. 179.]

[3] [Ed. 1 reads:—

"in such circumstances I think it necessary, always provided it be based, as in the instances given above I conceive it to be, upon thorough knowledge of the creature symbolised, and wrought out by a master hand, and these conditions being observed, I believe it to be right and necessary in architecture to modify all animal forms by a severe architectural stamp, and in symbolical use of them to adopt a typical form, to which practice the contrary and its evil consequences are ludicrously exhibited. . . ."]

[4] [In the Ducal Palace (Collegio). Ruskin in his notes at Venice (1845) mentions particularly:—

"the painting of the blue and crimson carpet, and of the glorious plumed wings of the lion. Both these are delicious in the extreme. The lion is

with the plumes of his mighty wings clashed together in cloudlike repose, and the strength of the sea winds shut within their folding. And note, farther, the difference between the typical use of the animal, as in this case, and that of the fish of Jonah (and again the fish before mentioned[1] whose form is indicated in the clouds of the Baptism), and the actual occurrence of the creature itself, with concealed meaning, as the ass colt of the Crucifixion,[2] which it was necessary to paint as such, and not as an ideal form.

§ 14. *Or in architectural decoration.*

I cannot enter here into the question of the exact degree of severity and abstraction necessary in the forms of living things architecturally employed: my own feeling on the subject is, though I dare not lay it down as a principle (with the Parthenon pediment standing against me like the shield of Ajax), that no perfect representation of animal form is right in architectural decoration. For my own part, I had much rather see the metopes in the Elgin room of the British Museum, and the Parthenon without them, than have them together; and I would not surrender, from an *architectural* point of view, one mighty line of the colossal, quiet, life-in-death statue mountains of Egypt with their narrow fixed eyes and hands on their rocky limbs, nor one Romanesque façade with its porphyry mosaic of indefinable monsters,[3] nor one Gothic moulding of rigid saints and grinning goblins, for ten Parthenons. And, I believe, I could show some rational ground for this seeming barbarity, if this were the place to do so; but at present I can only ask the reader to compare the effect of the so-called barbarous ancient

as grand in conception as in execution—broad dashes of crumbling white cast like flashes of lightning along the gloomy edge of the wing. The carpet is, on the other hand, a wonderful instance of the dignity which may be given to the most prosaic details by treatment at once manly, thoughtful, and truthful. (Consider, however, if this could be the case without the great element of colour—which is ennobling to all things, and is an abstract quality, equally great wherever it occurs.")

With what Ruskin here says of colour, *cf.* above, p. 195. For another reference to the picture, see *Stones of Venice* (*s.* "Ducal Palace," No. 7).]

[1] [Ch. iii. § 19, p. 270.]

[2] [See above, ch. iii. § 20, p. 271.]

[3] [As at Lucca; see preceding volume, p. 206 *n.*]

mosaics on the front of St. Mark's (as they have been recorded, happily, by the faithfulness of the good Gentile Bellini, in one of his pictures now in the Venice Gallery)[1] with the veritably barbarous pictorial substitutions of the seventeenth century (one only of the old mosaics remains, or did remain till lately, over the northern door, but it is probably by this time torn down by some of the Venetian committees of taste);[2] and also I would have the old portions of the interior ceiling, or of the mosaics of Murano and Torcello,[3] and the glorious Cimabue mosaic of Pisa,[4] and the roof of the Baptistery at Parma[5] (that of the Florence Baptistery is a bad example, owing to its crude whites and complicated mosaic of small forms), all of which are as barbarous as they can well be, in a certain sense, but mighty in their barbarism, compared with any architectural decorations whatsoever, consisting of professedly perfect animal forms, from the vile frescoes of Federigo Zuccaro at Florence[6] to the ceiling of the Sistine; and, again, compare the professedly perfect sculpture of Milan Cathedral with the statues of the porches of Chartres; only be it always observed that it is not rudeness and ignorance of art, but intellectually awful abstraction that I would uphold: and also be it noted that in all ornament which takes place in the general effect merely as so much fretted stone, in capitals and other pieces of minute detail, the forms may be, and perhaps ought to be, elaborately imitative: and in this respect again the capitals of St. Mark's church, and at the Doge's palace at Venice, may be an example to the architects of all

§ 15. *Exception in delicate and superimposed ornament.*

[1] [See *Guide to the Venetian Academy.*]

[2] [See on this subject *Stones of Venice,* vol. ii. ch. iv. §§ 5, 6.]

[3] [Described in *Stones of Venice,* vol. ii. ch. iii. § 34, and ch. ii. § 3.]

[4] [In the vault of the apse: "Our Lord in Glory."]

[5] [The paintings of the vault are supposed to have been executed soon after the completion of the building (which was commenced in 1196), or early in the thirteenth century. The subjects include the symbols of the Evangelists.]

[6] [Zuccaro (1543–1609) "painted the cupola of the Duomo at Florence with a multitude of figures, some of the most colossal dimensions. A satire of the day concludes with these lines:—

'Poor Florence, alas! will ne'er cease to complain
Till she sees her fine cupola whitewash'd again.'

But this has never happened" (Kugler's *Italian Schools of Painting,* ed. 1887, ii. 647).]

The Ducal Palace, Venice.

(1845)

the world, in their boundless inventiveness, unfailing elegance, and elaborate finish.[1] There is more mind poured out in turning a single angle of that church than would serve to build a modern cathedral.* [2]

§ 16. *Abstraction necessary from imperfection of materials.*

So far, then, of the abstraction proper to architecture, and to symbolical uses, of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter at length,[3] referring to it only at present as one of the operations of imagination contemplative; other abstractions there are which are necessarily consequent on the imperfection of materials, as of the hair in sculpture, which is necessarily treated in masses that are in no sort imitative, but only stand for hair, and have the grace, flow, and feeling of it without the texture or division; and other abstractions there are in which the form of one thing is fancifully indicated in the matter of another;

* I have not brought forward any instances of the Imaginative power in architecture, as my object is not at present to exhibit its operation in all matter, but only to define its essence; but it may be well to note, in our New Houses of Parliament, how far a building approved by a committee of Taste may proceed without manifesting either imagination or composition. It remains to be seen how far the towers may redeem it;[4] and I allude to it at present unwillingly, and only in the desire of influencing, so far as I may, those who have the power to prevent the adoption of a design for a bridge to take the place of that of Westminster, which was exhibited in 1844 at the Royal Academy, professing to be in harmony with the new building, but which was fit only to carry a railroad over a canal.**

** The existing bridge, to wit. [1883.]

[1] [It was in this spirit of enthusiasm that Ruskin was to return to study and describe these capitals: see *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. viii.]

[2] [Ed. 1 adds here:—

"modern cathedral; and of the careful finish of the work this may serve for example, that one of the capitals of the Doge's palace is formed of eight heads of different animals, of which one is a bear's with a honeycomb in the mouth whose carved *cells* are *hexagonal*."

This is the twentieth capital in the description of them in *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. viii. § 118.]

[3] [In *Modern Painters* the subject was again touched, though not at length, in vol. iii. ch. viii. § 6. The fuller treatment was given in the *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. ch. xxi.]

[4] [Ruskin did not modify his first opinion of the new Houses of Parliament. "The absurdest and emptiest piece of filigree," he called it, "and as it were eternal foolscap in freestone" (*Eagle's Nest*, § 201); see also *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 6; *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. vi. § 220, ch. viii. § 23; and *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. xii. § 9.]

as in phantoms and cloud shapes, the use of which, in mighty hands, is often most impressive, as in the cloudy-charioted Apollo of Nicolo Poussin in our own Gallery, which the reader may oppose to the substantial Apollo, in Wilson's Niobe;[1] and again in the phantom vignette of Turner already noticed;[2] only such operations of the imagination are to be held of lower kind, and dangerous consequence if frequently trusted in; for those painters only have the right imaginative power who can set the supernatural form before us, fleshed and boned like ourselves.* Other abstractions occur, frequently, of things which have much accidental variety of form; as of waves, on Greek sculptures in successive volutes,[3] and of clouds often in supporting volumes in the sacred pictures: but these I do not look upon as results of imagination at all, but mere signs and letters; and whenever a very highly imaginative mind touches them, it always realizes as far as may be. Even Titian is content to use, at the top of his S. Pietro Martire,[4] the conventional, round, opaque cloud, which cuts his trees open like an axe;[5] but Tintoret, in his picture of the Golden Calf,[6] though compelled to represent the Sinai under conventional form, in order that the receiving of the tables might be seen at the top of it, yet so soon as it is possible to give more truth, he takes a grand fold of horizontal cloud straight from the flanks of the Alps, and shows the forests of the mountains through its misty volume, like

§ 17. *Abstractions of things capable of varied accident are not imaginative;*

* Comp. Ch. V. § 4 [p. 315].

[1] [Poussin's Apollo is in his "Cephalus and Aurora," No. 65; Wilson's, in "The Destruction of Niobe's Children," No. 110.]

[2] [Above, § 7, p. 299. See also *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. viii. § 7.]

[3] [See on this subject *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. ch. xx. § 25, and Appendix 21.]

[4] [See Vol. III. p. 28.]

[5] [For "an axe," ed. 1 reads "a gouge."]

[6] [In S. Maria dell' Orto, Venice. In his Venetian notes of 1845 (see above, p. xxxvi.) Ruskin thus describes the picture:—

> "The chief point of interest in it to me is the simple treatment of the cloud-covered Sinai, which is reduced to a rock of size so comparatively small, that Moses on the top of it is half the size of life; and yet it is kept—by its gloom and by rejecting all mean detail—in the highest degree sublime. The clouds cover it in horizontal, massy, transparent, sombre flakes."

For another reference, see *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. ch. iv. § 2 *n.*]

seaweed through deep sea.* Nevertheless, when the realization is impossible, bold symbolism is of the highest value, and in religious art, as we shall presently see, even necessary, as of the rays of light in the Titian woodcut of St. Francis;[1] and sometimes the attention is directed by some such strange form to the meaning of the image, which may be missed if it remains in its natural purity (as, I suppose few, in looking at the Cephalus and Procris of Turner, note the sympathy of those faint rays that are just drawing back and dying between the trunks of the far-off forest, with the ebbing life of the nymph, unless, indeed, they happen to recollect the same sympathy marked by Shelley in the *Alastor*[2]); but the imagination is not shown in any such modifications; however, in some cases they may be valuable,[3] and I note them merely in consequence of their peculiar use in religious art, presently to be examined.

§ 18. *Yet sometimes valuable.*

The last mode we have here to note in which the Imagination regardant may be expressed in art is Exaggeration, of which, as it is the vice of all bad artists, and may be constantly resorted to without any warrant of imagination, it is necessary to note strictly the admissible limits.

§ 19. *Exaggeration. Its laws and limits. First, In scale of representation.*

In the first place a colossal statue is not necessarily any

* All the clouds of Tintoret are sublime; the worst that I know in art are Correggio's, especially in the Madonna della Scudella, and Duomo of Parma.[4]

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[1] [Ed. 1 adds, "before noticed." See Vol. III. p. 355 *n.*]

[2] [For Turner's "Cephalus and Procris," see above, ch. ii. § 20; for another comparison of Shelley and Turner, see Vol. III. pp. 364, 652. The reference here is to the death of the Poet in *Alastor*:—

"Now upon the jaggèd hills
It rests, and still as the divided frame
Of the vast meteor sunk, the Poet's blood,
That ever beat in mystic sympathy
With nature's ebb and flow, grew feebler still;
And when two lessening points of light alone
Gleamed through the darkness, the alternate gasp
Of his faint respiration scarce did stir
The stagnate night . . ."]

[3] [Ed. 1 adds, "(in the Cephalus they would be utterly destructive)."]

[4] [The "Madonna della Scodella" (Virgin with the cup) is in the Royal Gallery at Parma; it is engraved at p. 286 of Ricci's *Correggio* (English ed. 1896).]

more an exaggeration of what it represents, than a miniature is a diminution; it need not be a representation of a giant, but a representation, on a large scale, of a man: only it is to be observed, that as any plane intersecting the cone of rays between us and the object must receive an image smaller than the object, a small image is rationally and completely expressive of a larger one; but not a large of a small one. Hence I think that all statues above the Elgin standard, or that of Michael Angelo's Night and Morning, are, in a measure, taken by the eye for representations of giants, and I think them always disagreeable. The amount of exaggeration admitted by Michael Angelo is valuable, because it separates the emblematic from the human form, and gives greater freedom to the grand lines of the frame; for notice of his scientific system of increase of size I may refer the reader to Sir Charles Bell's remarks on the statues of the Medici chapel.[1] But there is one circumstance which Sir Charles has not noticed, and in the interpretation of which, therefore, it is likely I may be myself wrong, that the extremities are singularly small in proportion to the limbs; by which means there is an expression given of strength and activity greater than in the ordinary human type: which appears to me to be an allowance for that alteration in proportion necessitated by increase of size, which has been spoken of in Chap. VI. of the first Section, § 10, note; not but that Michael Angelo always makes the extremities comparatively small, but smallest comparatively, in his largest works: so I think, from the size of the head, it may be conjectured respecting the Theseus of the Elgins. Such adaptations are not necessary when the exaggerated image is spectral; for, as the laws of matter in that case can have no operation, we may expand the form as far as we choose, only let careful distinction be made between the size of the thing represented, and the scale of the representation. The canvas on which Sir T. Lawrence has stretched

[1] [See Essay ix. in the *Anatomy and Philosophy of Expression*, p. 205, 3rd ed. Bell points out that in these statues no one part is exaggerated: "all is magnified with so perfect a knowledge that it is just as a whole, the bone and the muscle corresponding in their proportions."]

his Satan in the schools of the Royal Academy[1] is a mere concession to inability. He might have made him look more gigantic in one of a foot square.

§ 20. *Secondly, Of things capable of variety of scale.*

Another kind of Exaggeration is of things whose size is variable to a size or degree greater than that usual with them, as in waves and mountains; and there are hardly any limits to this exaggeration, so long as the laws which Nature observes in her increase be observed. Thus, for instance, the form and polished surface of a breaking ripple three inches high, are not representative of either the form or the surface of the surf of a storm, nodding ten feet above the beach; neither would the cutting ripple of a breeze upon a lake, if simply exaggerated, represent the forms of Atlantic surges: but as Nature increases her bulk, she diminishes the angles of ascent, and increases her divisions; and if we would represent surges of size greater than ever existed, which it is lawful to do, we must carry out these operations to still greater extent. Thus Turner, in his picture of the Slave Ship,[2] divides the whole sea into two masses of enormous swell, and conceals the horizon by a gradual slope of only two or three degrees. This is intellectual exaggeration. In the Academy exhibition of 1843, there was, in one of the smaller rooms, a black picture of a storm,[3] in which there appeared on the near sea, just about to be overwhelmed by a[4] breaker curling right over it, an object at first sight liable to be taken for a walnut shell, but which, on close examination, proved to be a ship with mast and sail. This is childish exaggeration, because it is impossible, by the laws of matter and motion, that such a breaker should ever exist. Again, in mountains, we have repeatedly observed the necessary building up and multitudinous division of the higher peaks, and the smallness of the slopes by which they

[1] ["Satan Calling his Legions (from the first book of Milton)," No. 170 in the Academy of 1797. Sold at the artist's sale, 1831, and now in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House.]

[2] [See Vol. III. pp. 571–572, and Plate 12.]

[3] [No. 541: "Christ stilleth the Tempest," by J. Martin.]

[4] [Ed. 1 reads, "an enormous," and at the end of the sentence adds, "with Christ and his twelve disciples in it."]

usually rise.[1] We may, therefore, build up the mountain as high as we please, but we must do it in nature's way, and not in impossible peaks and precipices: not but that a daring feature is admissible here and there, as the Matterhorn[2] is admitted by nature; but we must not compose a picture out of such exceptions; we may use them, but they must be as exceptions exhibited. I shall have much to say, when we come to treat of the sublime,[3] of the various modes of treating mountain form; so that at present I shall only point to an unfortunate instance of inexcusable and effectless exaggeration* in the distance of Turner's vignette to Milton (the Temptation on the Mountain), and desire the reader to compare it with legitimate exaggeration, in his vignette to the second part of *Jacqueline*, in Rogers's poems.[4]

§ 21. *Thirdly, Necessary in expression of characteristic features on diminished scale.*

Another kind of Exaggeration is necessary to retain the characteristic impressions of nature on reduced scale. It is not possible, for instance, to give the leafage of trees in its proper proportion, on a small scale, without entirely losing their grace of form and curvature; of this the best proof is found in the calotype or daguerrotype,[5] which fail in foliage, not only because the green rays are ineffective, but because, on the small scale of the image, the reduced leaves lose their organization, and look like moss attached to sticks. In order to retain, therefore, their character of flexibility, the painter is often compelled to increase the proportionate size of the leaves, and to arrange them in generic masses. Of this treatment compare the grand examples throughout the *Liber*

* See in Addenda, the note on my courtesies of criticism (p. 333). [1883.]

[1] [See Vol. III. p. 463.]

[2] [Ruskin had been for a day to Zermatt, for the first time, in 1844. He notes in his diary (July 19):—

"Clouds on the Matterhorn all day except at sunset, when there were playing crimson lights over the sky, and the Matterhorn appeared in full ruby—with a wreath of fiery cloud drifting from its top—as Gordon said, like incense from a large altar."]

[3] [See Appendix i., p. 368.]

[4] [At p. 147; the drawing is No. 241 in the National Gallery. For another reference, see Vol. III. p. 434.]

[5] [See Vol. III. pp. 169, 210.]

Studiorum. That it is by such means only that the ideal character of objects is to be preserved, has been observed in the 13th chapter of the first Section.[1] In all these cases exaggeration is only lawful as the sole means of arriving at truth of impression when strict fidelity is out of the question.

Other modes of Exaggeration there are, on which I shall not at present farther insist, the proper place for their discussion being in treating of the sublime; and these which I have at present instanced are enough to establish the point at issue, respecting imaginative verity, inasmuch as we find that exaggeration itself, if imaginative is referred to principles of truth, and of actual being.

§ 22. *Recapitulation.*

We have now, I think, reviewed the various modes in which Imagination contemplative may be exhibited in art, and arrived at all necessary certainties respecting the essence of the faculty: which we have found in its three functions, Associative of Truth, Penetrative of Truth, and Contemplative of Truth; and having no dealings nor relations with any kind of falsity. One task, however, remains to us, namely, to observe the operation of the Theoretic and Imaginative faculties together, in the attempt at realization to the bodily sense of Beauty supernatural and divine.

[1] [§ 13, p. 173 above.]

CHAPTER V

OF THE SUPERHUMAN IDEAL

In our investigation, in the first Section, of the laws of beauty, we confined ourselves to the observation of lower nature, or of humanity. We were prevented from proceeding to deduce conclusions respecting Divine ideality by our not having then established any principles respecting the Imaginative faculty, by which, under the discipline of the Theoretic, such ideality is conceived.[1] I had purposed to conclude the present Section by a careful examination of this subject; but as this is evidently foreign to the matter immediately under discussion, and involves questions of great intricacy respecting the development of mind among those Pagan nations who are supposed to have produced high examples of spiritual ideality, I believe it will be better to delay such inquiries until we have concluded our detailed observation of the beauty of visible nature; and I shall therefore at present take notice only of one or two principles, which were referred to, or implied, in the chapter respecting the Human ideal, and without the enunciation of which that chapter might lead to false conclusions.

§ 1. *The subject is not to be here treated in detail.*

There are four ways in which Beings supernatural may be conceived as manifesting themselves to human sense. The first, by external types, signs, or influences; as God to Moses in the flames of the bush, and to Elijah in the voice of Horeb.

§ 2. *The conceivable modes of manifestation of Spiritual Beings are four.*

The second, by the assuming of a form not properly belonging to them; as the Holy Spirit of that of a Dove; the second person of the Trinity of that of a Lamb; and so such manifestations, under Angelic or other form, of

[1] [See above, sec. i. ch. xv. § 3, p. 209.]

the first person of the Trinity, as seem to have been made to Abraham, Moses, and Ezekiel.

The third, by the manifestation of a form properly belonging to them, but not necessarily seen; as of the Risen Christ to His disciples when the doors were shut. And the fourth, by their operation on the human form which they influence or inspire; as in the shining of the face of Moses.[1]

§ 3. *And these are in or through creature forms familiar to us.*

It is evident that in all these cases, wherever there is form at all, it is the form of some creature to us known. It is no new form peculiar to spirit, nor can it be. We can conceive of none. Our inquiry is simply therefore, by what modifications those creature forms to us known, as of a lamb, a bird, or a human creature, may be explained as signs or habitations of Divinity, or of angelic essence, and not creatures such as they seem.

§ 4. *Supernatural character may be impressed on these either by phenomena inconsistent with their common nature (compare Chap. IV. § 16),*

This may be done in two ways. First, by effecting some change in the appearance of the creature inconsistent with its actual nature; as by giving it colossal size, or unnatural colour or material, as of gold, or silver, or flame, instead of flesh; or taking away its property of matter altogether, and forming it of light or shade, or in an intermediate step, of cloud or vapour; or explaining it by terrible concomitant circumstances, as of wounds in the body, or strange lights and seemings round about it; or joining of two bodies together, as in angels' wings. Of all which means of attaining supernatural character (which, though in their nature ordinary and vulgar, are yet effective and very glorious in mighty hands) we have already seen the limits in speaking of the Imagination.

§ 5. *Or by inherent dignity.*

But the second means of obtaining supernatural character is that with which we are now concerned, namely, retaining the actual form in its full and material presence, and, without aid from any external interpretation whatsoever, to raise that form by mere inherent dignity to

[1] [The Bible references in § 2 are Exodus iii. 2; 1 Kings xix. 18, 19; Matthew iii. 16; John i. 29; Genesis xxii. 11; Ezekiel i. 1; John xx. 19; Exodus xxxiv. 29.]

such pitch of power and impressiveness as cannot but assert and stamp it for superhuman.

On the north side of the Campo Santo at Pisa, are a series of paintings from the Old Testament history by Benozzo Gozzoli. In the earlier of these, angelic presences, mingled with human, occur frequently, illustrated by no awfulness of light, nor incorporeal tracing. Clear revealed they move, in human forms, in the broad daylight and on the open earth, side by side, and hand in hand with men. But they never miss of the angel.[1]

He who can do this, has reached the last pinnacle and utmost power of ideal, or any other art. He stands in no need, thenceforward, of cloud, or lightning, or tempest, or terror of mystery. His sublime is independent of the elements. It is of that which shall stand when they shall melt with fervent heat, and light the firmament when the sun is as sackcloth of hair.[2]

§ 6. *First, Of the expression of Inspiration.*

Let us consider by what means this has been effected, so far as they are by analysis traceable; and that is not far, for here, as always, we find that the greater part of what has been rightly accomplished has been done by faith and intense feeling, and cannot, by aid of any rules or teaching, be either tried, estimated, or imitated.

And first, of the expression of supernatural influence on forms actually human, as of Sibyl or Prophet. It is evident that not only here is it unnecessary, but we are not altogether at liberty to trust for expression to the utmost ennobling of the human form; for we cannot do more than this, when that form is to be the actual representation, and not the recipient of Divine presence. Hence, in order to retain the actual humanity definitely we must leave upon it such signs of the operation of Sin and the liability to Death as are consistent with human ideality; and often more than these, definite signs of immediate and active evil, when the prophetic spirit is to be expressed in men such as were Saul and Balaam; neither may we ever, with just discrimination, touch the

[1] [See the passage from a letter of Ruskin cited in the Introduction above, p. xxx., where the fresco, drawn by Ruskin in the plate, is described.]

[2] [2 Peter iii. 10; Revelations vi. 12.]

Abraham parting from the Angels.

utmost limits of beauty in human form when inspiration only is to be expressed, and not angelic or divine being; of which reserve and subjection the most instructive instances are found in the works of Angelico, who invariably uses inferior types for the features of humanity, even glorified (excepting always the Madonna), nor ever exerts his full power of beauty, either in feature or expression, except in angels, or in the Madonna, or in Christ. Now the expression of spiritual influence without supreme elevation of the bodily type we have seen to be a work of Penetrative imagination, and we found it accomplished by Michael Angelo;[1] but I think by him only. I am aware of no one else who, to my mind, has expressed the inspiration of Prophet or Sibyl;[2] this, however, I affirm not, but shall leave to the determination of the reader, as the principles at present to be noted refer entirely to that elevation of the creature form necessary when it is actually representative of a Spiritual being.

§ 7. *No representation of that which is more than creature is possible.*

I have affirmed, in the conclusion of the first Section, that "of that which is more than Creature no Creature ever conceived."[3] I think this almost self-evident, for it is clear that the illimitableness of Divine attributes cannot be by matter represented (though it may be typified); and I believe that all who are acquainted with the range of sacred art will admit, not only that no representation of Christ has ever been even partially successful, but that the greatest painters fall therein below their accustomed level; Perugino and Fra Angelico especially: Leonardo has, I think, done best; but perhaps the beauty of the fragment left at Milan (for in spite of all that is said of repainting and destruction, that Cenacolo is still the finest in existence[4]) is as

[1] [Above, ch. iii. § 28, p. 231.]

[2] [Ruskin had not at this time fallen under the spell of Botticelli, whose Sibyls he was afterwards to praise: "He it was who gave the conception of that great choir of the prophets and sibyls, of which Michael Angelo, more or less ignorantly borrowing it in the Sistine Chapel, in great part lost the meaning, while he magnified the aspect" (see *Ariadne Florentina*, ch. vi.).]

[3] [Above, sec. i. ch. xv. § 2, p. 209.]

[4] [The Cenacolo has in recent years faded away almost fatally. In the Brera Gallery there is a beautiful design in black and red chalk, believed to be a study for the head of our Lord.]

much dependent on the very untraceableness resulting from injury as on its original perfection. Of more daring attempts at representation of Divinity we need not speak; only this is to be noted respecting them, that though by the ignorant Romanists many such efforts were made under the idea of actual representation (note the way in which Cellini speaks of the seal made for the Pope),[1] by the nobler among them I suppose they were intended, and by us at any rate they may always be received, as mere symbols, the noblest that could be employed, but as much symbols still as a triangle, or the Alpha and Omega, nor do I think that the most scrupulous amongst Christians ought to desire to exchange the power obtained by the use of this symbol in Michael Angelo's creation of Adam and of Eve, for the effect which would be produced by the substitution of any other sign in place of it. Of these efforts, then, we need reason no farther, but may limit ourselves to considering the purest modes of giving a conception of superhuman but still creature form, as of angels; in equal rank with whom, perhaps, we may without offence place the mother of Christ; at least we must so regard the type of the Madonna in receiving it from Romanist painters.*

And first, much is to be done by right modification of

* I take no note of the representation of *Evil* Spirits, since throughout we have been occupied in the pursuit of Beauty; but it may be observed generally, that there is great difficulty to be overcome in attempts of this kind, because the elevation of the form necessary to give it spirituality destroys the appearance of evil; hence even the greatest painters have been reduced to receive aid from the fancy, and to eke out all they could conceive of malignity by help of horns, hoofs, and claws. Giotto's Satan in the Campo Santo,[2] with the

[1] [The reference seems to be to book i. ch. xliv. of Cellini's *Autobiography*, where he describes how some of his clumsy competitors had stuck a certain jewel in the middle of the heart of God the Father. He, on the other hand, had arranged it differently, and had "shown God the Father seated, leaning nobly in a sideways attitude which made a perfect composition."]

[2] [This is one of the frescoes of the life of Job: Satan accusing Job to God. Ruskin's account of it in his note-book (1845) is as follows:—

"The Standing of Satan before God.—This I think almost the grandest thing in the Campo Santo, the conception of Satan is indubitably the finest. The eyes of the holy figures are little arched, singularly flat in the hair of the brow, and the brow itself not finely pencilled but thick; still this gives them greater repose and grandeur, and removes them farther from mean prettiness. The principal figure is most perfect in serenity of power; no expression of indignation or passion of any kind in the look given to the

accessary circumstances, so as to express miraculous power exercised over them by the Spiritual creature. There is a beautiful instance of this in John Bellini's picture of St. Jerome at Venice.[1] The Saint sits upon a rock, his grand form defined against clear green open sky; he is reading; a noble tree springs out of a cleft in the rock, bends itself suddenly back to form a rest for the volume, then shoots up into the sky. There is something very beautiful in this obedient ministry of the lower creature; but be it observed that the sweet feeling of the whole depends upon the service being such as is consistent with its nature. It is not animated, it does not *listen* to the saint, nor bend itself towards him as if in affection; this would have been mere fancy, illegitimate and effectless. But the simple bend of the trunk to receive the book is miraculous subjection of the true nature of the tree; it is therefore imaginative, and very touching.

§. 8 *Supernatural character expressed by modification of accessaries.*

Serpent gnawing the heart, is fine; so many of the fiends of Orcagna, and always those of Michael Angelo. Tintoret, in the Temptation, with his usual truth of invention, has represented the Evil Spirit under the form of a fair angel, the wings burning with crimson and silver, the face sensual and treacherous.[2] It is instructive to compare the results of imagination associated with powerful fancy in the demons of these great painters, or even in such nightmares as that of Salvator already spoken of (Sec. I. Chap. V. § 12 note), with the simple ugliness of idiotic distortion in the meaningless, terrorless monsters of Bronzino in the large picture of the Uffizii;[3] where the painter, utterly uninventive, having assembled all that is abominable of hanging flesh, bony limbs, crane necks, staring eyes, and straggling hair, cannot yet, by the sum and substance of all, obtain as much real fearfulness as an imaginative painter could throw into the turn of a lip or the knitting of a brow.

Evil Spirit. The position of the latter is perfect; his triple wings still expanded, his arms folded tight over his breast, holding each other above the elbow, the claws fixed deep in the flesh, as with jealousy or pain; a serpent coiled round his neck buries its head in a cleft in his bosom. The right hoof lifted as if to stamp."

This series of frescoes is now commonly attributed to Francesco da Volterra; but see Ruskin's review of Lord Lindsay, *On the Old Road*, 1899, vol. i. § 61, where also the description of Satan, just quoted, is given with some revision.]

[1] [See above, sec. i. ch. xiv. § 14, p. 189. A picture of St. Jerome in the National Gallery, by Bono of Ferrara, No. 771, shows similar modifications of accessories to express supernatural character.]

[2] [See *Stones of Venice* (Venetian Index, *s.* "Rocco, Scuola di San," No. 20) for a further description of the Evil Spirit in this picture.]

[3] [*Cf.* above, sec. i. ch. vi. § 8, p. 101.]

§ 9. *Landscape of the religious painters. Its character is eminently symmetrical.*

It is not often, however, that the religious painters even go this length: they content themselves usually with impressing on the landscape perfect symmetry and order, such as may seem consistent with, or induced by, the spiritual nature they would represent. All signs of decay, disturbance, and imperfection are also banished; and in doing this it is evident that some unnaturalness and singularity must result, inasmuch as there are no veritable forms of landscape but express or imply a state of progression or of imperfection. All mountain forms are seen to be produced by convulsion and modelled by decay; the finer forms of cloud have threatenings in them of storm; all forest grouping is wrought out with varieties of strength and growth among its several members, and bears evidences of struggle with unkind influences. All such appearances are banished in the supernatural landscape; the trees grow straight, equally branched on each side, and of such slight and feathery frame as shows them never to have encountered blight, or frost, or tempest. The mountains stand up in fantastic pinnacles; there is on them no trace of torrent, no scathe of lightning; no fallen fragments encumber their foundations, no worn ravines divide their flanks; the seas are always waveless, the skies always calm, crossed only by fair, horizontal, lightly wreathed, white clouds.

§ 10. *Landscape of Benozzo Gozzoli.*

In some cases these conditions result partly from feeling, partly from ignorance of the facts of nature, or incapability of representing them, as in the first type of the treatment found in Giotto and his school; in others they are observed on principle, as by Benozzo Gozzoli, Perugino, and Raffaelle. There is a beautiful instance by the former in the frescoes of the Ricardi Palace, where, behind the adoring angel groups, the landscape is governed by the most absolute symmetry; roses, and pomegranates, their leaves drawn to the last rib and vein, twine themselves in fair and perfect order about delicate trellises; broad stone pines and tall cypresses overshadow them, bright birds hover here and there in the serene sky, and groups of

angels, hand joined with hand, and wing with wing, glide and float through the glades of the unentangled forest. But behind the human figures, behind the pomp and turbulence of the kingly procession descending from the distant hills, the spirit of the landscape is changed. Severer mountains rise in the distance, ruder prominences and less flowery vary the nearer ground, and gloomy shadows remain unbroken beneath the forest branches.[1]

§ 11. *Landscape of Perugino and Raffaelle.*

The landscape of Perugino, for grace, purity, and as much of nature as is consistent with the above-named conditions, is unrivalled; and the more interesting because in him, certainly, whatever limits are set to the rendering of nature proceed not from incapability. The sea is in the distance almost always, then some blue promontories and undulating dewy park ground, studded with glittering trees. In the landscape of the fresco in St^a. Maria Maddalena at Florence there is more variety than is usual with him: a gentle river winds round the bases of rocky hills, a river like our own Wye or Tees in their

[1] [The following is a portion of Ruskin's account of these frescoes in the note-book (1845) so frequently quoted. The frescoes, which are especially well preserved, represent the journey of the Magi to Jerusalem :—

"All the angels have broad golden glories with "Gloria in excelsis" written on them, their wings are superbly gilded, and are, allowing for the deadness of the fresco colour, nearly as beautiful as Angelico's. The landscape in which they are placed is nearly the model of a pure ideal. The grasses in the foreground are rich to excess, but all drawn completely and symmetrically, with scarlet and other flowers occurring among them, all drawn with botanical accuracy. Behind the angels come hedges of roses (one supported by a cross trellis work), of which every leaf and flower is drawn with the most perfect accuracy and symmetry; there is no confusion, no interrupting of one leaf by another, no obscurity nor incompleteness, all is in angelic order, the only variety being obtained by the various positions into which the five-leaved spray of the rose is thrown, its foreshortened curves given with great precision. The rays of all the leaves are drawn. Then come winding paths among clipped hedges, and rich meadows, and tall trees, chiefly palm and cypress, scattered among them, and red-roofed houses and cities with multitudinous machicolated towers. The way in which the shadows are given is very arbitrary, the trees in the middle distance cast them from their trunks very forcibly, but the tufts of grass in the foreground cast none, and the figures little, while again a pergola in the distance casts its full broad shadow clearly down the walls, and the towers of the city have all their light and shade fairly marked. Among the fields rise brown rocks, of the type seen in my study of Abraham, and high green Fiesole-like hills, and lakes, and in the distance. Note particularly *blue* mountains, though these become suddenly so, and there is no gradual difference or retiring in the green. In this respect it is like a wall paper."]

loveliest reaches; level meadows stretch away on its opposite side; mounds set with slender-stemmed foliage occupy the nearer ground, and a small village with its simple spire peeps from the forest at the bend of the valley; it is remarkable that, in architecture thus employed, neither Perugino, nor any other of the ideal painters, ever use Italian forms, but always Transalpine, both of church and castle.[1] The little landscape which forms the background of his own portrait in the Uffizii[2] is another highly finished and characteristic example. The landscape of Raffaelle was learned from his father, and continued for some time little modified, though expressed with greater refinement. It became afterwards conventional and poor, and in some cases altogether meaningless. The haystacks and vulgar trees behind the St. Cecilia at Bologna form a painful contrast to the pure space of mountain country in the Perugino opposite.*[3]

* I have not thought it necessary to give farther instances at present, since I purpose hereafter to give numerous examples of this kind of ideal

[1] [The following is part of the account of this fresco in the note-book. The fresco, often considered the finest by the master, is in the former chapter-house of the monastery attached to the church. It is in three compartments: in the centre, Christ on the Cross; on the right, SS. John and Benedict; on the left, the Virgin and St. Bernard. It is the centre which is here described:—

"The distance of this compartment is exquisite. First a grassy knoll, covered with park trees of the most lovely grace, tall as ship-masts, their trunks as straight as arrows, and then softly rounded, their leaved branches mixing with each other, horizontally. Beyond this a river winds between low pastures on one side, and steep German-like rocks on the other, crowned with a hermitage, the woods richly scattered at their feet, and among them a steep roofed white village with a Gothic spire. In fact, this landscape altogether is anything but Italian; it is a fine ideal of English woods in Herefordshire or Yorkshire, with the Wye or the Greta winding in the distance, and the simple pointed spire in the distance instead of any rich architecture or palace lines, adds singularly to the sweetness and simplicity of the effect. It is a landscape that must go to any English or German heart at once. The distant hills too are less peaked and precipitous, and are the very counterpart of those that terminate the view at Bolton Abbey. The soft knolls of the grassy ground are most delicate, the grouping of the trees like Nature's own, their retiring in the distance as true and aerial as Turner; the river winds sweetly among them, their reflections falling on it while it keeps under the bases of the rocks. The reflections usually indicated only by a rapid zig-zag stroke of the brush."

For the circumstances of Ruskin obtaining permission to study the fresco, see *Præterita*, ii. ch. vii. § 129.]

[2] [See above, p. 212 *n.*]

[3] ["The Virgin in Glory": figured at p. 64 of G. C. Williamson's *Perugino*, 1900. For Raphael's St. Cecilia, see above, p. 212, and Vol. II. p. 167.]

In all these cases, while I would uphold the landscape thus employed and treated, as worthy of all admiration, I should be sorry to advance it for imitation. What is right in its mannerism arose from keen feeling in the painter: imitated without the same feeling it would be painful; the only safe mode of following in such steps is to attain perfect knowledge of Nature herself, and then to suffer our own feelings to guide us in the selection of what is fitting for any particular purpose. Every painter ought to paint what he himself loves, not what others have loved; if his mind be pure and sweetly toned, what he loves will be lovely; if otherwise, no example can guide his selection, no precept govern his hand; and farther, let it be distinctly observed, that all this mannered landscape is only right under the supposition of its being a background to some supernatural presence; behind mortal beings it would be wrong, and by itself, as landscape, ridiculous; and farther, the chief virtue of it results from the exquisite refinement of those natural details consistent with its character; from the botanical drawing of the flowers, and the clearness and brightness of the sky.[1]

§ 12. *Such landscape is not to be imitated.*

Another mode of attaining supernatural character is by purity of colour almost shadowless, no more darkness being allowed than is absolutely necessary for the explanation of the forms and the vividness of the effect, enhanced, as far as may be, by use of gilding, enamel, and other jewellery. I think the

§ 13. *Colour and decoration, their use in representations of the Supernatural.*

landscape.[2] Of true and noble landscape, as such, I am aware of no instances except where least they might have been expected, among the sea-bred Venetians.[3] Ghirlandajo shows keen, though prosaic, sense of nature in that view of Venice behind an adoration of the Magi in the Uffizii, but he at last walled himself up among gilded entablatures. Masaccio indeed has given one grand example in the fresco of the Tribute Money, but its colour is now nearly lost.

[1] [With §§ 9–12 here, compare what is said, in partial correction, in the next volume, ch. xviii. §§ 11, 12.]

[2] [See vol. iii. of *Modern Painters*, ch. xviii. §§ 10 *seq.*, and Plate 11, "Latest Purism."]

[3] [See Vol. III. p. 181, and above, p. 126. For Masaccio's "Tribute Money" *cf.* Vol. III. pp. 179, 192; and next volume, ch. xviii. § 14.]

smaller works of Angelico are perfect models in this respect; the glories about the heads being of beaten rays of gold, on which the light plays and changes as the spectator moves[1] (and which therefore throw the purest flesh colour out in dark relief); and such colour and light being obtained by the enamelling of the angel wings as, of course, is utterly unattainable by any other expedient of art; the colours of the draperies always pure and pale, blue, rose, or tender green, or brown, but never dark or gloomy; the faces of the most celestial fairness, brightly flushed; the height and glow of this flush are noticed by Constantin[2] as reserved by the older painters for spiritual beings, as if expressive of light seen through the body.

I cannot think it necessary, while I insist on the value of all these seemingly childish means when in the hands of a noble painter, to assert also their futility, and even absurdity, if employed by no exalted power. I think the error has commonly been on the side of scorn, and that we reject much in our foolish vanity, which, if wiser and more earnest, we should delight in. But two points it is very necessary to note in the use of such accessaries.

§ 14. Decoration so used must be Generic,

The first, that the ornaments used by Angelico, Giotto, and Perugino, but especially by Angelico, are always of a *generic* and *abstract* character. They are not diamonds, nor brocades, nor velvets, nor gold embroideries; they are mere spots of gold or of colour, simple patterns upon *textureless* draperies; the angel wings burn with transparent crimson and purple and amber, but they are not set forth with peacocks' plumes; the golden circlets gleam with changeful light, but they are not beaded with pearls, nor set with sapphires.

In the works of Filippino Lippi, Mantegna, and many other painters following, interesting examples may be found of the opposite treatment; and as in Lippi the heads are usually very sweet, and the composition severe, the degrading

[1] [*Cf.* the description of Angelico's "Annunciation," above, p. 263 *n.*]

[2] [Perhaps Costantino Costantini, the author of a local guide to Perugia frequently quoted by Rio in his *Poetry of Christian Art.*]

effect of the realized decorations and imitated dress may be seen in him simply, and without any addition of painfulness from other deficiencies of feeling. The larger of the two pictures in the Tuscan room of the Uffizii,[1] but for this defect, would have been a very noble ideal work.

The second point to be observed is that brightness of colour is altogether inadmissible without purity and harmony; and that the sacred painters must not be followed in their frankness of unshadowed colour, unless we can also follow them in its clearness. As far as I am acquainted with the modern schools of Germany,[2] they seem to be entirely ignorant of the value of colour as an assistant of feeling, and to think that hardness, dryness, and opacity are its virtues as employed in religious art; whereas I hesitate not to affirm that in such art, more than in any other, clearness, luminousness, and intensity of hue are essential to right impression; and from the walls of the Arena chapel in their rainbow play of brilliant harmonies, to the solemn purple tones of Perugino's fresco in the Albizzi Palace,[3] I know not

§ 15. *And Colour pure.*

[1] [In the second of the Tuscan rooms: No. 1268, "Madonna and Saints."]

[2] [*Cf.* preceding volume, p. 351.]

[3] [This fresco, which is not now known to be accessible, is described at length in Ruskin's note-book of 1845, where, in dealing with Perugino's pictures in the Uffizi, he notes "a kind of thus-far-shalt-thou-go-and-no-further expression that in some degree checks and chills me":—

"And this I felt also in a most heavenly work which I saw to-day, June 18th, in the palace of the Albizzi, a fresco of the Entombment. The Madonna on the left, wearing, as in the convent one, a purple robe, with white veil over forehead, but in this picture a most heavenly type, the eyes soft, clear, and full of pensive under-light, the face of fine type, the very ideal of a lovely countenance at the age, subdued and resigned in habitual suffering, and the stamp of pain on the face without emaciation, paleness or contortion. The colour should be especially noticed as singularly glowing. The Christ is very beautiful and simple in type of features; it did not enrapture me, but I liked it better every time I looked. The mouth looks out of drawing from the want of the touch of light on the upper lip. The body and limbs are beautifully shaded, but the latter are much too small and give great meanness and unpleasantness to the composition. Note this in speaking of Elgins and Bandinelli.

"The Christ is supported by a St. Joseph of the very highest perfection; as a study of a head grand, and simple, and tender, and manly, full of gentle emotion, but without passion; the red cap, with its triple projection, is a beautiful bit of costume. The hair is exquisite, touched with perfect freedom and mastery and yet not curled nor heavy in flow, but restrained and light. The rich russet complexion comes dark against the sky.

"The last figure is the Magdalen, which has suffered grievously but is still very fine. The figures are all awkwardly foreshortened or cut off at the

any great work of sacred art which is not as precious in colour as in all other qualities (unless indeed it be a Crucifixion of Fra Angelico in the Florence Academy, which has just been glazed, and pumiced, and painted, and varnished by the picture cleaners until it glares from one end of the gallery to the other); only the pure white light and delicate hue of the idealists, whose colours are by preference such as we have seen to be the most beautiful in the chapter on Purity, are carefully to be distinguished from the golden light and deep-pitched hue of the school of Titian, whose virtue is the grandeur of earthly solemnity, not the glory of heavenly rejoicing.

§ 16. *Ideal form of the body itself; of what variety susceptible.*

But leaving these accessary circumstances, and touching the treatment of the bodily form, it is evident, in the first place, that whatever typical beauty the human body is capable of possessing must be bestowed upon it when it is to be understood as spiritual. And therefore those general proportions and types

bottom. The drawing of the faces is most delicate, all stippled and cross-hatched rapidly and freely, not flat painted; the dark sunk eyes of the Madonna, are all painted with strokes that run round them, apparently without much drawing; the effect comes out on retiring.

"The colour of the whole far richer and deeper than Raffaelle, almost worthy of Titian. All come dark against sky. The distance peculiarly simple, level, and quiet, one cross only seen on the top of a knoll, and a few trees nearer. Still, as in the avoidance of all violent grief or passion, there is infinite grandeur on the one hand, so on the other, there is a certain degree of coldness, and in these three pictures of Perugino I feel it especially. They say here that the one in the Tribune is of his first manner and this of the Albizzi in his very finest. Raffaelle has seldom done anything so fine as the St. Joseph for grace and purity, going beyond it only in intenseness of expression."

This fresco was originally painted for a church in Florence, and is thus referred to by Vasari (ii. 316, Bohn's ed. 1871):—

"Pietro likewise received a commission to paint a figure representing the Dead Saviour, with the Madonna and San Giovanni, above the steps leading to the side door of San Pietro Maggiore, and this he executed in such a manner that, exposed as it is to wind and weather, it has nevertheless maintained such freshness as to have the appearance of being but just finished by the hand of the master."

The Florentine editor of Vasari (1832–1838) states that "when the Church, which had shown symptoms of decay from the year 1784, was entirely demolished, the fresco was placed by the Senator Albizzi in a small chapel of his palace, where it still remains." Eastlake, in his *Materials for a History of Oil Painting*, 1847 (ii. 126), adds that "from a document obligingly communicated by the present inheritor of the picture, it appears that the artist received a hundred gold crowns for it from Luca degl' Albizzi." As that individual was exiled in 1478, Eastlake gives 1476–1477 as the date of the work. The fresco is mentioned in guide-books of some years later than 1847 as being still to be seen in the Casa Albizzi.]

which are deducible from comparison of the nobler individuals of the race, must be adopted and adhered to; admitting among them not, as in the human ideal, such varieties as result from past suffering, or contest with sin, but such only as are consistent with sinless nature, or are the signs of instantly or continually operative affections; for though it is conceivable that spirit should suffer, it is inconceivable that spiritual frame should retain, like the stamped inelastic human clay, the brand of sorrow past, unless fallen:

> "His face
> Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
> Sat on his faded cheek." [1]

Yet so far forth the Angelic idea is diminished, nor could this be suffered in pictorial representation.

§ 17. *Anatomical development, how far admissible.*

Again, such muscular development as is necessary to the perfect beauty of the body is to be rendered. But that which is necessary to strength, or which appears to have been the result of laborious exercise, is inadmissible. No herculean form is spiritual, for it is degrading the spiritual creature to suppose it operative through impulse of bone and sinew; its power is immaterial and constant, neither dependent on, nor developed by, exertion. Generally it is well to conceal anatomical development as far as may be; even Michael Angelo's anatomy interferes with his divinity; in the hands of lower men the angel becomes a preparation. How far it is possible to subdue or generalize the naked form I venture not to affirm; but I believe that it is best to conceal it, as far as may be, not with light and undulating draperies, that fall in with and exhibit its principal lines, but with severe and linear draperies, such as were constantly employed before the time of Raffaelle. I recollect no single instance of a naked angel that does not look boylike or childlike, and unspiritualized; even Fra Bartolomeo's might with advantage be spared from the pictures at Lucca: and, afterwards, the sky is merely encumbered with sprawling infants; those of Domenichino in

[1] [*Paradise Lost*, i. 600.]

the Madonna del Rosario, and Martyrdom of St. Agnes,[1] are peculiarly offensive, studies of bare-legged children howling and kicking in volumes of smoke. Confusion seems to exist in the minds of subsequent painters between angels and Cupids.

§ 18. *Symmetry, how valuable.*

Farther, the qualities of symmetry and repose are of peculiar value in spiritual form. We find the former most earnestly sought by all the great painters in the arrangement of the hair,[2] wherein no loosely flowing nor varied form is admitted, but all restrained in undisturbed and equal ringlets; often, as in the infant Christ of Fra Angelico, supported on the forehead in forms of sculpturesque severity. The angel of Masaccio, in the Deliverance of Peter,[3] grand both in countenance and motion, loses much of his spirituality because the painter has put a little too much of his own character into the hair, and left it disordered.

§ 19. *The influence of Greek art, how dangerous.*

Of repose, and its exalting power, I have already said enough for our present purpose, though I have not insisted on the peculiar manifestation of it in the Christian ideal as opposed to the Pagan. But this, as well as all other questions relating to the particular development of the Greek mind, is foreign to the immediate inquiry, which therefore I shall here conclude, in the hope of resuming it in detail after examining the laws of beauty in the inanimate creation[4]; always, however, holding this for certain, that of whatever kind or degree the shortcoming may be, it is not possible but that shortcoming should be visible in every Pagan conception, when set beside Christian: and believing, for my own part, that there is not only deficiency, but such difference in kind as must make all Greek

[1] [See Vol. III. p. 184.]

[2] [On the subject of the treatment of hair in art, see *Ariadne Florentina*, § 219; and *Catalogue of the Educational Series*, note on No. 50.]

[3] [One of the frescoes in the Brancacci chapel in the Church of Santa Maria del Carmine, where also is the "Tribute Money" referred to at p. 323 *n.*; the "Liberation of Peter" is now generally attributed to Filippino Lippi.]

[4] [An intention not carried out in *Modern Painters*, nor very systematically elsewhere, but see next note.]

conception full of danger to the student in proportion to his admiration of it; as I think has been fatally seen in its effects on the Italian schools, when its pernicious element first mingled with their solemn purity, and recently in its influence on the French historical painters; neither can I, from my present knowledge, fix upon an ancient statue which expresses by the countenance any one elevated character of soul,[1] or any single enthusiastic self-abandoning affection, much less any such majesty of feeling as might mark the features for supernatural. The Greek could not conceive a spirit; he could do nothing without limbs; his God is a finite God, talking, pursuing, and going journeys;* if at any time he was touched with a true feeling of the unseen powers around him, it was in the field of poised battle; for there is something in the near coming of the shadow of death, something in the devoted fulfilment of mortal duty, that reveals the real God, though darkly. That pause on the field of Platæa was not one of vain superstition;[2] the two white figures that blazed along the Delphic plain, when the earthquake and the fire led the charge from Olympus, were more than sunbeams

§ 20. *Its scope, how limited.*

* I know not anything in the range of art more unspiritual than the Apollo Belvedere; the raising of the fingers of the right hand in surprise at the truth of the arrow is altogether human, and would be vulgar in a prince, much more in a deity. The sandals destroy the divinity of the foot, and the lip is curled with mortal passion.[3]

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[1] ["I have not loved the arts of Greece," said Ruskin, "as others have" (*Lectures on Art*, § 111). He devoted, however, a good deal of study to them, as may be seen more especially in *The Queen of the Air* and *Aratra Pentelici*, and in scattered references elsewhere in his writings. He always held, however—a view which some other students are not likely to share, at least without large exceptions—that "Greek sculpture was essentially ἀπρόσωπος;—independent, not only of the expression, but even of the beauty of the face. Nay, independent of its being so much as seen" (*Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret*). So again, "The Greek, as such, never expresses personal character" (*Aratra Pentelici*, § 193); and cf. *Queen of the Air*, §§ 161–177.]

[2] [See Plutarch: *Aristides*, c. 17 *ad fin.*; Herodotus, 9, 60. The Lacedæmonians finding themselves alone and fiercely attacked offered sacrifice. For a while the sacrifices were not favourable, and many fell or were wounded during the interval. At last Pausanias, looking towards the temple of Hera of the Platæans, invoked the goddess, praying that they might not be disappointed of their hopes, and the omens changed.]

[3] [For other references to the Apollo Belvedere, see preceding volume, pp. 118, 608, 627.]

on the battle dust;[1] the sacred cloud, with its lance light and triumph singing, that went down to brood over the masts of Salamis, was more than morning mist among the olives:[2] and yet what were the Greek's thoughts of his God of Battle? No spirit power was in the vision:* it was a being of clay strength, and human passion, foul, fierce, and changeful; of penetrable arms, and vulnerable flesh. Gather what we may of great from Pagan chisel or Pagan dream, and set it beside the orderer of Christian warfare, Michael the Archangel: not Milton's "with hostile brow and visage all inflamed;" not even Milton's in kingly treading of the hills of Paradise;[3] not Raffaelle's with the expanded wings and brandished spear;[4] but Perugino's[5] with his triple crest of traceless plume unshaken in heaven, his hand fallen on his crossleted sword, the truth girdle binding his undinted armour; God has put His power upon him, resistless radiance is on his limbs; no lines are there of earthly strength, no trace on the divine features of earthly anger; trustful, and thoughtful, fearless, but full of love, incapable except of the repose of eternal conquest, vessel and instrument of Omnipotence, filled like a cloud with the victor light, the dust of principalities and powers

* This sentence of course refers to Mars, not Pallas. The false bias of the general statement is enough corrected in the "Queen of the Air." [1883.]

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[1] [Olympus is here apparently a slip for Parnassus, unless it is meant only for heaven. See Herodotus, 8, 37: "When the Persians had advanced near the temple of Athena at Delphi, at that moment thunder fell on them from heaven, and two crags, broken away from Parnassus, bore down upon them with a loud crash, and killed many of them, and a loud cry and a war-shout issued from the temple. . . . Those of the barbarians who returned, as I am informed, declared that besides these they saw other miraculous things, for that two heavy-armed men, of more than human stature, followed them slaying and pursuing them."]

[2] [See Herodotus, 8, 65. A few days before the battle a phantom procession was seen going to Eleusis. A cloud of dust was seen, and a voice arose from it—the voice of the mystic Bacchus. Then the dust arose in a cloud, which was raised aloft and was borne towards Salamis to the encampment of the Greeks.]

[3] [*Paradise Lost*, vi. 260, and see xi. 238–250.]

[4] [In the Louvre.]

[5] [The description seems to have been written from the figure of Michael in the "Assumption of the Virgin" in the Accademia at Florence (for a photographic reproduction, see p. 82 of G. C. Williamson's *Perugino*). For another reference to the picture, see above, p. 84 *n*. The National Gallery Perugino (No. 288)—with a similar figure (except that there is no triple crest)—was not acquired till 1856.]

beneath his feet, the murmur of hell against him heard by his spiritual ear like the winding of a shell on the far off sea shore.

It is vain to attempt to pursue the comparison; the two orders of art have in them nothing common, and the field of sacred history, the intent and scope of Christian feeling, are too wide and exalted to admit of the juxtaposition of any other sphere or order of conception; they embrace all other fields like the dome of heaven. With what comparison shall we compare the types of the martyr saints;* the St. Stephen of Fra Bartolomeo,[1] with his calm forehead crowned by the stony diadem, or the St. Catherine of Raffaelle[2] looking up to heaven in the dawn of the eternal day, with her lips parted in the resting from her pain; or with what the Madonnas of Francia and Pinturicchio,[3] in whom the hues of the morning and the solemnity of eve, the gladness in accomplished promise, and sorrow of the sword-pierced heart, are gathered into one human Lamp of

§ 21. *Conclusion.*

* I will put no depreciatory comments under the honest canticle with which a book I was so happy in writing is brought to a close;[4] though I have long ceased to care for the Madonnas of Francia, and much prefer the St. Catherine of Luini[5] to that of Raffaelle, and feel the whole passage to read more like a piece of Mrs. Jameson[6] than of me. Perhaps I am none the better, if the wiser, in these changes of temperament: but they enable me, at all events, fully to ratify the useful censures in the following Addenda, given with the second edition of the old book, and which I conclude my editoral duty by commenting upon, at some length, in the "Epilogue." [1883.]

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[1] [As in the picture in the Cappella del Santuario of the cathedral at Lucca.]

[2] [See above, sec. i. ch. xii. § 10, p. 159.]

[3] [Ruskin may have been thinking especially of the Francia in the National Gallery: see above, p. 196 *n*. He had especially admired the Madonna by Pinturicchio in the Louvre, which he had noted in his 1844 diary as "exquisite and pure."]

[4] [See *Ethics of the Dust*, § 87, where "Dora" asks the "Lecturer" to "read the end of the second volume of *Modern Painters*," and he replies that he has changed his mind between 27 and 40; "but," he adds, "that second volume is very good for you as far as it goes. It is a great advance and a thoroughly straight and swift one, to be led, as it is the main business of that second volume to lead you, from Dutch cattle-pieces, and ruffian-pieces, to Fra Angelico."]

[5] [A favourite saint with Luini; see, for instance, the frescoes of the Monastero Maggiore (San Maurizio), Milan, the "Body of St. Catherine borne across the Sea to its Sepulchre" in the Brera, and the "St. Catherine of the Hermitage" (frontispiece to G. C. Williamson's *Luini*, 1899). For Ruskin's general estimate of Luini, see below, p. 355.]

[6] [For Mrs. Jameson, see *Præterita*, ii. ch. vii. § 143.]

ineffable love? or with what the angel choirs of Angelico, with the flames on their white foreheads waving brighter as they move, and the sparkles streaming from their purple wings like the glitter of many suns upon a sounding sea, listening in the pauses of alternate song, for the prolonging of the trumpet blast, and the answering of psaltery and cymbal, throughout the endless deep, and from all the star shores of heaven?[1]

[1] [It is interesting to compare this passage with the first impression for it, which is given by Ruskin in a letter to his father:—

> "Florence, *June 5.*—. . . I spent an hour and a half before a Fra Angelico [in the Uffizi], and hadn't enough of it neither. I learnt how *ladies* dance from Simone Memmi [in the Campo Santo at Pisa]; and I saw *angels* dancing to-day, and so I know how *they* do it. I wish you could see one of Angelico's, either dancing or singing. One that I saw to-day had just taken the trumpet from his lips, and—with his hand lifted—listens to the blast of it passing away into heaven. And then to see another bending down to clash the cymbals, and yet looking up at the same instant all full of love. And their wings are of ruby colour and pure gold, and covered with stars, and each has a tongue of fire on his forehead, waving as he moves."

With this "canticle" in praise of Fra Angelico, compare Ruskin's review of Lord Lindsay, *On the Old Road*, 1899, i. §§ 90–94.]

J Ruskin after Tintoret

Allen & Co Sc

Cherubs from "The Adoration of the Magi."

ADDENDA (1848)[1]

§ 1. ALTHOUGH the plan of the present portion of this work does not admit of particular criticism, it will neither be useless nor irrelevant to refer to one or two works, lately before the public in the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy, which either illustrate, or present exceptions to, any of the preceding statements. I would first mention, with reference to what has been advanced respecting the functions of Associative Imagination, the very important work of Mr. Linnell, the "Eve of the Deluge;"[2] a picture upheld by its admirers (and these were some of the most intelligent judges of the day) for a work of consummate imaginative power; while it was pronounced by the public journals to be "a chaos of unconcocted colour."* If the writers for the press had been aware of the kind of study pursued by Mr. Linnell through many laborious years, characterized by an observance of nature scrupulously and minutely patient, directed by the deepest sensibility, and aided by a power of drawing almost too refined for landscape subjects, and only to be understood by reference to his engravings after Michael Angelo, they

* The usual style of journalist criticism in those days, on any picture which had true colour in it at all. Neither Turner, nor Linnell, however, entrusted their fame to legal advocacy or defence. [1883.]

[1] [These Addenda are not contained in ed. 1, which has, instead, two pages of other Addenda consisting of four notes :—

(*a*) The note on "Railways in the Lake District" now at the end of sec. i. ch. i., p. 36;

(*b*) A note afterwards omitted on sec. i. ch. iv. § 6, see now p. 69 *n.* ;

(*c*) The latter portion of the note on the "Laocoon," afterwards given in sec. i. ch. vii. § 6 *n.*, see now p. 121 *n.*;

(*d*) A long note, afterwards omitted, referring to sec ii. ch. iii. § 33, p. 288. This note is here printed at the end of the Addenda of 1848, see p. 341.

The numbering of the paragraphs is here introduced for convenience of reference.]

[2] [No 620 in the Academy of 1848. Sold at Mr. Gillott's sale (1872) for £1099 ; afterwards in the collection of Mr. Angus Holden ; No. 8 in the Old Masters' Exhibition of 1883. For another reference to Linnell, see Vol. III. pp. 604–605 *n.*]

would have felt it to be unlikely that the work of such a man should be entirely undeserving of respect. On the other hand, the grounds of its praise were unfortunately chosen; for, though possessing many merits, it had no claim whatever to be ranked among productions of Creative art. It would perhaps be difficult to point to a work so exalted in feeling, and so deficient in invention. The sky had been strictly taken from nature, this was evident at a glance; and as a study of sky it was every way noble. To the purpose of the picture it hardly contributed: its sublimity was that of splendour, not of terror; and its darkness that of retreating, not of gathering, storm. The features of the landscape were devoid alike of variety and probability; the division of the scene by the central valley and winding river at once theatrical and commonplace; and the foreground, on which the light was intense, alike devoid of dignity in arrangement, and of interest in detail.*

§ 2. The falseness or deficiency of colour in the works of Mr. Landseer has been remarked above, p. 302.[1] The writer has much pleasure in noticing a very beautiful exception in the picture of the "Random Shot,"[2] certainly the most successful rendering he has ever seen of the hue of snow

* The literary student will recognise the change of style in these notes, and the imitation of Johnson instead of Hooker. Johnson had been a much earlier model to me, and a far better and healthier tutor.[3] [1883.]

[1] [It may be convenient to bring together here Ruskin's references to Landseer. The first notice is at the beginning of the first volume of *Modern Painters*, where he describes the "Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner" as "one of the most perfect poems or pictures which modern times have seen" (Vol. III. p. 88). By the time of the second volume Ruskin had come to see Landseer's defects, and retracted his "implied over-praise" (Vol. III. p. xlvi. *n.*). Landseer, he said, was "much more a natural historian than a painter" (above, p. 302 *n.*). His colour was defective, and his treatment of animals, as compared with Veronese's, was "unimaginative" (above, p. 302; sec. ii. ch. iv. § 11). In *Pre-Raphaelitism* (1851), § 29, Landseer's early "watchfulness of nature" is commended. His later works were not so highly praised; cf. *Academy Notes*, 1856, No. 147, where also his "clay-colouring" is mentioned; other minor references occur in *Academy Notes*, 1857, No. 597; and 1858, No. 854. In *Modern Painters*, vol. v., Ruskin again compares Landseer's treatment of animals with that of the Venetians and Velasquez, and criticises the trivial sentiment of the English painter (pt. ix. ch. vi. § 20). *Cf.* also *Academy Notes*, 1859 (*s.* "French Exhibition," No. 91 *a.*) For another reference in this volume, see sec. i. ch. xii. § 2 *n.*, p. 149.]

[2] [No. 403 in the Academy of 1848; afterwards in the collection of Mr. T. Wrigley.]

[3] [See *Præterita*, i. ch. xii. § 151; and *Proserpina*, ii. ch. ii.]

under warm but subdued light. The subtlety of gradation from the portions of the wreath fully illumined, to those which, feebly tinged by the horizontal rays, swelled into a dome of dim purple, dark against the green evening sky; the truth of the blue shadows, with which this dome was barred, and the depth of delicate colour out of which the lights upon the footprints were raised, deserved the most earnest and serious admiration; proving, at the same time, that the errors in colour, so frequently to be regretted in the works of the painter, are the result rather of inattention than of feeble perception. A curious proof of this inattention occurs in the disposition of the shadows in the background of the "Old Cover Hack," No. 229.[1] One of its points of light is on the rusty iron handle of a pump, in the shape of an S. The sun strikes the greater part of its length, illuminating the perpendicular portion of the curve; yet shadow is only cast on the wall behind by the returning portion of the lower extremity. A smile may be excited by the notice of so trivial a circumstance; but the simplicity of the error renders it the more remarkable, and the great masters of chiaroscuro are accurate in all such minor points; a vague sense of greater truth results from this correctness, even when it is not in particulars analyzed or noted by the observer. In the small but very valuable Paul Potter in Lord Westminster's collection,[2] the body of one of the sheep under the hedge is for the most part in shadow, but the sunlight touches the extremity of the back. The sun is low, and the shadows feeble and distorted; yet that of the sunlighted fleece is cast exactly in its true place and proportion beyond that of the hedge. The spectator may not observe this; yet, unobserved, it is one of the circumstances which make him feel the picture to be full of sunshine.*

* I beg the reader to observe that I *could* be just, even to the Dutch school! [1883.]

[1] [Afterwards in the collection of Mr. R. Heathcote.]

[2] [At Grosvenor House. Painted in 1647. For details about the picture, see Mrs. Jameson's *Handbook to the Private Galleries of London*, 1844, pp. 266–267.]

§ 3. As an example of perfect colour, and of the most refined handling ever perhaps exhibited in animal painting, the Butcher's Dog in the corner of Mr. Mulready's[1] "Butt," No. 160, deserved a whole room of the Academy to himself. This, with the spaniel in the "Choosing the Wedding Gown," and the two dogs in the hay-field subject (Burchell and Sophia), displays perhaps the most wonderful, because the most dignified, finish in the expression of anatomy and covering—of muscle and hide at once,* and assuredly the most perfect unity of drawing and colour, which the entire range of ancient and modern art can exhibit. Albert Durer is indeed the only rival who might be suggested; and, though greater far in imagination, and equal in draughtsmanship, Albert Durer was less true and less delicate in hue. In sculpturesque arrangement both masters show the same degree of feeling: any of these dogs of Mulready might be taken out of the canvas and cut in alabaster, or, perhaps better, struck upon a coin. Every lock and line of the hair has been grouped as it is on a Greek die; and if this not always without some loss of ease and of action, yet this very loss is ennobling, in a period when all is generally sacrificed to the great coxcombry of art, the affectation of ease.

§ 4. Yet Mr. Mulready himself is not always free from

* I forget these dogs now: but if they showed their muscles under their hide, they had no business to, and I should greatly prefer, now, Punch's Skye terrier with the street boys disputing over him which end was his head, and which his tail. [1883.]

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[1] [Of Mulready's work on the technical side Ruskin always expressed a high opinion. In the first words of *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* (1849) Ruskin refers to him as "an artist whose works, perhaps, alone, in the present day, unite perfection of drawing with resplendence of colour." See also *Modern Painters*, vol. i., Vol. III. p. 598 in this edition. He threw away, however, says Ruskin, "a consummate method of execution" on "subjects either altogether uninteresting, or above his powers, or unfit for pictorial representation" (*Pre-Raphaelitism*, 1851, § 28). For criticisms of particular pictures in this sense, see *Academy Notes*, 1857, No. 138; 1858, No. 167. In *The Eagle's Nest* (§ 166), Ruskin condemns Mulready's life studies as vulgar. For another favourable reference to "Choosing the Wedding Dress" and "Burchell and Sophia," see *Academy Notes*, 1875, No. 265. The former picture, exhibited 1846, is now in the Victoria and Albert (South Kensington) Museum Sheepshanks Collection); the latter was exhibited in 1847. Mulready was on friendly terms with Ruskin's father; see Epilogue, § 14, below, p. 357.]

affectation of some kind; mannerism, at least, there is in his treatment of tree trunks. There is a ghastliness about his laboured anatomies of them, as well as a want of specific character. Why need they be always flayed?* The hide of a beech tree, or of a birch, or fir, is nearly as fair a thing as an animal's; glossy as a dove's neck, barred with black like a zebra, or glowing in purple grey and velvet brown like furry cattle in sunset. Why not paint these as Mr. Mulready paints other things, as they are? that simplest, that deepest of all secrets, which gives such majesty to the ragged leaves about the edges of the pond in the "Gravel-pit" (No. 125), and imparts a strange interest to the grey ragged urchins disappearing behind the bank, that bank so low, so familiar, so sublime! What a contrast between the deep sentiment of that commonest of all common, homeliest of all homely, subjects, and the lost sentiment of Mr. Stanfield's[1] "Amalfi," the chief landscape of the year, full of exalted material, and mighty crags, and massy seas, grottoes, precipices and convents, fortress-towers and cloud-capped mountains, and all in vain, merely because that same simple secret has been despised; because nothing there is painted as it is! The picture was a most singular example of the scenic assemblage of contradictory theme which is characteristic of Picturesque, as opposed to Poetical, composition. The lines chosen from Rogers for a titular legend were

* Very properly asked. Compare "Tale of a Tub," Section IX., which settled the question as early as 1704.[2] But modern scientific artists wouldn't draw the prophet Isaiah, if they could help it, till they had got him sawn asunder. [1883.]

[1] [For Clarkson Stanfield, see Vol. III. p. 226 *n.* "Amalfi" was No. 217 in the Academy of 1848.]

[2] [The passage referred to is as follows: "In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful possession of the mind than curiosity, so far preferable is that wisdom, which converses about the surface, to that pretended philosophy, which enters into the depth of things, and then comes gravely back with informations and discoveries that in the inside they are good for nothing. The two senses, to which all objects first address themselves, are the sight and the touch; these never examine further than the colour, the shape, the size, and whatever other qualities dwell, or are drawn by art upon the outward of bodies; and then comes reason officiously with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonstrate that they are not of the same consistence quite through."]

full of summer, glowing with golden light, and toned with quiet melancholy:

> "To him who sails
> Under the shore, a few white villages,
> Scattered above, below, some in the clouds,
> Some on the margin of the dark blue sea,
> And glittering thro' their lemon groves, announce
> The region of Amalfi. Then, half-fallen,
> A lonely watch-tower on the precipice,
> Their ancient landmark, comes—long may it last!
> And to the seaman, in a distant age,
> Though now he little thinks how large his debt,
> Serve for their monument."

§ 5. Prepared by these lines for a dream upon deep calm waters, under the shadow and scent of the close lemon leaves, the spectator found himself placed by the painter, wet through, in a noisy fishing boat, on a splashing sea, with just as much on his hands as he could manage, to keep her gunwale from being stove in against a black rock; and with a heavy grey squall to windward. (This squall, by-the-bye, was the very same which appeared in the picture of the Magra of 1847,[1] and so were the

[1] [No. 74 in the Academy of 1847: "French troops (1796) fording the Magra; Sarzana and the Carrara Mountains in the distance." The following letter from Ruskin to the painter (contributed by his son, Mr. F. D. Stanfield) refers to the picture:—

> My dear Sir,—Could you favour us with your company at dinner at half-past six on Thursday next—the third?
>
> I have had great pleasure—a very large portion of the sum-total received from the Exhibition—in looking quietly over the details of your Carrara picture—it is marvellously careful throughout—how carefully you have marked even the gleam of the bayonets when they come together as the regiment turns over the ridge of the hill. But I never saw an exhibition more execrably arranged. If the hangers had had a mustard-seed-full of sense—would they not have put two dark pictures on the right of yours—so as to join your dark sky and enclose your light. They have treated your howling storm like a naughty child, when its mother bids it look at the window and be quiet. They have served Turner worse, however; there is nothing in his picture but even colour, and they must needs put Maclise's rainbow side by side with it—which takes part—and a very awkward and conclusive part too in its best melody. To Harding's picture they have given its quietus too—but that, I suppose, they didn't care about. There are two fine things in the rooms—Mulready's couple. I hardly know which to admire most—the painting or drawing.—Ever, my dear sir, most truly yours,
>
> J. Ruskin.

The picture by Turner (No. 180) was "The Hero of a Hundred Fights," or "Tapping the Furnace;" now No. 551 in the National Gallery. Beside it was hung Maclise's "Noah's Sacrifice; the Bow is set in the Cloud" (No. 178). Harding had two pictures hung: No. 489 ("Hastings, from under the East Cliffs") and No. 516 ("Lago Maggiore"). "Mulready's couple" was No. 134 ("Burchell and Sophia").]

snowy mountains above; only the squall at Amalfi entered on the left, and at the Magra on the right.) Now the scenery of Amalfi[1] is impressive alike in storm or calm, and the writer has seen the Mediterranean as majestic and as southern-looking in its rage as in its rest. But it is treating both the green water and woods unfairly to destroy their peace without expressing their power; and withdraw from them their sadness and their sun, without the substitution of any effect more terrific than that of a squall at the Nore. The snow on the distant mountains chilled what it could not elevate, and was untrue to the scene besides; there is no snow on the Monte St. Angelo in summer except what is kept for the Neapolitan confectioners. The great merit of the picture was its rock-painting; too good to have required the aid of the exaggeration of forms which satiated the eye throughout the composition.

§ 6. Mr. F. R. Pickersgill's[2] "Contest of Beauty" (No. 515), and Mr. Uwins's[3] "Vineyard Scene in the South of France," were, after Mr. Mulready's works, among the most interesting pieces of colour in the Exhibition. The former, very rich and sweet in its harmonies, and especially happy in its contrasts of light and dark armour; nor less in the fancy of the little Love who, losing his hold of the orange boughs, was falling ignominiously without having time to open his wings. The latter was a curious example of what I have described as abstraction

[1] [Ruskin was at Amalfi in 1841. The following is his note of the place in his diary for that year:—

> (Naples, *March* 11).—. . . Saw no more of Amalfi—than I sketched, but that was glorious. Far above all I ever hoped, when I first leaped off the mule—in the burning sun of the afternoon, with the light behind the mountains in the evening mist doubling their height. I never saw anything, in its way, at all comparable. Moonlight in the terrace before the inn very full of feeling—smooth sea, and white convent above, with the keen shadows of the rocks far above and sea dashing all bright in my ears—low, but impatiently and quick; I never heard waves follow each other so fast.]

[2] [Frederick Richard Pickersgill (1820–1890) began to exhibit at the Academy in 1839. In 1847 he was elected A.R.A., and in 1857 R.A. He was Keeper, 1873–1887. For another favourable notice of his work, see *Academy Notes*, 1856, No. 17.]

[3] [Thomas Uwins (1782–1857) after being for some years a member of the Water-Colour Society, was elected A.R.A. in 1833, R.A. in 1838. From 1847 to 1855 he was Keeper of the National Gallery. The picture referred to above—No. 36: "The Vintage in the Claret Vineyards of the South of France on the banks of the Gironde"—was bought by Mr. Vernon, and passed with his collection to the National Gallery (No. 387): it is now transferred to the Dundee Gallery.]

of colour.[1] Strictly true or possible it was not; a vintage is usually a dusty and dim-looking procedure;* but there were poetry and feeling in Mr. Uwins's idealization of the sombre black of the veritable grape into a luscious ultra-marine purple, glowing among the green leaves like so much painted glass. The figures were bright and graceful in the extreme, and most happily grouped. Little else that could be called colour was to be seen upon the walls of the Exhibition with the exception of the smaller works of Mr. Etty.[2] Of these, the single head, "Morning Prayer" (No. 25), and the "Still Life" (No. 73), deserved, allowing for their peculiar aim, the highest praise. The larger subjects, more especially the St. John,[3] were wanting in the merits peculiar to the painter; and in other respects it is alike painful and useless to allude to them. A very important and valuable work of Mr. Harding[4] was placed, as usual, where its merits could be but ill seen, and where its chief fault, a feebleness of colour in the principal light on the distant hills, was apparent. It was one of the very few views of the year which were transcripts, nearly without exaggeration, of the features of the localities.†

§ 7. Among the less conspicuous landscapes, Mr. W. E. Dighton's "Hay-Meadow Corner"[5] deserved especial notice; it was at once vigorous, fresh, faithful, and unpretending; the

* Nonsense. I had never seen a vintage except in the Pays de Vaud, or Burgundy, when I had been impressed by the quantity of white dust on the branches close to the ground.

It is a curious proof, to me, of the incalculable advance in the standard of painting since these notes were written, that I could find then no better pictures to praise in the whole Academy exhibition, than those here noticed. [1883.]

† See general notice of Mr. Harding's work, in the Epilogue [§ 12, p. 353 below.] [1883.]

[1] [See above, ch. iv. § 10, p. 301.]

[2] [For Etty, see above, pp. 197, 303, and *cf.* Vol. III. p. 266 *n.*]

[3] [No. 404: "Him that crieth from the wilderness, Repent ye!"]

[4] [No. 494: "The high Alps as seen from between Como and Lecco: the town and lake of Como at their base. The snowy mountain in the centre is the Monte Rosa; to the left of it are the Mont St. Bernard and Mont Blanc; to the right are the Mont Simplon, and the Grimsel and the St. Gothard." The picture was perhaps painted from sketches made during Ruskin's drive with Harding from Como to Lecco in 1845.]

[5] [No. 165 in the Academy of 1848.]

management of the distance most ingenious, and the painting of the foreground, with the single exception of Mr. Mulready's, above noticed, unquestionably the best in the room. I have before had occasion[1] to notice a picture by this artist, "A Hayfield in a Shower," exhibited in the British Institution in 1847, and this year (1848) in the Scottish Academy, whose sky, in qualities of rainy, shattered, transparent grey, I have seldom seen equalled; nor the mist of its distance, expressive alike of previous heat and present beat of rain. I look with much interest for other works by this painter.[2]

§ 8. A hurried visit to Scotland in the spring of this year, while it enables the writer to acknowledge the ardour and genius manifested in very many of the works exhibited in the Scottish Academy, cannot be considered as furnishing him with sufficient grounds for specific criticism. He cannot, however, err in testifying his concurrence in the opinion expressed to him by several of the most distinguished members of that Academy, respecting the singular merit of the works of Mr. H. Drummond.[3] A cabinet picture of "Banditti on the Watch" appeared to him one of the most masterly, unaffected, and sterling pieces of quiet painting he has ever seen from the hand of a living artist; and the other works of Mr. Drummond were alike remarkable for their manly and earnest finish, and their sweetness of feeling.

[The following is the note of 1846 referred to above (p. 333 *n.*) which appeared in ed. 1 :—]

"It is painful to trace upon the walls of the Exhibitions lately opened in London, the universal evidence of the mode of study deprecated in this passage;[4] and to observe the various kinds of wreck which are taking place in consequence with many of our most promising artists. In the British Institution I saw only three pictures in which there was evidence of desire and effort to render a loved passage of Nature faithfully. These were, first,

[1] [*i.e.* in the Addenda of ed. 1; see below, p. 342.]

[2] [William Edward Dighton did not live to fulfil his early promise; he died in 1853 at the age of 31. He was a pupil of William Müller and afterwards of Frederick Goodall.]

[3] [So in all eds.; but "H. Drummond" should be "James Drummond" (1816–1877), Academician, and afterwards curator of the Scottish National Gallery. The picture referred to above was exhibited under the title "A Mountain Pass."]

[4] [*i.e.*, sec. ii. ch. iii. § 33, p. 288 above.]

a hayfield in a shower (I cannot, at this moment, refer to the painter's name);[1] with a wooden bridge and a single figure in the foreground, whose sky, in rainy, shattered, transparent grey, I have seldon seen equalled, and whose distance and foreground were alike carefully studied, the one obscure with the dusty vapour rising out of the heat of the shower, the other rich in broad and luxuriant leafage; (the foaming water on the left was, however, too cold and false in its reflections). The second was a sky of Lauder's,[2] evidently taken straight from nature (which, with the peculiar judgment frequent in hanging committees, was placed at the top of the central room), but which was in great measure destroyed by the intrusion of a lay figure and dramatic sea; the third a forest study by Linnell.[3] Among the various failures, I am sorry to have to note the prominent one of Turner's;[4] a strange example of the way in which the greatest men may at times lose themselves, from causes it is impossible to trace. Happily, this picture cannot be construed into a sign of generally declining power, for I have seen three drawings executed at the same period, in which the artist's mind appears at its full force. Nothing, however, could be more unfortunate than the central portion of the picture in the Institution, a heavy mass of hot colour being employed in the principal shade, and a strange meaningless green spread over the delicate hues of the distance, while the shadows on the right were executed with pure and crude blue, such as I believe cannot be shown in any other work whatsoever of the great painter. I am also sorry to have to warn so good a painter as Mr. Goodall of his being altogether on a wrong road; the false chiaroscuro, exaggerated and impossible aerial perspective, and morbid prettiness and polish of complexions, in his large picture, are means of attracting vulgar notice which he certainly does not need, and which, if he continues to employ them, must end, and that speedily, in his sinking irrecoverably beneath the rank which it was the hope of all lovers of English art to see him attain and hold.[5]

"One more picture I must mention, as a refreshing and earnest study of truth, yet unexhibited, but which will appear in the Royal Academy; a seashore by Collins,[6] where the sun, just risen and struggling through gaps of threatening cloud, is answered by the green, dark, transparent sea, with a broad flake of expanding fire. I have never seen the oppression of sunlight in clear, lurid, rainy atmosphere more perfectly or faithfully rendered, and the various portions of reflected and scattered light are all studied with equal truth and solemn feeling."

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[1] [By W. E. Dighton; see above, § 7, p. 340.]

[2] [James Eckford Lauder (1812–1869), a member of the Royal Scottish Academy.]

[3] ["A Spring Wood Scene," exhibited at the Old Masters in 1883 as "The Fallen Monarch" (No. 57). For Linnell, see above, p. 333.]

[4] [Turner's picture in the British Institution of 1847 was "Queen Mab's Cave," now No. 548 in the National Gallery; for notes on it, see *Popular Handbook*, 6th ed., ii. 221.]

[5] [Mr. F. Goodall's principal picture in the British Institution of 1846 was "The Brittany Conscript Leaving Home." For another reference to Mr. Goodall's work at this time, see preceding vol., p. 326 *n.*; for later references, see *Academy Notes*, 1859 and 1875.]

[6] [In the Academy of 1846 Collins exhibited "Hall Sands, Devon" (now in the Victoria and Albert Museum), and "Early Morning."]

EPILOGUE (1883)

§ 1. The above short pieces of criticism on contemporary art, first given, I believe, only in the second edition of *Modern Painters*,[1] have become now extremely curious to myself, in connection with points of my personal history, of which some account may perhaps lead to a more indulgent retrospect of this book; and further illustrate others written at or near this time, as well as some of my drawings and manuscripts which may be thought worth preservation hereafter.

1841. I must set down a few fastening dates. In the winter of 1840, and spring of 1841, I was at Rome, Naples, and Venice,[2] making a series of pencil sketches, partly in imitation of Prout, partly of David Roberts. I had not the smallest notion of *writing* about art at that time[3] (many people, myself included, thought I was dying, and should never write about anything). These sketches, though full of weaknesses and vulgarities, have also much good in them; two are placed at Oxford as records of Venice,[4] of which one was used to paint from by Prout himself; and all of them are of historical interest in their accuracy of representation. Sketching only in this way from nature, I was trying to make water-colour drawings and vignettes in imitation of Turner;[5] which were extremely absurd and weak.

[1] [Not so. They were reprinted in all the subsequent editions.]

[2] [For the winter of 1840–1841, see Vol. I. pp. xxxviii.–xli., and *Præterita*, ii. ch. iii.]

[3] [But see the *Letter to a College Friend* of Feb. 12, 1841 : Vol. I. p. 434.]

[4] [The two drawings are Nos. 64 and 65 in the Reference Series. No. 65 ("Casa Contarini Fasan") is given opposite p. 212 in Vol. III. No. 64 ("Court of the Ducal Palace") is given here in this volume, facing p. 40. For other drawings made on the same tour see Plates 13–19 in Vol. I.]

[5] [As, for instance, the drawing of Amboise : in Vol. II. between pp. 170–171.]

§ 2. 1842. In the spring of this year, I made, by mere accident, my first drawing of leafage in natural growth—a few ivy leaves round a stump in the hedge of the Norwood road, under Tulse Hill: there is a brick built terrace of fashionable dwelling-houses now, where the hedge used to be. I never (in my drawings, however much in my writings) *imitated* anybody any more after that one sketch was made; but entered at once on the course of study which enabled me afterwards to understand Pre-Raphaelitism.[1]

Few drawings, however, made in that year, now remain in my possession. A book of plant studies, given to Mr. C. E. Norton, represents the usual manner of them very perfectly. One or two studies of light and shade, and a few of trees, I still possess, and may have occasion to engrave.[2]

§ 3. In the same spring, Turner first showed his Swiss sketches, and offered to realize ten of them. The Splügen drawing, of which the story is told at page 74 of my Turner notes,* and which was bought for me by my friends on my recovery from illness in 1878, was made at that time, and shown with the sketches. My admiration of it afterwards directed mainly all my mountain-studies † and geological researches. I obtained in the same year the drawings of Coblentz and Lucerne town,[3] which directed me into new lines of thought with respect to colour; so that it was a kind of birth-year to me, in all ways at once. In its autumn I was again on the Continent — chiefly at Chamouni;—then, returning in the full enthusiasm and rush of sap in the too

* Published by the Fine Art Society, 1878.[4]

† Not into imitation of the drawing itself, but to investigation of the mountain forms which it illustrated.

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[1] [For this incident, see Vol. III. p. xxi.; and *Præterita*, ii. ch. iv. §§ 74, 77, and see the Plate, No. 25, in Vol. II.]

[2] [See, for drawings of 1842, Plate 25 and the frontispiece in Vol. II.]

[3] [See the Epilogue to the "Turner notes" of 1878; and for the Coblentz, No. 62 in the "Notes." The drawing is published in vol. ii. of *Turner and Ruskin*; the Lucerne Town in vol. i. of that work.]

[4] [P. 74 in the later editions of that pamphlet. The reference is to the Epilogue.]

literally sapling and stripling mind of me, wrote the first volume of *Modern Painters*.[1]

Next year (1843) Turner painted for me the Goldau and Dazio Grande;[2] drawings which have become to me, now, very curious symbols of his life, and of mine.

§ 4. In 1844 I went back to Chamouni, and worked in entirely right and profitable ways.[3] A drawing of Mont Blanc with the aiguilles (Charmoz to Midi), from above Les Tines, mostly pencil, on dark grey, but with a piece of rock coloured in the foreground,* represents my power at this time sufficiently.[4]

In 1845, the first volume of *Modern Painters* having already begun to make its mark, I thought it necessary to look more carefully at some of the pictures at Florence and Venice before proceeding with the essay. My father could not spare time to go with me; so he asked me to take my Chamouni guide, Joseph Couttet, by way of pro-papa.[5] He was a tutor, and domestic Pope's legate, of perfect fidelity and good sense: a good practical physician also; I never had occasion to call in any other; and he always after that time travelled with me when my father and mother could not, (my mother never left my father,) until Couttet's death in 1875. He was nearly fifty when, in 1845, he met me at Geneva in early April; and we travelled leisurely through Lower Savoy and Provence to Fréjus. It was starlight, after a long day's drive, as we came down towards the sea over the southern moors of wild myrtle; and I recollect teasing old Joseph considerably by humming "com' è gentil"[6] all the way.[7]

* Now in the possession of Mrs. John Simon.

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[1] [See Vol. III. p. xxvii.]

[2] [Nos. 65 and 58 in the *Notes on his Drawings by Turner*. Goldau was engraved for the fourth volume of *Modern Painters*, Plate 50.]

[3] [For extracts from his diary at Chamouni in 1844, see Vol. III. pp. xxv.–xxvii.]

[4] [This is the drawing reproduced as the frontispiece to the present volume. Its date, however, is 1842.]

[5] [For Couttet, see above, Introduction, p. xxv.]

[6] ["Com' è gentil la notte," serenade in Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*.]

[7] [For the itinerary, see above, Introduction, p. xxiv. Ruskin made the stage from Digne to Draguignan in a day, which was prolonged owing to a break down in his

From Fréjus we went along the two Rivieras, *slowly*, always. There must be a drawing of Albenga somewhere —I have lost it—made then; now of some importance as an historical document of the glorious old town. A study of stone pine, at Sestri, is placed in my school at Oxford.[1]

The road usually taken, at that time, by travellers entering Italy from the Riviera, left the coast at Massa to avoid the Pisan Maremma, and passed through the southern valleys of the Carrara hills to Lucca.

§ 5. Where, with all my new knowledge and freshness of acceptancy, I found, as if never seen before, the inlaid architecture of San Michele,—Fra Bartolomeo's picture of the Magdalen with St. Catherine of Siena, (then in the church of San Romano, now in the Academy of Lucca,)—and the statue, by Quercia, of Ilaria di Caretto.

The inlaying of San Michele, as opposed to Gothic *pierced* lace-work, (which was all I cared for in Gothic at that time,) and the pure and severe arcades of finely proportioned columns at San Frediano, doing stern duty under vertical walls, as opposed to Gothic shafts with no end, and buttresses with no bearing,* struck me dumb with admiration and

* As in any small English late Gothic towers, and our modern British imitations of them caricatured by me afterwards in Plate VI. of the first

carriage. He gives the following account of the last part of the drive in a letter to his father (Mentone, 23rd April) :—

> "It grew dark as soon as we had sent back our third horse, and I shut up the carriage. Soon, however, we began to go rapidly down, and it grew warmer and warmer still, as the evening wind dropped into the night, and I was obliged to open first one pane, then another, then all, and finally to throw the carriage back and open, just as the moon rose above the olive woods of Draguignan. The road was now hard and good; the olives, mixed with stone pine, threw their twisted shadows across it, and the ruined towers of an old fortress and town, four miles on the north side of Draguignan, began to rise against the moony sky, now soft and deep and full of Italian air. The last four miles were perfectly exquisite, all the light so clear and calm, and the white clouds so soft and warm, the frogs croaking merrily and loud, and a bird—I cannot tell what it is, that shrieks and wails all the night long—heard far off among the olives. We got into Draguignan at last, about ten o'clock, and a couple of fried trout, followed by some sweet bread and asparagus, terminated very agreeably the hardest day's travelling I recollect, putting bad roads, etc., all together. I don't know what I should have done without Couttet, not being able to understand a word the people said, but he was hail fellow with them all. They took him for a Marseillaise."]

[1] [The drawing here given: see Introduction, p. l.]

Drawn by J. Ruskin. Allen & Co Sc

Study of Stone Pine, at Sestri.

(1845.)

amazement; and then and there on the instant, I began, in the nave of San Frediano, the course of architectural study which reduced under accurate law the vague enthusiasm of my childish taste, and has been ever since a method with me, guardian of all my other work in natural and moral philosophy.

§ 6. Fra Bartolomeo's Magdalen was the first example of accomplished sacred art I had seen, since my initiation, by the later Turner drawings, into the truths of deep colour and tone. It is a picture of no original power (none of Fra Bartolomeo's are), but it sums the principles of great Italian religious art in its finest period,—serenely luminous sky,—full light on the faces; local colour the dominant power over a chiaroscuro more perfect because subordinate; absolute serenity of emotion and gesture; and rigid symmetry in composition. These technical principles, never to be forgotten (and leaving very few to be added), that single picture taught me in the course of a day's work upon it; and remains accordingly, without being the subject of special admiration, extremely dear to me.

The statue of Ilaria became at once, and has ever since remained, my ideal of Christian sculpture. It is, I will venture to say, after these forty years of further study, the most beautiful extant marble-work of the middle ages,—faultless, as far as human skill and feeling can or may be so.[1]

volume of the *Stones of Venice,* by placing the elevation of one of the towers of the college at Edinburgh beside that of the campanile of St. Mark's. The college tower is not kindly represented; the St. Mark's also, unintentionally, maligned; for no photography existed at that period, and my own careless sketch omitted the entasis of the tower. But the piece of the text, explaining the points of opposition alluded to above, is worth quoting. "The Venetian tower rises 350 feet, and has no buttresses, though built of brick; the British tower rises 121 feet, and is built of stone, but is supposed to be incapable of standing without two huge buttresses on each angle. The St. Mark's tower has a high sloping roof, but carries it simply, requiring no pinnacles at its angles; the British tower has no visible roof, but has four pinnacles for ornament" (*Stones of Venice,* vol. i. ch. xix. § 15.)

[1] [See above, p. 122.]

And beside it, I partly then felt, partly vowed, that my life must no more be spent only in the study of rocks and clouds.[1]

The lesson was presently to be driven home. Arriving next at Pisa, and finding the system of twelfth century shaft and mosaic architecture typically represented there, I settled down instantly to work on the Duomo and Baptistery, little thinking, or caring, what the low building was, beyond them, across the field.

§ 7. I had scarcely read a word, then, of Italian history. Knew of the Gulf of Spezzia, only that Shelley had been drowned in it; and little more of Pisa than that Byron had lived in it. Of Dante I had never read a line, except the story of Ugolino. And of Christian art, but for the volumes of Lord Lindsay in my portmanteau,[2] should have known nothing whatsoever.

But though I knew nothing of Christian art, I knew much of the theory, and something of the truth, of Christianity. Account is given in *Fors*, Letters XLII.[3] and LIII., of the way my mother trained me in the Bible, and in the Puritan faith; something also has been told of the way my Scottish aunt showed me its beauty. My own faults or follies only heightened my respect for the virtue and simplicity of the Scottish border race, as I then had known it; nor did either Byron or Shelley for an instant disturb my belief in John Bunyan,[4] or my trust in the presence of an aiding God, in

[1] [Cf. *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 45, where Ruskin says that this statue turned him "from the study of landscape to that of life."]

[2] [Here Ruskin must be mistaken: see above, Introduction, p. xxiii. *n.* *Progression by Antagonism* (1846) and *Sketches of the History of Christian Art* (1847), by Alexander William Crawford, 25th Earl of Crawford, were reviewed by Ruskin in the *Quarterly Review* for June 1847, reprinted in *On the Old Road*, eds. 1888, 1899, vol. i.]

[3] [And afterwards in *Præterita*, i., ch. ii.]

[4] [This statement requires some modification in view of the following extracts from Ruskin's letters to his mother in 1845:—

> Annecy, Sunday evening (*April* 13).—. . . What made you put that funny book of John Bunyan's in the bag. You know it is not at all in my way. It is very curious as an example of the way in which the Deity works on certain minds, but as a type of his general dealings it is a miserable one indeed. For it is physically impossible that such working should take place except in a mind of extreme ignorance and ill training, as well as of undisciplined and vigorous imagination. A man who has general knowledge has always too many subjects of thought and interest to admit of his noticing every time that a text comes jingling into his head, and a man of disciplined mind would

this world, and in the justice of His judgments in that to come. What formal obedience to my parents, and steady carrying out of my mother's way of reading, did for me, as

not suffer any such morbid fancies as Bunyan describes to take possession of him or occupy his attention for a moment. Much of Bunyan's feeling amounts to pure insanity, *i.e.* the unreined state of a strong imagination, watched and dwelt and acted upon as if its promptings were truth. His lying in bed in the morning to listen to the devil saying—Sell him, sell him (of Christ), is of this character. No man in his right senses, but would have got out of his bed and gone to work, and no man of common power of self-discipline but would have employed his mind at once in a reasonable way had he been even obliged to lie still.

Now the imagination of George Herbert is just as vigorous, and his communings with God as immediate, but they are the imagination and communings of a well bridled and disciplined mind, and therefore though he feels himself to have sold Christ over and over again for definite pieces of silver, for pleasures or promises of this world—he repents and does penance for such actual sin—he does not plague himself about a singing in his ears. There is as much difference between the writings and feelings of the two men as between the high-bred, keen, severe, thoughtful countenance of the one, and the fat, vacant, vulgar, boy's face of the other. Both are equally Christians, equally taught of God, but taught through different channels; Herbert through his brains, Bunyan through his liver.

Digne, Sunday, 20*th April*.— . . . I have been more and more struck on re-thinking and re-reading with the singular differences between Bunyan and Herbert. Bunyan, humble and contrite enough, but always dwelling painfully and exclusively on the relations of the Deity to his own little self, not contemplating God as the God of all the earth nor loving him as such, nor so occupied with the consideration of His attributes as to forget himself in an extended gratitude, but always looking to his own interests or his own state; loving or fearing or doubting, just as he happened to fancy God was dealing with him. Herbert, on the contrary, full of faith and love, regardless of himself, outpouring his affection in all circumstances and at all times, and never *fearing*, though often weeping. Hear him speaking of such changes of feeling as Bunyan complains of:

"Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there;
Thy power and love, my love and trust,
Make one place everywhere."

Vide the three last lovely stanzas of 'The Temper.' I think Bunyan's a most dangerous book in many ways; first, because to people who do not allow for his ignorance, low birth, and sinful and idle youth, the workings of his diseased mind would give a most false impression of God's dealings; secondly, because it encourages in ill-taught religious people, such idle, fanciful, selfish, profitless modes of employing the mind as not only to bring discredit on religion generally, but give rise to all sorts of schisms, heresies, insanities, and animosities; and again, because to people of a turn of mind like mine, but who have less stability of opinion, it would at once suggest the idea of all religion being nothing more than a particular phase of indigestion, coupled with a good imagination and bad conscience.

The "funny book of John Bunyan's" was *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*. For the passage about "Sell him, sell him," see §§ 135, 136. The stanza of Herbert quoted above is the last one of the poem beginning (for there are two called "The Temper") "How should I praise Thee, Lord?" With what Ruskin says in these letters about the undisciplined imagination, *cf.* above, p. 222.]

farther safeguards, I cannot estimate;—but the steady reading of a chapter of the Bible in the morning and evening, and at least the deliberate *utterance* of appointed prayer, with endeavour to fix my thoughts upon it (often successful—and always sincere), gave me a continually increasing knowledge of the meaning both of the Old and New Testaments, and of what prayer meant for Christians of old time: farther than this, all my love of the beauty, or sense of the majesty, of natural things was in direct ratio to conditions of devotional feeling; and I never climbed any mountain, alone, without kneeling down, by instinct, on its summit to pray. In this temper of mind, which also in that particular year was at once gloomy with penitence and ardent in purpose, the Campo Santo of Pisa was to me a veritable Palestine. Benozzo's angels of Life, and Orcagna's of Death, were at once living presences to me, and I began before the fresco, then attributed to Giotto, of the sacrifice of Job, the series of religious studies which led me steadily forward to those of the life of Moses in the Sistine Chapel, thirty years afterwards.[1]

§ 8. The drawings which I made at that time in the Campo Santo, of the Sacrifice of Job; the three angels with Abraham; the three beggars praying to Death; and the conversion of St. Ranieri; are fortunately still in my possession.[2] That of the small Madonna, by Angelico, then in the sacristy of St[a]. Maria Novella at Florence, was engraved as the frontispiece to the fifth volume of *Modern Painters*, and the engraving (by Mr. Holl) gives a perfect rendering of my power and manner at that time. The original drawing was given away, but I am thankful to be able to place in my school at Oxford that of the Sacrifice of Job.[3]

§ 9. Very solemnly I wish it had been my fate to follow out such a series of outline drawings, from the now lost frescoes of Italy; but I had come to Italy for a given

[1] [Ruskin was at Rome in 1872, and in the following autumn delivered his course of lectures, *Ariadne Florentina*, in the sixth of which he discussed Botticelli's work in the Sistine Chapel.]

[2] [Of these drawings only "The Three Angels with Abraham" is now available; it is here reproduced (Plate 10, p. 316; see Introduction, p. xxx).]

[3] [This drawing is not, however, at Oxford; but the "Three Angels" is.]

purpose:—nobody wanted, or cared for, outlines from the Campo Santo; and only making these few memoranda for my own instruction, I went on with the work necessary for the second volume of *Modern Painters*.

I had been obliged, in order to obtain permission to draw in the Campo Santo, to present myself to the Abbé Rosini, then the Professor of the Belli Arti in Pisa.[1] He was a quite zealous and honest Professor, very accessible, kind, and talkative. As, of course, he had never heard the name of any artist in England, I took with me one day when I went to call, the two Liber plates of Cephalus and the Grande Chartreuse. But the Professor happened that afternoon to be very eager that I should come to hear his own lecture "del bello," and he threw the Turner engravings contemptuously aside, with a "Yes—yes. I see,—è un imitatore di Salvator,—we have plenty such." I went to the lecture, nevertheless; and heard with the rest of the students, as I had more than once heard before, how Apelles painted a perfect girl by putting the head of one on the shoulders of another, and the legs of a third; and how the inimitable Raphael painted from the exquisite ideal in his divine mind;[2] and came away with a complacent conviction that I knew a good deal more about the 'Bello' than the Abbé Rosini.

In this impression I was certainly right: but the circumstance was extremely unfortunate, in adding to the conceit, and sense of self-importance, which were already much too intimately colouring and stimulating the zeal with which I pursued my new discoveries.

§ 10. These presently became more absorbing in themselves. From Pisa I went to Florence, and fortunately got lodgings in the south-east angle of the square of the Duomo, looking straight on Giotto's tower,[3] with the south transept

[1] [For whom, and for these events generally, see *Præterita*, ii., ch. vi.]

[2] [See above, p. 205.]

[3] [Ruskin, being dissatisfied at the inn,

"went away and got me lodgings (as he writes to his father, June 2) in the Cathedral square, looking bolt on Giotto's campanile, facing east, so that I have the morning sun and no other. . . . The great advantage is that I have Giotto's tower and Brunelleschi's dome always before me." "It really was most fortunate for me," he writes five days later, "that the landlord of the ——

and dome beyond; so that for two months, I had it to look at by daylight and moonlight. The Dominicans at Santa Maria Novella had still their spice garden,[1]—I made hay, that June, with the Franciscans, in their orchard at the "top of Fésole,"[2] and San Miniato, the loveliest of lovely ruins, was yet encircled by a wilderness of wild rose. It was still possible, in these quiet places, to conceive what Florence had been, in the year of Victories.[3]

My main work, for those two months, was in the apse of Santa Maria Novella, on Ghirlandajo; in the Brancacci Chapel, on Masaccio and Lippi; and in St. Mark's convent, on Angelico. And very solemnly I wish that I had gone straight home that summer, and never seen Venice,* or Tintoret! Perhaps I might have been the Catholic Archbishop of York, by this time—who knows! building my

* Seen her, that is to say, with man's eyes. My boyhood's first sight of her, when I was fourteen, could not have been brighter, and would not have been forgotten.[4]

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was an overcharging scamp—(though we may just as well remember the fact)—for otherwise I should not have got into this very nice quarter; it is really a great luxury to see the form of the cathedral against the night sky, and to be able to saunter in the great square in the twilight without having a river-side walk home."]

[1] [See *Præterita*, ii., ch. vii. § 127. In a letter to his mother, Ruskin gives an account of the spice-garden (June 9):—

". . . By-the-bye you needn't have sent me a medicine chest. I never saw such a pretty thing in my life as the 'spezieria' of Santa M. Novella. The monks are the apothecaries of Florence, and there is room after room opening off the cloisters in the most exquisite order and taste,—a very toy of bottles and shelves, and a lovely garden in the middle buried in rose leaves, where they grow all they want. It is very curious to see the shelves and drawers and jars of an apothecary's shop exactly under, and touching the bottom of—frescoes by Taddeo Gaddi, and with a vaulted roof above, and monks behind the counter."

For another description of the Spezieria, see Ruskin's review of Eastlake's *History of Oil-Painting*, in *On the Old Road*, 1899, i. § 98.]

[2] [*Paradise Lost*, i. 289. Ruskin gives an account of his hay-making in a letter to his father (June 22):—

". . . I had some good exercise too last night, making hay up at Fiesole in the Franciscan convent with the monks. I assure you—when the Franciscans do work—they work to purpose. Then I rested in the garden under the cypresses of 'the top of Fésole' waiting for the moon rise, 'to descry new lands, rivers or island in her spotty globe,' and so walked back into Florence with the fire-flies flitting about all the way."

Ruskin quotes from memory. Milton has "Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe."]

[3] [1254; see *Val d'Arno*, § 121.]

[4] [Ruskin was, however, sixteen when he first saw Venice (1835). For his impressions of that visit, see Vol. I. p. 543.]

cathedral there, in emulation of the Cardinal's at Westminster —instead of a tiny Sheffield museum.[1]

§ 11. Fate, and the unlucky task of book-writing, ordered otherwise. For *Modern Painters* could not be finished with a study of ecclesiastical history; and, as the stress of summer came on in Florence, having gained some initiatory conception of her art, with the nature that taught it, and learned to love even the yellow sand of Arno scarcely less than the white sand of Arve, I went north to my special work again, and spent the early autumn, nearly alone, in Val Anzasca. There was little more than a châlet for inn, at Macugnaga, in those days.

§ 12. In September, Mr. J. D. Harding, who, after Copley Fielding, had been my master in water-colour, wrote to ask if he could join me in his autumn tour. I went down to meet him at Baveno; and thence we drove quietly in an open carriage by Como and the spurs of the Italian Alps to Venice, walking up all the hills, stopping at all the river sides, sleeping a night or two at Como, Bergamo, Brescia, and Padua,—with a week at Verona. A most happy time, for me; and, I believe, for us both.

Harding had vivid, healthy, and unerring artistic faculty, but no depth of science, and scarcely any of sentiment. I saw him once impressed by the desolation of the great hall of the Casa Foscari; but in general, if the forms of the subject were picturesque, it was all he cared for, nor would he with any patience analyze even those. So far as his art and aim went, I was able entirely to sympathize with him; and we both liked, in one way or another, exactly the same sorts of things; so that he didn't want to go and draw the marshes at Mantua when I wanted to draw Monte Monterone —but we could always sit down to work within a dozen

[1] [The Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster (for which Cardinal Manning began to collect funds in 1865), now approaching completion, was not destined to be begun till a much later date (1895). The "tiny Sheffield museum" refers to the cottage at Walkley, near Sheffield, in which the museum of the St. George's Guild was at that time housed. In 1890 the museum was transferred to the more spacious house in Meersbrook Park provided by the Sheffield Corporation.]

yards of each other, both pleased. I did not mind his laughing at me for poring into the foreground weeds, which he thought sufficiently expressed by a zigzag, and heartily admired in him the brilliancy of easy skill, which secured, and with emphasis, in an hour or two, the effect of scenes I could never have attempted.

His time in travelling was of course professionally too valuable to him to admit of much study in galleries, (which, for the rest, when a painter's manner is once fixed, usually does him more hurt than good). But he generally went with me on my exploring days in Venice, and we saw the Scuola di San Rocco together, and both of us for the first time. My companion, though by no means modest as to his own powers, was (partly for that very reason, his confidence in them being well grounded) quite frank and candid in his admiration of stronger painters; and when we had got through the upper gallery, and into the room of the Crucifixion, we both sate down and looked—not at it—but at each other,—literally the strength so taken out of us that we couldn't stand![1]

When we came away, Harding said that he felt like a whipped schoolboy. I, not having been at school so long as he, felt only that a new world was opened to me, that I had seen that day the Art of Man in its full majesty for the first time; and that there was also a strange and precious gift in myself enabling me to recognize it, and therein ennobling, not crushing me. That sense of my own gift and function as an interpreter[2] strengthened as I grew older; and supports, and I believe justifies me now in accepting in this last cycle of life, the responsibilities lately once more offered to me in Oxford.[3]

§ 13. The public estimate of me, so far as it is wise at all, and not grounded merely on my manner of writing, is, I think, chiefly as an illustrator of natural beauty. They

[1] [See above, Introduction, p. xxxvii.]

[2] [So in *Love's Meinie*, Lecture iii.: "My own special function . . . is, and always has been, that of the Interpreter only, in the *Pilgrim's Progress*."]

[3] [Ruskin was re-appointed to the Slade Professorship in January 1883.]

had as much illustration of it before as they needed, one would have thought, and if not enough to their taste in Chaucer or Spenser, in Byron or Scott, at all events in their own contemporary poets. Tennyson's "Brook" is far beyond anything I ever did, or could have done, in beauty of description;[1] and the entire power of natural scenes on the constant feelings of the human heart is taught, (and perfectly,) by Longfellow in "Hiawatha."[2] But I say with pride, which it has become my duty to express openly, that it was left to me, and to me alone, first to discern, and then to teach, so far as in this hurried century any such thing *can* be taught, the excellency and supremacy of five great painters, despised until I spoke of them,—Turner, Tintoret, Luini, Botticelli, and Carpaccio.[3] Despised,—nay, scarcely in any true sense

[1] [*Cf.* Vol. II. p. xxviii. *n.*]

[2] [For other passages showing Ruskin's admiration of Longfellow, see *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. xiii. § 10 *n.*, vol. iv. ch. xix. § 20, vol. v. pt. vii. ch. iv. § 5 *n.*]

[3] [*Cf.* what Ruskin says in *Præterita*, i. ch. ix. § 180: "Tintoret was virtually unseen, Veronese unfelt, Carpaccio not so much as named, when I began to study them." His claim in the case of Turner and Tintoret needs no comment. With regard to Luini among painters—as to Chartres among cathedrals (see Vol. I. p. 377 *n.*)—it is noticeable that he did not write all that was in his mind or so much as might have been expected to justify the very high rank he accorded to that painter. In *Modern Painters* Luini was not mentioned: see note from *Frondes Agrestes* to *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. iv. § 21. Ruskin's principal references to him are in *Queen of the Air*, § 157, and *Catalogue of the Educational Series*, No. 49.

The modern cult of Botticelli owes much to Ruskin's enthusiasm; but something must be allowed also to the essay of Pater (first published in the *Fortnightly Review* of August 1870, reprinted in *Studies in the Renaissance*, 1873). Reference should be made also to Mr. Swinburne's "Notes on Designs of the Old Masters at Florence" (first published in the *Fortnightly Review* for July 1868), in which he speaks of "the faint and almost painful grace which gives a distinct value and curious charm to all the works of Botticelli." At an auction in 1867 D. G. Rossetti picked up a Botticelli for £20. "If he had not something to do," writes his brother, "with the vogue which soon afterwards began to attach to that fascinating master, I am under a misapprehension." Pater's essay first appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* of August 1870. Ruskin's first mention of Botticelli was in a lecture delivered at Oxford during the Lent Term, 1871. Carpaccio had been proclaimed in a lecture of the preceding year, and it became a standing joke among the profane to ask who was Ruskin's last "greatest painter." It was in answer thereto that Mr. Bourdillon wrote:—

> "To us this star or that seems bright,
> And oft some headlong meteor's flight
> Holds for awhile our raptured sight.
> But he discerns each noble star;
> The least is only the most far,
> Whose worlds, may be, the mightiest are."

Ruskin's principal references to Botticelli are in *Ariadne Florentina* and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 22. For the previous eclipse of Botticelli's reputation, see J. P. Richter's

of the word, known. I think, before the year 1874,[1] in which I began work on the frescoes of Botticelli and Perugino in the Sistine Chapel, there will scarcely be found so much as a notice of their existence in the diary of any traveller, and there was no consciousness of their existence in the entire mind of modern Rome. They are little enough noticed *now;* and yet, in London, Turner's most precious drawings are kept in the cellar of the National Gallery:—nevertheless, my work is done; and so far as the English nation studies the Arts at all, will tell, in its due time.

§ 14. The reader who has had patience with these personal details, thus far, will understand now the temper in which, on my return to England, I wrote the second volume of *Modern Painters*, and the extreme prominence given to Tintoret, in the closing sections of it. The short Addenda which provoked this garrulous Epilogue will also, I think,

Lectures on the National Gallery, p. 46. The first picture by Botticelli bought for the National Gallery (No. 275 in 1865) cost only £159, 11s. 6d. "The Nativity" (No. 1034) cost in 1878 £1500.

The praise of Carpaccio is principally in *Guide to the Venetian Academy* and *St. Mark's Rest*. His earliest reference to Carpaccio as "faultless" and "consummate" was in 1870 (*Verona and its Rivers*, § 22; *Lectures on Art*, § 73). In *Stones of Venice* Carpaccio is referred to only for his interesting pieces of Venetian architecture. It was in revisiting Venice in 1869 that Ruskin fell under Carpaccio's sway. His "discovery" of the painter had been anticipated by Sir Edward Burne-Jones; as the following letter shows:—

> Venice, *May 13th*, 1869. My dearest Ned,—There's nothing here like Carpaccio! There's a little bit of humble-pie for you! Well, the fact was, I had never once looked at him, having classed him in glance and thought with Gentile Bellini, and other men of the more or less incipient and hard schools,—and Tintoret went better with clouds and hills. I don't give up my Tintoret, but his dissolution of expression into drapery and shadow is too licentious for me now. But this Carpaccio is a new world to me; only *you* have no right to be so fond of him, for he is merely what you would have been if you had been born here, and rightly trained from the beginning—and one shouldn't like oneself so much. I've only seen the Academy ones yet, and am going this morning (cloudless light) to your St. George of the Schiavoni; and I must send this word first to catch post.—Ever your loving, J. R.

This letter was first printed in its entirety in a privately printed volume (1894), *Letters on Art and Literature by John Ruskin*, edited by Thomas J. Wise, p. 41. It had previously been published, in an incomplete form, by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie in an essay on "John Ruskin" in *Harper's Magazine* for March 1890, and reprinted in her *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning*, 1892, p. 135. Carpaccio's pictures had, however, been highly esteemed before Burne-Jones and Ruskin "discovered" him; his picture in the National Gallery (No. 750) cost £3400 in 1865.]

[1] [This is a mistake for 1872; see above, p. 350 *n.*]

become of more interest to him, not only as indicating my earliest assumption of the office of censor to the Royal Academy! but as marking very notably the honest and frank tone of criticism itself in that day. The anonymous character of the author of *Modern Painters* was, by the time those Addenda were published, entirely waived to the general body of artists: but, whatever I chose to say of them, Prout, Stanfield, and Turner used to dine with my father on my birthday; the two first were always at home to me, and I had a happy little talk with Stanfield one day when he was at work on his last picture. Charles Robert Leslie, Mulready, and David Roberts used to come sometimes on the birthday also, and it was certainly not the Academy Notes of after years, but the Pre-Raphaelite schism, and most of all Turner's death, which broke my relations with the Royal Academy. I hope they may in future be kinder; its President[1] has just lent me two lovely drawings for the Oxford schools, and, I think, feels with me as to all the main principles of Art education.

[1] [Frederic, Lord Leighton. For the two drawings—one of them the famous "Study of a Lemon Tree"—see *Art of England*, § 76.]

APPENDIX

I. THE MSS. OF "MODERN PAINTERS," VOL. II., WITH ADDITIONAL PASSAGES:—

1. Impressions of Beauty: at "The Fountain of the Brevent," Chamouni
2. Sensual Beauty Defined
3. "Natural Association" of Ideas in Colours
4. Association and Beauty: an Argument from the Campagna and the Lake of Brienz
5. Sublimity
6. Of the Supernatural as an Element in the Sublime
7. The Morbid Love of Horror
8. The Feeling of Awe in Relation to Individual Character
9. The Noble Capacity of Terror
10. "Supplementary Notes on Terror arising from Weakness of Health"
11. Historic Art

II. AN ADDITIONAL CHAPTER, BEING "NOTES ON A PAINTER'S PROFESSION AS ENDING IRRELIGIOUSLY"

III. LETTERS ILLUSTRATIVE OF "MODERN PAINTERS," VOL. II.

1. To the Rev. W. L. Brown (Dec. 20, 1843) on Coleridge and Wordsworth
2. To Joseph Severn (Sept. 21, 1845) on the Prospects of Art in England

IV. MINOR "VARIÆ LECTIONES"

I

THE MSS. OF "MODERN PAINTERS," VOL. II., WITH ADDITIONAL PASSAGES

THERE are two sets of MSS. of this volume, or connected with it:—(I.) the Allen (now Morgan MS.: see Vol. III. p. 682). This consists of various notes and materials for the book. (II.) The Hilliard MS., given by Ruskin to the late Mrs. Hilliard, and now in the possession of Mr. Frederick Hilliard, her son. This is the MS. followed, with alterations made in revision, in the printed text. (III.) Some notes, belonging to the same set as some of (I.) above, are included in the Brantwood MSS.

(I.) The Allen MSS. include the first draft of a considerable portion of the volume, differing very largely from the text. These MSS. are loose sheets, roughly stitched together; the order is not consecutive, and the intended arrangement is not always easy to make out. Ruskin seems to have written pieces at different times for different portions of his intended volume. The whole of this portion of the MSS. appears to belong to 1843–1844, when, as we have seen (above, pp. xx.–xxi.), he was already at work on the volume. The scheme of the book is not the same as he ultimately adopted; though the leading idea was clearly seized from the first, and the style is easier and more flowing than that which he afterwards adopted, in imitation of Hooker, for this volume.

Among these sheets is the following first plan for the volume:—

Sec. I. General.
- Ch. 1. Introductory.
- 2. Observations on Typical, Functional, and Sensual Beauty.
- 3. Attack on Association.
- 4. Attack on Custom.
- 5. Attack on Fitness.
- 6. Of Functional Beauty.

Sec. II. Typical Beauty.
- Ch. 1. Infinity.
- 2. Unity.
- 3. Repose.
- 4. Simplicity.
- 5. Symmetry.

Sec. III. Beauty of Colour.
Ch. 1. Of the Effect of Expression on Beauty.
2. Of Light.
3. Of Purity.
4. Of Expression of Divers Colours.[1]

Sec. IV. Of the Sublime.
Ch. 1. Of the Sublime generally.
2. Of Truth in its effect on the Sublime.
3. Of Size in its effect on the Sublime.
4. Of Breadth and of Colour.[2]
5. Of Energy.
6. Of Mystery.
7. Of Supernatural Character.

Sec. V. Of Beauty and Sublimity as they exist in nature, and should be sought in Art.[3]

Sec. VI. Of the Imaginative Faculty, or Creation and its abuses.

The reader will perceive, by turning back to the Synopsis of Contents of the volume in its printed form (pp. 11–21), that some of this arrangement survived, and that most of its subjects were, in one place or another, discussed. The most important variation is that in this first draft Ruskin takes count of a third division of Beauty—Sensual—which he afterwards discarded. He discarded it, no doubt, in order to emphasize his central proposition of the spiritual, as opposed to the "æsthetic," nature of Ideas of Beauty. But in revising the volume in 1882–1883, he noted that the question of colour required more discussion than he had given to it (see above, author's note on p. 134); in his first draft he had begun an examination of the subject, but carried it a very little way (see below, p. 368).

The leading principle of the volume appears in the first page which he seems to have written of it. This is the beginning of an introductory chapter, in which he lays it down that in the perfect state *θεωρία* (see above, p. 7) "may be the fulfilment of our existence." Man's delight in the Beauty of God's creation will then be fulfilled. "There will be but one expression—that of Joy; one character—that of Love." This introduction was not finished. On some later sheets, however, there is another chapter, or the peroration of a chapter, in which he again explains the theory of the Beautiful, which is the subject of the volume. This chapter contains a characteristic piece of

[1] [Here Ruskin adds, "and on this subject Field's Chromatography"—a reference to George Field's *Chromotography; or a Treatise on Colours and Pigments and of their Powers in Painting:* London, 1835.]

[2] [Here he adds, "showing the mistake of Raffaelle in watered robes."]

[3] [The several chapters of sections v. and vi. are not mapped out in this initial plan. He notes, however, that "in chap. ii. of sec. v." he is to "show especially that in Ideal Subject the giving of knowledge is injurious by occupying the attention; and that its accessaries should be such as naturally rise and are conceived in the imagination of all, without effort, and generally tracing the effects of greatness, singularity," etc.]

description, and is additionally interesting as giving the personal impressions in which the volume received its inspiration:—

[1.][1] "It is now—no matter how long—since I was lying, one dark July evening, on a mossy rock beside the fountain of the Brevent, in the valley of Chamonix. It is not every one who has been at Chamonix—nor every one who, in the travellers' phrase, has "done" Chamonix—who will know what I mean by "the fountain of the Brevent"; for the road to it has not yet become one of the beaten ways of the valley. The access to it is too easy to be boasted of as an achievement, and the thing itself too beautiful to be sought for as a show. There is here no point de vue—no peril of approach—nothing by which the guide can justify his charge, or the guided their enthusiasm; there are here no vendors of spas or spoons, no ranges of nicknackers or costume—no miniature farms to let—with the agricultural economy of Switzerland typified by a cock at the door and a cat on the window sill. And therefore are there here no apparitions of shawl or knapsack—basket or bottle—ringlet—or moustachio—no combinations of appetite and sentiment—of poetry and perspiration.[2] Here only the sobbing of the fountain from beneath its arch of rock is interrupted by the less audible tread of the goats as they stoop to drink; and sometimes a single peasant girl, with a rough garment of skins thrown across her shoulders,—and the wind and sun playing about her braided hair and open forehead, may be seen plying her knitting needles, as she watches and follows the wandering of her flock.

"The fountain of the Brevent lies half way between the Prieuré[3] and the hamlet of Les Tines—nearly opposite the foot of the Tapia. Its waters rise with a murmur scarcely audible, from the foot of a crag of grey mica slate, whose splintered surfaces gleam like sheets of silver about the bright and circular pool. Only the dancing domes upon its silent surface indicate the young life of the stream—only those and the rippling sound of its motion over the lip of the basin as it threads its way among white pebbles, and through nets of verdant moss. It winds glittering down the valley, through a grove of birch and alder, catching—on a hundred pools, through the shuddering of their leaves, the quiet image of the frozen mountains, and is lost—too soon—in the gigantic turbulence of the Arve.

"I was lying by this fountain—on a dark evening of July, dark not with night, but with storm. The precipice above me lost itself in the air within fifty feet of my head—not in cloud—but in the dark, motionless atmosphere. The lower boughs of its pines shook like black plumes against the shade; their pointed tops faded into its body—faint as if woven of gossamer—spectral shadows of colossal strength. The valley lay for leagues on either side—roofed with the impenetrable gloom—walled with the steep bases of its hill—one boundless chamber—lighted only as it seemed, by the white foam of the forked Arve—cast like a stream of lightning along its floor. Through the veil of

[1] [The passages given in this Appendix are numbered for convenience of reference.]
[2] [*Cf.* the passage from the MS. of *The Poetry of Architecture*, given at Vol. I. p. 31.]
[3] [*i.e.* the modern village of Chamouni itself.]

cloud, the presence of the great mountains was indicated only by the sound of their forests, by the sharp, sudden stroke—like a human cry, —the wail of the glacier upon its path of pain, and the gust—rising by fits and falling—of the wind, or the waves, the ear knew not which—among their chasms.

"So it had been throughout the day—no rain—no motion—no light. One roof—one level veil, as of God's Holy Place, and the voices of the mountains from behind it and above.

"I lay beside the fountain—watching the motion of its soundless domes, and the entangling within its depth of the green blades with their own shadows. From the rock above, a single oozy drop fell at intervals into the pool, with a sound like that of a passing bell far away. Among the thick herbage at its edge the grasshoppers, heavy and faint in the chill and darkness, climbed freely up the jointed stalks, staring about them with their black beaded eyes, and fell, rustling,—unable to lift their scarlet wings. It was as if the sun had been taken away from the world, and the life of the earth were ebbing away, groan by groan.

"Suddenly, there came in the direction of Dome du Goûter a crash—of prolonged thunder; and when I looked up, I saw the cloud cloven, as it were by the avalanche itself, whose white stream came bounding down the eastern slope of the mountain, like slow lightning. The vapour parted before its fall, pierced by the whirlwind of its motion; the gap widened, the dark shade melted away on either side; and, like a risen spirit casting off its garment of corruption, and flushed with eternity of life, the Aiguilles of the south broke through the black foam of the storm clouds. One by one, pyramid above pyramid, the mighty range of its companions shot off their shrouds, and took to themselves their glory—all fire—no shade—no dimness. Spire of ice—dome of snow—wedge of rock—*all* fire in the light of the sunset, sank into the hollows of the crags—and pierced through the prisms of the glaciers, and dwelt within them—as it does in clouds. The ponderous storm writhed and moaned beneath them, the forests wailed and waved in the evening wind, the steep river flashed and leaped along the valley; but the mighty pyramids stood calmly—in the very heart of the high heaven—a celestial city with walls of amethyst and gates of gold—filled with the light and clothed with the Peace of God. And then I learned—what till then I had not known—the real meaning of the word Beautiful. With all that I had ever seen before—there had come mingled the associations of humanity—the exertion of human power—the action of human mind. The image of self had not been effaced in that of God. It was then only beneath those glorious hills that I learned how thought itself may become ignoble and energy itself become base—when compared with the absorption of soul and spirit—the prostration of all power—and the cessation of all will—before, and in the Presence of, the manifested Deity. It was then only that I understood that to become nothing might be to become more than Man;—how without desire—without memory—without sense even of existence—the very sense of its own lost in the perception of a mightier—the immortal soul might be held for ever—impotent as a leaf—yet greater than

Suddenly, there came ~~from the~~ in the direction Dome du Gouter a crash - as of prolonged thunder - and when I looked up - I saw the cloud cloven - as it were by the avalanche itself - and whose white ~~tan~~ ~~lightning like~~ stream ~~fell~~ came bounding down the eastern slope of the mountain - like slow lightning ~~out of~~. The vapour parted before its fall - pierced by the whirlwind of its motion - the gap widened - ~~the dark~~ shade melted away on either side - and like a risen spirit casting off its garment of corruption - and flushed with eternity of life - the aiguille ~~du Goute~~ of the South ~~offered~~ broke through the black foam of the storm cloud one by one - pyramid above pyramid - the mighty range of its companions shook off their ~~crackled~~ shrouds & took to themselves their glory - all fire - no shade - no dimness - ~~all was ice~~ - spire of ice dome of snow - wedge of rock - all ~~burning~~ ~~was~~ - fire - the light of the sunset sank into the hollows of the crags - and pierced through the ~~very~~ prisms of the glaciers - and dwelt within them - as it does in clouds - The ponderous storm writhed and moaned beneath

stuff river flashed & leaped along the valley - but the mighty
pyramids stood calmly - in the very heart of the high heaven -
~~as great as its base~~ - a celestial city with walls of amethyst
& gates of gold - filled with the light & clothed with the Peace of God.
And then I learned - what I had not known before - the real
meaning of the word Beautiful. With all that I had ever seen
before - there had come mingled the association of humanity - the
sense of imperfection of human power - the action of human mind.
The image of self had not been effaced in that of God. It was
then only that I learned how. Thought itself - may become ignoble
and energy itself become base - when compared with the
absorption of soul & spirit - the prostration of all power - & the
adoration of all will - before & in the Presence of the manifested
Deity. It was then only that I understood that to become nothing

tongue can tell—wrapt in the one contemplation of the Infinite God. It was then that I understood that all which is the type of God's attributes—which in any way or in any degree—can turn the human soul from gazing upon itself—can quench in it pride—and fear—and annihilate—be it in ever so small a degree, the thoughts and feelings which have to do with this present world, and fix the spirit—in all humility—on the types of that which is to be its food for eternity;—this and this only is in the pure and right sense of the word

BEAUTIFUL."

In ch. ii. the nature of Typical and of Functional ("Vital") beauty is explained to the same effect as in the text; and the following preliminary account is given of what the author meant by "Sensual Beauty":—

> [2.] "(It is) that quality or group of qualities in objects by which they become pleasant to the eye, considered merely as a sense. Pure and vivid colours, for instance, are to the eye precisely what musical sounds are to the ear, capable of intense expression, but also pleasant in themselves, and although wearisome if too long continued, possessing for a time a real charm, of which no account whatever can be rendered, but that the bodily sense is therein gratified. This is the first notion of beauty in the human mind. The child stretches its hands towards the lustre of the window and the scarlet of the coal, before it can appreciate even the light of a kind look or the melody of a tender voice. All pure colours and multitudinous harmonies which may be produced by their association,—light as such, provided it be not oppressively light, and perhaps smoothness and signs of softness, in form—may be considered as producing, by their various combinations, a certain beauty in objects, pleasing to the eye only, and in no way addressing itself to the mind, which I shall hereafter characterize by the term Sensual Beauty."

Ruskin then passed to discuss in detail various false opinions with regard to Beauty. In the text as it now stands these criticisms were condensed into a single chapter (iv., pp. 68–71), and it seems unnecessary to print his longer version *in extenso*. One or two passages, however, are worth giving.

[3.] The following passage is in illustration of "Natural or General Association," (*cf.* sec. i. ch. iv. § 8, p. 71) "being [that which must]

> necessarily take place in the minds of all men, and all nations, between certain colours and forms and those qualities of which they are the usual signs in material objects. Thus blue—from its being the colour of open sky—cannot fail of suggesting ideas of purity and repose. Red, from its being the colour of fire and blood, has invariably a certain degree of fear associated with it. Purple, of purity and power. Green, being the colour of vegetation, is suggestive of freshness, vigour, coolness. Brown, of sterility and poverty. Black, of melancholy. White, of innocence. Yellow, of cheerfulness. It has been well remarked by Alison[1] that these natural or general associations may be partially interrupted by local customs; that black, for instance,

[1] [*Essays on Taste*, essay ii. ch. iii. sec. i.]

loses in the mind of a Venetian much of its sadness, and yellow in China is as suggestive of regal pride as purple in Rome. But it is nearly impossible that the natural associations should by any local habits be altogether eradicated. In a kingdom, indeed, if such can be supposed, in which funerals should be conducted in robes of scarlet and gold — in which bridal robes should be black — the dress of soldiers blue, the robes of the King brown, and those of condemned criminals white — it is evident that natural association might in process of time be destroyed.[1] But the very difficulty of conceiving such institutions may show us how strongly the natural associations are grafted into the heart, and we think we shall not be charged with too much boldness in asserting that while the world remains under the same physical laws by which it is at present governed—such institutions are morally impossible. Even in the case given by Alison—that of black as it becomes familiar to the mind of the Venetian—the natural association has not been destroyed. The veil which fills the place of the portrait of Maximo Fabrio is Black, nor is the meaning of the colour one whit destroyed because the cheerful lagoon on which the window of the palace looks, is covered with the black forms of darting gondolas.

"And therefore these natural associations become, in the hands of the artist, instruments of enormous power; and judiciously used, may impress the mind of the generality of men perhaps more than any other. Some artists are dependent on little else. If black and red were not productive of the sublime, what would become of the pictures of Martin?[2] But none of these associations have any power of *producing* beauty. They only give to beauty, when otherwise produced, its *character*. They make it melancholy beauty—tender beauty—or brilliant beauty, but they do not produce the beauty itself. Thus the beauty of the morning or of the night is dependent on precisely the same circumstances, the expression of infinity—repose—unity, etc., but the light and gold colours of the morning make its beauty cheerful and brilliant, and the gloom and sad colours of the night make its beauty melancholy and quiet. According to the temper of mind in which we may happen to be, one or other class of beauty will be preferred. If we are indifferent, each kind of beauty will put the mind in the state fittest for enjoying it; but it is always to be remembered that the character of the beauty does not constitute the beauty itself. The morning might be brilliant and cheerful, the night might be grey and gloomy, without either being beautiful. The beauty of both is dependent, as I shall show hereafter, on the same qualities; and they differ only by the character of those associations by which each is fitted to have its proper operation on the human mind; and to summon it, the one to energy and exertion—the other to reflection and repose."

The following argument on the erroneous use of the term "beauty"—

[1] [In this connection see what Ruskin says, in *Val d'Arno* (§ 112), about the mistake and stupidity of men in dressing "soldiers in red clothes, and monks, or pacific persons, in black, white, or grey ones."]

[2] [For Martin, see Vol. I. p. 243, and Vol. III. pp. 36, 38 *n.*]

to which error the supposed dependence of beauty upon association is traced (see above, sec. i. ch. v. § 2, p. 77)—is interesting for its descriptive passages :—

[4.] "Around us is a waste of rank, knotted, sluggish grass—not green, but of a dull, neutral tint, which looks as if it had once been brown, and had become green by putrefaction. It is tossed into rude irregular mounds and ridges, which expose at intervals white patches of a strange, calcined, porous soil—different from every other variety of earth that we have ever seen, and resembling nothing so much as fragments of burned bones. Between these ridges lie circular spaces of rushy morass, variegated about their edges with wide stains of blistry yellow—partly the iron ochre iridescence on stagnant and putrescent water, partly a sulphureous deposit from the fumes of sulphuretted hydrogen which for a league or two have flavoured the whole atmosphere of rotten eggs. A few shapeless and mouldering fragments of tufa occur at intervals in irregular heaps, among which a scattered tile or brick sometimes suggests the possibility of their having been brought there by the hand of man. A dull, purple haze hangs in the air, and the sunshine rests on the foul earth luridly, and like candle-light. Before us, emerging above a swell of this poisonous desert, is seen a single dome—which we know to be that of St. Peter's.

"So much for our first situation. Let us take a second. We are lying on the shore of the little island in the centre of the Lake of Brienz. The clear water floats in to our feet in gentle swells; each of which bears with it the image of the sun, which breaks, as the wave falls, into a shower of light. Through the clear water the white pebbles shine like pearls, and a single group of quiet water-lilies heave and fall upon its flow, in a hollow of the rocky shore. The crags [tower?] up above our head with purple clusters of violets nestling in their crannies, and starry moss gleaming upon their sides. The white stems of the tall birches glisten against the blue sky, and soft glades of turf recede from the shore under the dark boughs of aged pines.

"Now in both these situations, the mind would receive very high pleasure; in both the pleasure received would come under Mr. Alison's [1] general expression—"sublime delight," and yet there is not one single point of resemblance of parallelism, much less of a common nature, between the two kinds of pleasure respectively received. No man in his senses would dream of calling the first scene "beautiful." It would be the first word on the lips of any man, how stoical soever, who was suddenly brought before the second. In the first scene our pleasure depends on extent of knowledge, in the second on keenness of perception. In the first every sense is in pain, and our pleasure is of the intellect; in the second every sense is gratified, and our pleasure is of the heart. The emotions excited by the first scene are those of fear and pity, keen sense of human weakness, depravity, transitoriness, and fearful apprehension of Divine justice, awful approbation of the manifested judgment. The emotions excited by the second scene are those of joy, hope, trust in the Divine Love, and reverent admiration of its perpetual working for glory and for beauty. The intellectual pleasures resultant from the first scene are in a great degree based on

[1] [See *Essays on Taste*, essay i.]

the very circumstance of its not being beautiful, and yet merely because intellectual perceptions are pleasurable, as well as the emotions arising from beauty, we find Mr. Alison [1] and other such reasoners mixing up the two pleasures together in inextricable disorder, and repeating page after page, in various disguises, the bold syllogism:—Beauty causes some kind of emotion, therefore everything that causes any kind of emotion is beautiful. It might at first sight appear extraordinary that such fallacies could be maintained against the strong sentiment of nature, whatever might be the weakness of the reasoning powers. But the fact is that the power of perceiving beauty is like that of an ear for music, totally wanting in many individuals from their cradle, nor will all the advantages of education ever bestow it; while on the other hand in those who naturally possess it, it may be totally destroyed, and is usually blunted and injured in a very great degree by disadvantageous education, so that it is no wonder if, hearing others talking about qualities in objects of which they themselves have no perception, they attach to the terms such meanings as their own pleasures may suggest or supply, and take it for granted that there can be no qualities whatever in material things, but those intellectual relations which alone they themselves are capable of perceiving." [2]

The next chapters in the draft (ch. vi. of its sec. i. and chs. i.–v. of its sec. ii.) correspond more nearly to the ultimate text of the book. They contain not additional matter, but a different and earlier version of chapters which appear in the book. There is, however, a good deal of matter under this head which was ultimately discarded by the author, though he used some of it in later volumes. In this original draft he illustrated his various qualities of Typical Beauty—infinity, unity, and the rest—by a long, though incomplete, chapter or chapters in which the qualities of curves and "lines of beauty" were discussed. This discussion, however, would hardly be intelligible without the diagrams and other illustrations, which are too rough for reproduction.

Of the proposed section iii. ("Beauty of Colour") little appears to have been written. There is an unfinished chapter on "The Effect of Expression of Beauty." This does not seem worth giving, because the author treated the subject differently and more deliberately in sec. i. ch. xiv. of the printed text (§§ 4 *seq.*). There are also some memoranda for the chapter on "The Expression of Divers Colours," but these are rough and incomplete.

For the proposed section iv. of the original draft ("Of the Sublime") a good deal of unpublished matter exists; but it is, for the most part, in an incomplete form. A few interesting passages may however be given. The following are from ch. i. ("Of the Sublime Generally") [3]:—

[5.] "We have now explained, and in some degree illustrated, the various sources to which we think the idea of beauty may be owing. But

[1] [See above, sec. i. ch. iv. § 7, p. 70.]

[2] [With the latter part of this passage, *cf.* sec. i. ch. xv. § 5, p. 210.]

[3] [The chapters were, however, subsequently recast, and this appears in the MS. as "Chap. 10: Of the Connection of the Beautiful with the Sublime." For the sake of clearness, we adhere above to the original draft Synopsis. *Cf.* ch. iii. of vol. i. of *Modern Painters* ("Of the Sublime").]

there is another idea—Sublimity—with which that of beauty is so often associated that it is impossible to enter upon any criticism without examination of it. It will readily, I believe, be admitted that many things are sublime in the highest degree, which are not in the highest degree beautiful, and *vice versâ; i.e.* that the two ideas are distinct, and one is not merely a particular form or state of the other. It will also, I believe, be admitted on reflection that nothing can be perfectly sublime without being in some degree or way beautiful, and nothing perfectly beautiful, without being in some degree sublime; *i.e.* that the two ideas, though distinct, have yet something in common, and are not altogether separable.

"For instance. By adding to the beauty of an evil angel, we add to the sublimity of his power and crime. By taking away his beauty, and giving him the attributes of a monster, we may add to his detestableness but we destroy his sublimity.

"In the same way the sublimity of the vast forms of Egyptian sculpture is enhanced, or diminished, in proportion as the lines approach the standards of that peculiar beauty which is characteristic of them. A mere monster, however vast in size, could scarcely ever induce an impression of sublimity.

"Again, the Madonna di St. Sisto[1] which may, I think, be taken as the standard of beauty, cannot be contemplated for an instant without exciting sensations in the highest degree sublime. The same may be said, though in less degree, of the beauty of all Greek Divinities. And in every instance which can be given, I believe it will be found that the highest beauty is sublime, and the highest Sublimity beautiful, and yet the Beautiful and Sublime are totally distinct ideas. . . .

"I have already defined Sublimity to be that attribute of any object by which it expands or raises the feelings, so as to prevent them from dwelling on subjects little or momentary—the effect, in short, upon the mind of anything above it. Anything which disposes us to the contemplation of things great or generalized, of large effects of fate and spaces of time,—anything which banishes paltry interests and agitations, and gives the feelings a repose in which they are at liberty to look far and broadly and calmly into or over the great laws and masses of being —anything which being itself great makes us great by the sympathy we have with it is sublime.

"As all greatness is comparative, that greatness only is sublime which is above ordinary humanity, whether bodily or spiritual. Thus: no unusual size of a thing commonly small or less than ourselves is sublime. A butterfly cannot become sublime by any increase of size; it only becomes monstrous. A large example of a small species of lizard cannot be sublime. The crocodile or the megalosaurus become so in proportion as they pass the standard of human strength. A diamond may be colossal compared with other diamonds, but it is only the mountain which is sublime. Human power or size is the first step at which the scale of the sublime begins."

Ruskin then passes on to jot down rough notes of the different elements in the sublime—size, energy, etc., as shown in the original Synopsis. For the

[1] [*Cf.* Vol. III. p. 13 *n.*; and in this volume, p. 127 *n.*]

proposed chs. ii. and iii. of this section ("Of Truth" and "Of Size in its effect on the Sublime") no materials have been found. It appears that he afterwards meant to omit ch. ii., or to run the subject into ch. i., for the chapter treating "Of Breadth in its influence on the Sublime" begins with referring to Breadth as "the first of the qualities of form which we mentioned as productive of the Sublime." The question of Size was included in the discussion of Breadth, but this chapter is not in a sufficiently complete form for citation. A similar remark applies to the notes for the next chapter, "Of Energy as an element of the Sublime," and "Of Mystery as productive of the Sublime." In the chapter "Of the Supernatural as an element of the Sublime," there is this passage on plants and flowers :—

> [6.] "The wildness and worn colour of their decayed masses,—the living curves of their healthy growth,—the singular sympathies with human life and human suffering which they seem to show, are instruments by which the imagination may be strongly struck. Their shudder at the approach of storm,—their apparent rejoicing in the light and colour of heaven,—their contorted and writhing struggles in decay, are all suggestive of supernatural influence—supernatural because though, as before shown, we constantly endow plants with an inherent felicity or suffering, we endow them not with a knowledge of, or sympathy with, any external events. All appearance, therefore, of such sympathy is a sign to us of some superior power—influencing and binding together under its own mighty operation, essences the most different and apathetic. The sympathy therefore of landscape with the event represented as taking place in it, is not merely—as is commonly said, in good taste; it is not the representation of an agreeable accident, but of that which we all imagine, if not believe—the address of supernatural powers to us through insentient things; and the working together of landscape element to excite some strong ruling emotion in the human mind is always as distinctly suggestive, according to its degree, of supernatural power, as the Darkness until the ninth hour during the Crucifixion. It is not merely a demand of art, that all objects in the picture should be so harmonized as to enhance each other's expression. If this be done throughout, a sense of more than mere harmony is obtained; a sense that such harmony could not result, among insentient beings, unless by the appearance of superior sympathies and over-ruling powers; and that the scene represented is one in which more than human energies and authorities are present.
>
> "Nor is this feeling perhaps even wanting under the ordinary changes of skies and seasons. All the necessary effects, beneficial or destructive, of storm, might be produced—so far as we know—without those circumstances of terror which touch the feelings so strongly. Rain might be given without gloom, the tempest might be guided to its work without giving to the wind that fitful action—that wailing cry—which sways and awakes by quick sympathy human passion and human fear. The lightning might be pointed to its work without the luridness* of the heaven or the spectral building and accumulated horror of the thunder-cloud. But it is not so ordained, and with every

* "Luridness is the *minor* key of light; it has the same melancholy or awful effect on the mind which is found in the minor scale of music" (note in author's MS.).

manifestation of destruction or overwhelming power, there are addressed to the senses such accompanying phenomena of sublime form and sound and colour that the mind instantly traces some ruling sympathy that conquers the apathy of the elements, and feels through the inanimation of nature the supernatural unity of God."

Notes follow for the further contents of this proposed chapter. Some of the points were afterwards made in the printed chapters on Imagination.

Of the proposed sections v. and vi. in the original Synopsis, only some few fragmentary passages appear to have been written.

A large quantity of interesting matter exists on the subject of Awe. Much of it is in finished form, though connecting links are sometimes missing. It is difficult to say what the author's intention here was. Several pages in the MS. give different headings. It seems from one of these [1] that the chapter or chapters were first intended for the section on the Sublime in the original Synopsis. But some at least of this discussion must have been written at a much later date, for there is a reference in it to vol. iii. of *Modern Painters*. Whether this chapter on Awe was intended for some revised version of vol. ii., or for a later volume, does not appear. Some of the points and phrases were afterwards used in vols. ii., iv., and v.; compare, for instance, on Awe, as here discussed, vol. ii. sec. i. ch. xiv. § 26; and with the love of horror, vol. iv. ch. xix. ("The Mountain Gloom") §§ 15, 16. In this unpublished chapter Ruskin appears to have begun by describing cases of morbid love of horror—such as delight in diseased conditions of living bodies:—

[7.] "The painters and writers who desire to excite horror do it (more frequently and easily than by any other expedient) by imagining life to exist in forms and states of body more or less subjected to visible decay: as in the skeleton dances of Retsch [2] and other such works. A 'horrible' death is one in which the laws of life are violently and unnaturally interrupted with such infliction of pain as nature usually forbids: as in the body's being torn or dashed to pieces—or burnt; the protraction of the pain and of the unnatural conditions increasing the horror. And 'horrible' places are those which give the idea of, or which more or less threaten, such unnatural death or pain—as gulphs of water among jagged rocks;—pits full of foulness and without hope of escape; and such like, of which more presently. (Then afterwards all foulness, properly so called, is nothing more than a condition of corruption; and is disgusting to us in proportion to the manifestation of its nature—the presence of it adds greatly to other forms of horribleness; and the entire absence of it, and of darkness, render horror almost impossible. A mountain torrent flows into the Lago Maggiore about six miles above Locarno,[3] between rocks of the hardest white gneiss, which it has worn into broad concave surfaces as smooth as silk. The rocks rise seventy or eighty feet above the stream, which flows beneath the concave wall in narrow gulphs of green, touching the rocks with slight, hardly visible eddies, entirely without sound, and

[1] [The sheet is headed "Fear and Horror: of the elements of the Sublime."]

[2] [For another reference to Retsch, see above, sec. ii. ch. iii. § 12, p. 259.]

[3] [Ruskin probably refers to the passage of the Maggia at Ponte Brolla, which however is not more than three miles from Locarno.]

thirty or forty feet deep;—just like so much deep green glass of perfect purity flowing between upright walls of agate. Though the stream issues from the chasm below with no very violent fall, and I suppose a good swimmer might easily extricate himself from the place, or even take delight in bathing there; any more hopeless pools for a person to fall into who could not swim, it would be difficult to imagine; yet the perfect purity of the water, and smooth whiteness of the rocks, take away from them nearly all horror; a dark mill stream under a large wheel is far more terrific.

"The violation of natural law, most horrible when it is supposed to be continuous, for then it is of course the profoundest and intensest violation; corruption tending to its own proper end and close, being in the present state of the world itself natural, is less horrible than a maintained and enduring corruption. Hence it is not merely the idea of life given to the spectre or monster, but the idea of its continuance in the monstrous state, which makes it peculiarly horrible; and when to this idea of continuance is added that of power for evil, the horror reaches its climax: as in the Frankenstein monster; and in the conception of ghouls, vampires, and other such beings.

"Disgust, properly so-called, is a minor degree of horror felt respecting things ignobly painful or offensive; it is much concerned with minor conditions of corruption affecting the touch, taste, and smell; and with the conceptions of each. It passes gradually into higher forms of horror.

"Both horror and disgust are felt occasionally towards creatures which in reality violate no natural law; but which violate in a striking degree the laws of our own human nature. It is to be noted, that when the animal seems to have no resemblance or relation to humanity, but has a nature which cannot be conceived of by us, we are not disgusted with it; but when it has members, of which the service is like the service of our own, yet arranged in some very inhuman way, it disgusts us. We have no objection to an oyster for having no legs at all, but great objection to a centipede for having more legs than we think it ought. Foulness, either of body or habit, as in flies, beetles, and caterpillars; undue and deathlike sluggishness, as in some lizards; unnatural and as it were mechanical animation, as in serpents (of which the most horrible by far is the cerastes which goes *side*ways); and power of doing strange and painful harm are the other principal elements of disgust or horror in animals, as the reader may easily discover by a little careful thought."

Is there then—the author seems to have gone on to inquire—no legitimate place for the horrible? has the sublime no connection with the terrible? He pursues the inquiry by statements of the effect of various sensations of horror upon the individual character:—

[8.] "The first broad aspect of the matter appears to be that terrible images have *no* attractive power whatever over persons leading pure, benevolent, and wise lives; occupied as such lives must be with frequent and happy thoughts of another world. Thus throughout the works of the best religious painters, of whom Fra Angelico may be taken as the type, there cannot be found the smallest trace of sympathy with terror: there are *no* grand forms of clouds or crags—no effects

of gloom—no conceptions of ghastly form. When the nature of the subject compels them to make an effort in that direction of terror, they are so incapable of feeling it that they always end in a kind of burlesque. Angelico seems utterly unable to conceive a disagreeable expression; his demons are simply ludicrous; and his flames of the Inferno, like pretty patterns in flame-coloured taffeta. Orcagna, and the other more general and naturalistic painters of the religious schools, reach the length of being able to express rage—malice, pride, and other demoniacal passions, by firm, intellectual drawing: they arrange the teeth of their demons in good order for biting, give grisly sweep to their wings, and good holding to their claws;[1] but of real awfulness or horror involved with mystery they never give the slightest hint or passage. Then the great naturalist painters, able to do and to conceive everything, touch chords of terror here and there; just enough to show that they could do more if they liked;—but none of the greatest ones ever give anything entirely terrible—entirely disagreeable as Titian in his anatomies they become sometimes—but no quantity of the disagreeable ever frightens them—or makes them seem to think that others will be frightened. And then, thirdly, the base and vicious painters, of whom Salvator stands far ahead the basest—unapproachably and inexpressibly detestable—a very abyss of abomination[2]—these as a class—and Salvator chiefly as representative of them, are attracted by terror—and skilful in arousing it in others.

"That I say is the first aspect of the thing, leading us to suppose that enjoyment of terrible things must be wholly wrong. Next:—let us take the second aspect of it: Observing the conduct and tastes of men in the living world—we shall see thoughtless and frivolous persons for the most part enjoying a trim, well ordered, and entirely unfrightful kind of scenery or abode;—and thoughtful, sensitive, or capacious people apt to like wild and terrible scenes:—at least for a certain time. We shall find the common kind of people content with Cheltenham or Brighton—on the whole happiest there—while Walter Scott rejoices in Loch Coriskin—Wordsworth in Borrowdale—Byron in all imaginable kinds of wild places; and most of our more powerful literary or scientific men—more or less in scenery of the same kind. Among boys, young people especially, it is a promising sign if they like to haunt lonely or wild places, and an unpromising one if they only like fine rooms and gay gardens. I believe the solution of the difficulty is to be found in the following general principles, which I shall first briefly state and then expand:—

"1. A thoughtful and sensitive person is originally capable of a pleasure in terrible objects, which a thoughtless and dull one is incapable of.

"2. If these persons are uninfluenced by moral principles, and yield to their love of excitement, they may continue to indulge in such pleasurable sensations at wrong times; to the general disturbance of their intellect and degradation of their character.

"And if at the same time they conduct themselves viciously they will become both more capable of horror, and gradually infected with a

[1] [See above, pp. 159, 201, 319 *n.*]
[2] [See above, pp. 213, 265.]

morbid love of it; and may, in proportion to the abuse of their gifts, sink far below persons originally of less capacity.

"3. If such persons devote themselves to active, healthy, and honest life, without any special religious principles their sense of terror will occupy a duly subordinate place, among other natural and human sensations: but will, as they advance in life, generally diminish, and yield much of its place to a pure love of facts and of beauty.

"4. But if they devote themselves to a life of specially religious sentiment or exertion, such a life generally interfering with many worldly—or in religious language—carnal—sensations—and checking the pursuit of knowledge in various directions, will ultimately in most cases utterly quench the delight in terror, as well as in the more sensual forms of beauty, and leave the person narrowly minded but finely tempered: incapable of much that others can do and feel; but capable also of some things which few could do but themselves.

"5. Throughout all these phases of change the person originally capable of delight in terror remains for ever distinct from the commonplace person, originally incapable of it. The work of such commonplace persons may often be good in other directions, but the absence of the capacity of awe marks them as everlastingly of an inferior caste."

The author then passed to discuss and elaborate these five propositions in order, but the inquiry was not carried further, in this draft, than proposition (2):—

[9.] "A thoughtful and sensitive person is originally capable of a pleasure in terrible objects which inferior persons are incapable of.

"And this is by reason of the general nature of Awe, properly so-called. It is the apprehension of power superior to our own, and of the great perpetual operations of death and pain in the system of the universe—both which perceptions (*i.e.* of greater power than our own, and of the offices of death and sorrow) are either impossible, or so far as possible, repulsive to a mean mind; but both possible, and in a certain kind attractive, to a great one. The mere capacity of estimate and of measurement is the first quality of the man necessary to such a sensation; —a thoughtless and commonly-minded person can form no idea of the strength of a sea wave, and no estimate of the bulk of a rock; still less of the multitudes of waves that are necessarily connected with the existence of the first or of the forces necessary to place or maintain the rock in its visible form. The universe manifests itself to them in general merely as it affects their sensations; they are drenched by the wave, or run against the rock, and apprehend in consequence, the moisture of the one, and the hardness of the other; they conceive nothing more concerning them, so far as they can go beyond this, and apprehend the power or nature of things; they dislike the resultant humiliation and sense of their own powerlessness or littleness, and shrink from the objects causing it to those over which they have greater power, and which will not make them feel themselves little people. But your noble person particularly enjoys being made to feel himself little; the sense of diminution is to him one of great ecstasy; he laughs with delight as he apprehends his own atomical character, and begins to feel what a mighty system is all about him, and what a

glorious space there is quite outside of the evolutions of such microscopical animals as himself.

"And the intensity and pleasure of the feeling is dependent not only on capacity of estimate, but on the serene and habitual action of the reflective powers upon any object submitted to them. The various feeling with which different people regard a distant chain of mountains is mainly dependent upon this. The actually visible thing is a mere film of grey, with a jagged outline by no means so large as a piece of torn grey paper near the eye, nor, most commonly, presenting half so much beauty of colour as a cluster of mosses at the wayside. And to some people the distant mountain chain is literally nothing more than the piece of torn grey paper would be; it is simply a grey film with a ragged edge, exciting no more emotion than a piece of tinder fluttering from the bars of a grate; that is what the chain of the Alps is to the modern Italian mind. To another person the same grey film excites the most sublime sensations, merely because he entirely apprehends it for what it is. This part of our subject has been examined already in vol. iii. ch. 10, § 8, and ch. xvii. §§ 3 and 4.

"But a still greater distinction exists between the minds of the two classes of persons as regards their susceptibility to emotions of terror and sorrow. It is difficult to say whether the temper of mind which makes men despise or neglect distress is dependent most on selfishness properly so called, or on defect of intellect and incapability of conceiving the distress. Of course the two causes act and react on each other; the man who pays no attention to the sorrow of others loses daily more and more the power of comprehending it, and sympathising with it, while the increasing stupidity and want of understanding render the inattention easier and the selfish acts less painful to conscience. Without troubling ourselves to disentangle those causes we may generally characterize as at once dull and cruel the persons who are never depressed by the sense of sorrow which they cannot help, surrounding them everywhere in the world, and separate them as a class from those who are depressed and horror-struck by it. It is indeed most difficult to distinguish this so noble despondency from the common and base sadness of selfishness, since before we find one person who is sad for the sake of others, we shall find hundreds sad by their own faults in unwise covetousness, or regret, or for want of compliance with the commonest laws of health. And it is this sadness which I have had occasion to speak of often before as that so justly condemned by Dante.[1] For I believe that if the laws of health and the promptings of conscience are strictly and promptly obeyed by us, the mere strength of life in the veins and the consciousness of clear standing with God and man force cheerfulness on us, whether we will or no, and render all kinds of despondency and dread impossible; but seeing that many of us are compelled by the very conditions of our lives to break the laws of health, and more of us are always breaking for our fancies' sake, laws both of health and of conscience, despondency of all kinds must needs fasten upon us; and thus it becomes a telling distinction between one class of men and another, that these are sorrowful only for themselves, and those for others. In

[1] [See in this connection *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. xiv. § 38.]

times of weariness and faithlessness, and various disease of mind, it just makes all the difference whether the things that fasten their truth into us are only our own disappointments and losses; or whether the valley of the shadow be dark with other death than that of our own losses.

"I pause as I write—long and resultless. Unless one were oneself all that one should be, how can one say, or imagine, what the thoughts of others should be? I cannot tell, of any pain that I have felt, of any delight that I have enjoyed, how far I grieved or rejoiced rightly. But this at least I know,—that whether we rejoice or grieve, we ought all of us to strive more and more to gain insight into the facts of the life around us; and that those facts are, to our human sight, more than terrible. Assume what theory you will about the world;—and still, so far as the vision of the world so constituted is granted to *you*, it must be a frightful one:—the best that you can believe is that in compensation for the evil of it, there shall one day be greater good; but believing this, still the good is unseen, evil is seen. Try at least to see it. Whatever is to be the final issue for us there ought surely to be times when we feel its bitterness, and perceive this awful globe of ours as it is indeed, one pallid charnel house,—a ball strewed bright with human ashes, glaring in its poised sway to and fro beneath the sun that warms it, all blinding white with death from pole to pole."[1]

Here there is a page missing in the MS. The author apparently paused to consider the contrary, or modifying, state of cheerfulness which faith, experience, or reflection may suggest. He then proceeds:—

"It is almost certain that in early youth, such courage and good cheer, if continual, proceeds from narrowness of mind and selfishness only;—they cannot be founded on faith which life has yet done little to confirm. It is a good sign of a youth, so far as kindness of heart is concerned, if he likes to get away into desolate and terrible places; for the fascination which these exercise over him is assuredly connected with the great consciousness of human sorrow in his heart; and even as he advances in life, if his work—as in the case of a painter, leads him frequently into such scenes, it is entirely significant of goodness and greatness in him that he feels their gloom to the utmost, and that when others would see nothing more than material, for a picturesque or bold arrangement of subject, *he* is affected by an almost superstitious fear, and affects the spectator with the same fear by his treatment of the scene.

"So that you cannot ask a more significant question respecting a young landscape painter than this—'Is any of his work terrible?' Indeed though this should be answered favourably, we have afterwards to ask whether the terror is just morbid, true or caricatured; but in the first place we must be assured that it is there; and we shall know, if it is absent, that the man is narrow and insensitive. Nor is anything more curious than the completeness of its absence from the work of inferior painters—how black they may make their clouds, how ruinous their buildings, and how colossal their cliffs, without being able to produce—since they have not themselves felt—a single thrill of true terror."

[1] [These words occur in *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. ix. § 24.]

The contrary case—the impression of awe in the painter's mind conveyed in his work—was then, as appears from a note, to have been illustrated from Turner's Liber Studiorum; the MS. continues:—

"2.[1] The love of gloom, which thus far we have been considering, appears at first to differ root and branch from the desire of horror which is felt by vulgar persons . . . merely for the sake of strong sensation. The one is compassionate; the other seems merely cruel. Both are, however, as I think, the same in origin and meaning; only the bluntness of soul requires, in the one case, violent aspects of terror to stimulate it; while the tenderness of the other is touched by more subdued images. But as I believe this difference in the structure of the soul to be native and unchangeable, I do not think that the degeneracy which I have stated generally may take place in the mode of pursuing sublime images, can take place except in spirits of a grave make. When the sublime emotion has ever been truly or entirely felt in youth, I do not think it is possible for it to degenerate as life advances; it will always purify and raise itself in the manner to be examined under our third head. But if the mind be natively coarse, so as in images of terror to trace none of the collateral or consolatory elements; if on this native coarseness be superadded any definitely vicious or cruel moral tendency, so that the terrible object is contemplated not only with pleasure in the absolute strength, but even with actual enjoyment of the idea of pain,—the indulgence in the dark imageries becomes gradually more constant and more gross; and as this tendency of mind implies also necessarily irregularities and degradations of conduct, the alarmed conscience and discomforted heart begin to cast a gloom of their own over the imagination, besides that which it voluntarily seeks: —farther, in seeking for frightful things, the mind comes gradually to accustom itself also to ugly ones:—rendering all its tastes coarse, facilitating companionship with persons of ignoble features, and the endurance of unsightliness and disorder in outward circumstances. Once the downward course fairly begins there is no probability of its being checked—the life gradually becomes more reckless and wretched: the imagination more sickly and gloomy; while a bitter cynicism mingles with the debauched cruelty of the heart. A certain degree of animal courage, and a superior intellect, are necessary in order to enable the person to persist in habits of mind which must always involve much pain to themselves; the courage gives them a certain joy in enduring what is painful: while the intellect prevents them from being entirely humiliated in the state to which they reduce themselves; their pride often provoking them to exhibit their artistical power in the way most immediately striking to the multitude:—that is to say, in general, in a gross or frightful subject various conditions of slight insanity or hypochondria and dyspepsia mingle with the forms of merely over-excited imagination: and give rise to a similitude of characters which it is not worth our while to trace out even in leading type—much less in detail;—the only conclusion which we need to establish being that all melancholy or terrible forms of art, whose production has been persisted in by given painters as their especial work or trade, imply some

[1] [This number refers to Proposition 2 on p. 373 above.]

degradation or weakness in painter, and are sure to be themselves of an inferior order as works of art. There is no exception whatever to this rule. All gloomy painters are bad painters; and nearly always wicked men; if not wicked they must be in some degree insane."

The following passages, clearly from the same chapter, are taken from the Brantwood MSS. described below (III.), p. 383. The passages are headed "Supplementary Notes on Terror arising from Weakness of Health":—

[10.] "But if the mind be originally of firm make, whatever may have been its gloomy tones in youth (and, as we have seen, such tones are for the most part indicative of power), they are sure to be corrected by advancing years. True sensibility compels the man to notice all that is beautiful even in the darkest or most terrible scenes, and because in nature, there are always beautiful things in all places, no sensation of horror is ever, in a sensitive mind, untempered by joy in beauty; this joy, aided by affection and curiosity, leads the man perpetually further in the pursuit of it; and because the horror is found for the most part in what of each object is indefinite or passing away—but the beauty in what is definite and enduring (the lightning passes, shapeless—the rainbow rests in its arch) he perpetually gets full grasp of what is lovely—but only feeble hold and transient sight of what is frightful; so that, led always into longer companionship with the fair and perfect things, at last he has but little time or mind for the terrible ones; and though his sensation of them is as vivid as ever, he has recourse to them only to oppose his vision of Peace—or at all events so far only as is necessary for the full expression of the system of nature and the history of man.

"It is a certain principle therefore that all the greatest painters will in middle and advanced life, represent beautiful rather than terrible things; and the quantity of true beauty which they represent is generally a very just standard of their artistical rank. I say generally, because it is evident that we cannot make any trenchant distinctions between man and man, in the more subtle phases of character; since the outward circumstances of life must materially modify the character, whatever original perfectness of heart we may presume in the painter.

"Unhappiness of life, or unworthy treatment of him by his contemporaries, or distress, though not his own, brought frequently before him, may increase the hold of painful imagery on his mind, while a full and calm felicity of life, cheerfulness of companionship and the honour of acknowledged genius, and the wellbeing of his state or city, may lead him gradually to forget many sorrowful things, which it would have been better to have remembered. And if he is a figure painter, his power of representing must be materially dependent on the examples of it with which he is surrounded. And while these external matters may make a notable difference in the man, even supposing his own conduct virtuous, and his faith firm, much more is he certain to be affected gravely by the consequences of his vices of errors. Although I am bold to separate wicked—that is to say—cruel and basely minded men, whom I have described under the second head of this chapter—from good—that is kind, and nobly minded men, whom I am considering now, yet the good are liable to all sorts of decline and stain. I call

them good, merely because there is the material of goodness in them, however little they shape it. In those whom I call wicked, there is no substance of good, no ray of it. All apparent shape in them is of clay without bones, or breath—"clouds are they without water"—having only the darkness—not the dew:—"raging waves of the sea foaming out their own shame" [1]—that which springing from the passions of other men would be beautiful as Aphrodite, is with them nothing but shame—this is the Salvatorian mind. But with those whom I call good, the true light is always in the heart; and if evil be there also, then the light, playing upon this, shows it in all its horror—and thus we get some of the intensest expressions of horror which the human heart produces—horror rising within itself. It may perhaps be also providentially appointed that a mind of fine make, having no fixed faith nor power of self-command, and plunging therefore into sin, shall not be able to turn away from the dreams of terror which sin will summon, but rather throw its whole power into the examination and expression of them so as to manifest its state thoroughly to others, as well as itself. Hence the perpetual passages in Shelley and Keats of extreme horror—the description of the decay of the Garden in the 'Sensitive Plant' for instance: and the whole of the treatment as well as the choice of subject in 'Isabella,' with the gloom of 'Hyperion' and despair of 'The Eve of St. Agnes.' Evidently also mere weakness of physical health, especially if resulting from over exertion of mind, and irregular habits of life, will tend to produce painful visions, just as fever does, literally visions, not merely gloomy thoughts, but frightful spectra. In certain states of weakness of body, a painful feeling will almost always give rise to visionary appearances of a frightful kind, to unimaginative persons in dreams, to highly imaginative ones in waking vision translating itself into them, so to speak, even mere bodily discomfort giving rise to such spectra as may account to the imagination for such discomfort: oppression of breathing causing a dream of rocks being heaped upon the body; the sickness and loathing of a disordered system, sights of serpents, and caterpillars, and loathsome places; a sharp, local pain in any part of the body, the vision of an animal tearing it, or a fire consuming it, and so on: the distinctness and dreadfulness of such imagery increasing in proportion to the weakness of body and mind, and appearing, as already noticed in the fourth volume, to be especially attendant on certain states of palsy or dotage.

"Although, however—thus invariably traceable to some flaw or decay in the intellectual constitution, such conditions of emotion, when the original make of the mind has been thoroughly pure and strong, are frequently the most expressive of all its moods when declared to others; as the 'Christabel' and 'Ancient Mariner' are the most touching though the most [*sic*] of Coleridge's works;[2] and enable it, even by the very bitterness of its own state to convey to persons otherwise cold and un [*sic*] the truest impression of the things that are terrible in the earth. A healthy and practical farmer, meeting a viper in his field, regards it simply as one of the creatures ranged under the general term of 'vermin'—kills it—throws it over the hedge out of his way, and

[1] [Jude 12, 13.]

[2] [See below, p. 392.]

proceeds in his walk—whistling. A sick and sorrowful poet, meeting the same creature, pauses—watches, follows, irritates it—takes a strange pleasure in looking into its eyes, and hearing it hiss; and measuring the concentric circles of its prepared coil. Presently it uncoils itself and glides away. The youth watches the waving of the long grass over its body—proceeds to wade through said long grass for half an hour after it, half fascinated and wishing to be bitten. Goes home, and dreams of it, intensified into a fiery serpent by his mistress's last frown—rises utterly ill and miserable, and writes 'Lamia.'[1] Perhaps a thing as much worth doing as all that the farmer did in his cheerful walk—besides that the poet knows thenceforward more about vipers than the farmer ever did, or ever will. Much good may it do to the poet! whether really do good either to him or to us, I leave, not ironically, but as myself unable to form judgment in the matter, to my reader's consideration; being certain only of this, that such a question can only be raised, and poetry at all brought into questionable balance with turnips, when said poetry is of the best kind, and the mind thus spent in visions of first-rate power. Unless the resulting work, 'Lamia,' or 'Christabel' or what else it may be, be well finished in its own way, the young or old visionary had far better have concurred at once in the farmer's views on the subject of vipers, thrown the beast over the hedge, and set himself to plough, or thresh, for the rest of the day.

"It will follow from these general considerations, that so far as a mind of pure make, and powerful imagination is either (1) affected by a noble, but doubtful and faithless compassion for the agony of the world—or (2) by remorse for carnal sin, and by weakness of body, it will be liable to fits of fear, and correspondent visions of terrible things, which will also probably be intense, animated and acute, in proportion both to the vigour of its invention, and to its own intrinsic hatred of all death and evil; the things which have the nature of either, or 'the body of this death'[2] appearing more ghastly and vivid to the man in proportion to the separation of his own noble nature from them; and thus, unless we could find great men with no moral failing, and subject to no bodily distress, we must be prepared to find them occasionally creating pieces of horror in their work, which at first sight it will be difficult to distinguish from the perpetual and base horror of wicked men. If we do not find them doing this, unless as I said, we supposed them perfect and like the angels, we may be sure they are disguising something from us—hiding their fear, and not speaking from their hearts—in other words, that they are verily not great men, though we thought them so.

"Thus Correggio and Reynolds, both as great, considered with respect to the absolute pictorial faculty, as Titian, or Veronese, are yet subject to certain affectations and insufficiencies in their modes of perceiving objects. Correggio sees too exclusively its softness—Reynolds too exclusively its grace and breadth, both of them exaggerate shadows and curves, and in other modes into which I need not enter, seek wilfully something other than the fact. Hence we find, as far as I know, no true terror in any of their designs. Still less in any of those of Raphael

[1] [Cf. *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. xvi. § 34, where Keats is spoken of as "sad because sickly."]

[2] [Romans vii. 24.]

> or Poussin, who were still more wilfully conventional. Attempts at the representation of terrible things may sometimes be forced upon such men, as in Raphael's Satan, in the St. Michael of the Louvre, and Poussin's Dragon in his St. Margaret.[1] It will be the main object of this section to show how inferior all such artificial terrors are to the true work of the Naturalist. We come then, so far as we see at present, to the conclusion that while a continual delight in terrible subjects is an infallible sign of a man's being weak and wicked, the occasional dwelling upon ghastliness is an essential characteristic of great naturalist painters, at certain times of their lives, caused in them first by their compassion —secondly, by their sin; and thirdly, by their search for facts."

There are other MSS. given by Ruskin to Mr. Allen in the same bundle that contained the material for vol. ii. already described. The sheets for the most part contain mere notes and memoranda, though they include the first drafts of discussions on Mountain Sculpture—a subject afterwards treated in the fourth volume of *Modern Painters*. The notes include jottings made on reading Byron's *Childe Harold* and the *Clouds* of Aristophanes; notes on Abstraction and on Chiaroscuro; the beginning of a paper on the Fall of Man; and some memoranda of sunsets and reflections in water; several other sheets are taken up with notes on Sir Charles Bell's *Essays on the Anatomy of Expression in Painting*, a work first published in 1806. Bell died in 1842, and Murray had asked Ruskin to write a notice of his works on their artistic side for the *Quarterly Review*. He accordingly took the book with him on his foreign tour in 1845. "I stipulated for a back seat," he writes to his father in describing the journey from Tonbridge to Dover (April 2), "and got one—opposite a very fine specimen of a blackguard, with his cap over one eye, and a bandage for a shirt collar. I studied him very carefully, and at last sketched him on the margin of Bell's Expressions, while we stopped at Ashford, thus obtaining a valuable addition to the illustrations of the work." The notes show that Ruskin studied the work very carefully, but after some weeks he gave up the idea of writing the article for the *Quarterly*. "I enclose a letter," he writes to his father from Florence (June 15), "which you will not like to forward, but I can't help it. It explains itself: there is, however, another reason which I cannot give Murray, that on reading Sir C. again and again, I find it loose in plan and often to my notions wrong, and Murray told me he wanted as favourable a review as possible to serve the widow, and I can't write what I don't think." One result of this abandoned *Quarterly* article remains in vol. ii. of *Modern Painters*, in the shape of frequent references (seven in all) to Bell's works.

(II.) The Hilliard MS. This is the MS. of the volume in its penultimate form, and is followed by the text, apart from the author's final corrections. Parts of it are wanting; viz., sec. i. chs. i.–vi. (§ 1); ch. xv. §§ 5–7; sec. ii. §§ 9–11, and from § 18 of ch. iv. to the end. The MS. is of 1846, and contains none of the later matter.

This MS. bears evidence similar to that in the case of the previous volume, of the great and minute care taken by the author in revision. The instances of alterations given in footnotes to the text (*e.g.* pp. 190, 248, 258) are typical of similar revision throughout the volume.

[1] [In the Royal Gallery at Turin.]

With this MS. are a few other sheets containing material for chapters or portions of chapters afterwards discarded. One of these appears to have been an amplification of §§ 8–11 of the present ch. i. of the volume, dividing that form and those activities of art which are the subject of the theoretic faculty from the art which is "subservient" and "useful" (see § 8, p. 33). In this connection there is an interesting passage on Historical Art—"art historically useful, the preserver of things lost and found":—

[11.] "And here we have to make a distinction between two functions of historical art commonly so called. Once, some time ago, when I was rashly using the word historical in the way it is so frequently applied to the higher branches of theoretic art, an intelligent amateur asked me suddenly for an instance of a good truth-telling, practically useful, historical picture of some important fact, not taken from the Scripture histories. I have a most acute recollection of the puzzled pause that followed. Vague images swimming before me of quaint, tapestry-like, nameless panoramas of impossible fortifications, with people in blue coats and silver lace and cocked hats capering on the top of a round hill in the foreground, and when these faded away, nothing left but a black, ignoble, inevitable well of vacancy, with the names of Benjamin West and Horace Vernet[1] in phosphoric horror at the bottom of it. It is indeed singular to reflect how little historical *information* we owe to painting,—for that which is commonly called historical is little more than realization of some isolated fact of what is known and conceived from books, and even of this, there is but little by great hands, except from the Scripture histories. Allegorical representations, triumphal processions, general types of victory or peace,—the time and costume often utterly neglected by the painter, or episodes which exhibit the human emotions under circumstances peculiar to no *time*, though peculiar in themselves, and for the understanding of which we must refer to written history,—this is all that art of any standing or dignity has done with respect to the past actions of men. Of informative art we have next to nothing, for the simple reason that artists are too apt to paint the things of past time, which they must invent, instead of things of present time which they might know. They hardly call the latter historical, and yet it is the only historical painting worth having. Is Thucydides a worse historian than Mitford, fresh from his command in ——.[2] What would we give now for the roughest sketch of the battle of Platea—done on the instant, and on the spot. It would be worth rather more than the ideals of David in the Louvre.

"Besides the delight of exercising the imagination which brings the painter constantly back to the past, there is a reason[3] in the nature of his art itself. Informative historical art must be of a low kind—to map out the divisions of an army in motion, to clear away the smoke of the battle and let the eye perceive the relations of its troops,—relations which in the battle itself could not be discerned—to labour

[1] [For a reference to Vernet in this connection, see *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. vii. § 18.]

[2] [Left blank in the MS. The missing word is Thrace (Thuc. iv. 104).]

[3] [*i.e.*, for the preference of past to present history, or for the avoidance of informative historical art altogether.]

out details of costume, and dwell on the features of mean faces, this is not work for a great painter; he cannot submit to it, nor ought he, for this may be done by inferior hands. His business is to seize the moments of mightier interest, to dwell on the passion and the powers which are the roots and movers of all history, and which are common to all time. A picture of the battle of Austerlitz gives no idea, no information whatever about the battle; it is a picture of Napoleon and [? (word indecipherable)], both agitated by noble emotion—it is the conception of an instant which may perhaps be as well conceived and rendered a thousand years hence as now; it is not historical but theoretic.

"Art, therefore, as the recorder of *events* has hitherto done almost nothing, and can never do much. To be valuable at all, it must be true in everything—true in those passing, finite, contemptible circumstances which, as contrary to the great general truths of nature, the good artist *must* reject, and even supposing this painful truth attained, a model and a map are better story-tellers still. The model of the battle of Waterloo gave a clearer knowledge of it than all the pictures ever painted.

"But art as the recorder of character, as the exhibition of the root and moving powers of history, has done everything. More history may be written on a forehead than on sixty feet of canvas. Every earnest and loving statement of what is leading, influential, foundational in the men and things immediately present and about the artist, of their heart and inner nature, as it manifests itself in instructive, not assumed, peculiarity, is historical in the highest sense, and invaluable to future ages."

With these remarks on historical art, may be compared passages in *Modern Painters,* vol. iii. ch. iii. § 21, and ch. vii. §§ 17–19.

Another additional chapter in the Hilliard MS. discusses the question of ideal character in landscape, and makes reference to the point of specific realisation "already explained in the preface," *i.e.* in the preface to the second edition of vol. i. The chapter seems to have been intended for insertion in that volume; it forestalls the enumeration, and begins the examination, of the six qualities of "typical beauty" discussed in the present volume (chs. v.–x.).

(III.) The Brantwood MS.

There are preserved at Brantwood some unpublished portions of *Modern Painters* contained in two small blue copy-books, not in Ruskin's hand. One of these is noted by him (in his later hand) on the cover thus:—"Part of unpublished old Modern Painters; very valuable." This note-book contains (i.) some notes on Ideas of Relation. These will be printed in Vol. VII., (vol. v. of *Modern Painters*). (ii.) Some notes on Terror. These are printed above, pp. 378–381. (iii.) The other copy-book (in the same hand) contains "Notes on a Painter's Profession as ending Irreligiously." These are printed in the next Appendix.

II

AN ADDITIONAL CHAPTER

BEING "NOTES ON A PAINTER'S PROFESSION AS ENDING IRRELIGIOUSLY"

[This chapter, as it now stands, is much later in date than the second volume of *Modern Painters*, for it refers to the fourth volume of that book, and also to the *Stones of Venice* (see § 11). It appears, however, to be a contribution to the discussion of questions raised in the second volume (sec. i. ch. xv. § 5, p. 210), and there reserved for subsequent treatment. The additional chapter is, therefore, appropriate in this place, and its inclusion here is convenient owing to the greater thickness of the later volumes. The MS. from which it is printed is described above, p. 383. The paragraphs are here numbered for convenience of reference.]

1. The first point which I would wish the reader to mark in this review is the inseparable connection of beauty with truth. We have seen that exactly in proportion as painters thirsted for truth, and were stern, laborious, undivided, and untempted in the pursuit of it—just in that proportion their sense of beauty was quickened, and their power over it confirmed. We have also seen that all beauty is typical of divine attributes, and of moral principles: it might therefore seem that no eagerness in its pursuit was blameable.

But here we are met by grave facts and difficult questions. It is, indeed, simply to be stated, and easily comprehended, that when the truth is sought first and beauty afterwards, all is wrong: when *vice versâ*, all is right. But there is more.

2. And first let us consider the bearing of the pursuit of beauty, as intensely followed out by a great painter, on what is commonly called "religion."

Taking a broad view of the religions of the world, they may be mostly defined under these two heads. (1) Efforts to propitiate a supernatural being, either beloved for the nobleness of its own nature, or supposed to possess power over the events of our own lives; and this effort at propitiation is generally accompanied (but not necessarily so) with the other form of religion. (2) Efforts of the human mind, when discontented with its state of existence here, or with the shortness of that state, to assure itself of a better or more enduring state of existence hereafter.

The efforts at propitiation (1) with an uncertain and feeble attempt at realization at futurity (2), constitutes most heathen religions:—the attempt at realization of futurity, with uncertain and feeble efforts at propitiation, constitutes most of the spurious forms of Christianity—the two conditions of mind

united form the purest conditions of Christianity which have hitherto manifested themselves. For our present purpose, however, it is necessary to examine mainly the nature of the second form of religion—the desire of another world.

3. This desire, and the belief dependent upon it, of course arise naturally in the minds of persons who are guiltlessly unhappy in this life. Whether this unhappiness arise from external poverty, ill health, loss of friends, failure of cherished hopes, or persecution, the mind naturally has recourse to the only consolation open to it—the hope of a compensating state of future life. It hangs upon the hope of such a state; eagerly seizes every evidence which may confirm such hope—shrinks with terror and hatred from every piece of counter-evidence—and fixes its affections, with its gratitude, on the Being to whose promise it trusts for the fulfilment of its expectations. Most people are brought to God by Gratitude; not for what He has given, but what He has promised. Nearly all the purest exhibitions of religious feeling and faith have been made by persons in such circumstances.

And that such religion is wise and true, appears to be established by the words of Christ and the testimony of His disciples. Throughout the New Testament, riches and fortune and felicity are spoken of as temptations or snares:—poverty always as a blessing, and guiltless misery as a state of temporary probation, to be abundantly recompensed hereafter.

So that in times of great intensity of feeling (questionable, perhaps, times also of ignorance—we shall consider of this presently), earnest men, desirous of making themselves increasingly religious, have frequently given up their wealth, and voluntarily inflicted suffering on themselves in the form of penances and restrictions, in order to further their religious interests, or purify their religious emotions. 2 Thess. i. 6, 7.

4. In cases when no suffering of this visible kind has been experienced (either voluntarily or otherwise), we find sometimes a nobler discontent with the world than can arise from any personal calamity; a discontent arising from an inner sense of sin, and from a contemplative conviction that all is not as God would have it, round about us, and that a less sinful and painful, or perhaps wholly painless and sinless state is to be desired with all our soul and pursued with all our strength—in the striving for which men are led gradually to cast aside the thoughts and treasures of the world, not by way of doing penance, but with contempt, as being impediments and hindrances to a life of labour towards Heaven.

5. A third state of religious life, in which this world is fully enjoyed, and yet the next mainly looked for, is conceivable, and may have been led by one or two religious persons out of a thousand; perhaps by more, for as it is almost impossible to distinguish it from the commonest of all states of mind of persons concerned with religion,—the state in which this world is nominally second and actually first,—it is unsafe to assert with any definiteness either its rarity or frequency. Since however it cannot be held by very ardent persons, nor by very imaginative ones (such being sure to "sell that they have" and *all* that they have as soon as they catch sight of Christ or of eternity—never keeping back any of the Price of the Pearl), and as the persons of whom we are at present speaking, painters and others concerned with the arts, are necessarily ardent and imaginative, we need not reason about this third form of the religious life, with any regard to them.

6. Finally, there is yet a fourth form of the religious life conceivable, in which this world may be enjoyed and laboured in, without any regard to the Next. That is to say, in which a man may consider it his duty to concern himself at present about the place which God has for the present put him in; being quite ready—if God should ever see good to put him into another place, to concern himself then about that;—as though a man's servant should say to himself, My master has at present put me in the kitchen, I presume therefore he means me to attend to the kitchen stuff;—if afterwards he promote me to be his treasurer, or receive me as his guest, I will then do my best to keep his accounts clear, or look to be entertained in a goodly manner at his high table; for the present my business is clearly in the kitchen, and I may as well make myself comfortable there. This form of religious life has also, as far as I can see, been a notably rare one hitherto; we will return to it presently; in the meantime let us consider the relations to the artist of the two first and commonest forms of religious life, which arise mainly out of Discontent with the world.[1]

7. Observe first that a great painter must necessarily be a man of strong and perfect physical constitution. He must be intensely sensitive, active, and vigorous in all powers whatever; gifted especially with a redundant nervous energy, able to sustain his eye and hand in unbroken continuousness of perception and effort. I do not stay to prove this. It will be found a fact by those who care to enquire into the matter. And this being so, your great painter can only under the most extraordinary circumstances be liable to fits of physical exhaustion or depression, and assuredly he is never liable to any morbid conditions of either; he may be healthily tired when he has worked hard, and will be all right again after he has rationally rested; he may be profoundly vexed, or thrown into fierce passion, but he will never mistake his own vexation for a gloomy state of the universe, nor expect to find consolation or calm by any supernatural help; he will set himself to forget his vexation, and conquer his passion, as small irksome pieces of entirely his own business, precisely in the way he would set himself to mend a hole in his canvass, or cool a pan of dangerously hot varnish. Farther, he is gifted by his exquisite sensibility with continual power of pleasure in eye, ear, and fancy; and his business consists, one half of it, in the pursuit of that pleasure, and the other half in the pursuit of facts, which pursuit is another kind of pleasure, as great, and besides sharp and refreshing when the other is at all deadened by repetition.

8. Farther, it not only is his business to seek this pleasure, but he has no trouble in seeking it, it is everywhere ready to his hand, as ever fruit was in Paradise. Nothing exists in the world about him that is not beautiful in his eyes, in one degree or another; so far as not beautiful it is serviceable to set off beauty; nothing can possibly present itself to him that is not either lovely, or tractable, and shapeable into loveliness; there is no Evil in his eyes;—only Good, and that which displays good. Light is lovely to him; but not a whit more precious than shadow—white is pleasant to him, as it is to you and me; but he differs from you and me in having no less delight in black, when black is where black should be. Graceful and soft forms are indeed a luxury to him;

[1] [With this passage on religion contrast *Crown of Wild Olive*, Introduction, § 12 *seq.* Here Ruskin does not conceive the "non-religious" life; there he states that life may be well-ordered on either basis.]

but he would not thank you for them unless you allowed him also rugged ones. Feasting is consolatory to his system, as to yours and mine, but he differs from us in feeling also an exquisite complacency in Fasting, and taking infinite satisfaction in Emptiness. You can excite his intense gratitude by the gift of Anything, and if you have Nothing to give him, you will find that Nothing is exactly the thing he most wants, and that he will immediately proceed to make half a picture out of it. How can you make such a man as this Discontented with the world? There are Three colours in it—he wants no fourth—finds three quite as much as he can manage. There's good firm ground to set easels on in it—he is not sure that they would stand so firm upon clouds, or that he could paint flying. But the world is a passing, dreamy, visionary state of things! Do you then want them to be always the same—how could one vary one's picture if that were so? But people lose their beauty and get old in the world! Then they have long beards, nothing can be more picturesque. But people die out of the world! How else would there be room for the Children in it, and how could one paint without children? But how unhappy people are in the world. It must be their own fault surely, I'm not. But how thin and ugly their grief makes them—don't you mourn for the departure of the bloom of youth? Not at all—I like painting thin people as well as fat ones—one can see their skulls better. But how wicked people are in the world! is it not dreadful to see such wickedness? Not at all—it varies the expression of their faces; there would be no pleasure in painting if they all looked alike. Besides, if there were no wicked people there would be no fighting—no heroes—no armour—no triumphs—one might as well not be a painter at all. But don't you want to mend the world then? No—I don't see that it wants mending—unless, perhaps, it might be better with fewer fogs in it; but I don't know, and I daresay fogs are all our own fault for not draining better; at all events—the best you can do for me at present is to stand out of the light, and let me go on painting.

9. What can be done with such a man? How are you to make him care about future things? Even if misfortunes fall upon him, such as would make other people religious, he will not seek for consolation in Heaven. He will seek it in his painting-room. So long as he can paint, nothing will crush him. Nothing short of blindness—nothing, that is, but his ceasing to be a painter, will enable him to contemplate futurity.

10. Nay;—it may be replied—may he not be led, without suffering, but in his own work and his own way to that happy religion which you have admitted to be possible, in which this world may be enjoyed without forgetting the next? No; by no manner of means—at least of means hitherto brought to bear in this world's history. As far as we have seen, hitherto, all happy religious life has consisted in the fulfilment of direct social duty—in pure and calm domestic relations—in active charity, or in simply useful occupations, trades, husbandry, such as leave the mind free to dwell on matters connected with the spiritual life. You may have religious shepherds, labourers, farmers, merchants, shopmen, manufacturers—and Religious painters, so far as they make themselves manufacturers—so far as they remain painters—no.

11. For consider the first business of a painter; half, as I said, of his business in this world must consist in simply seeking his own pleasure, and that, in the main, a sensual pleasure. I don't mean a degrading one, but a bodily, not a spiritual pleasure. Seeing a fine red, or a beautiful line is a bodily and

selfish pleasure, at least as compared with Gratitude or Love—or the other feelings called into play by social action. And moreover, this bodily pleasure must be sought for Itself and Himself. Not for anybody else's sake. Unless a painter works wholly to please himself, he will please nobody;—he must not be thinking while he is at work of any human creature's likings, but his own. He must not benevolently desire to please any more than ambitiously—neither in kindness, nor in pride, may he defer to other people's sensations. "I alone here, on my inch of earth, paint this thing for my own sole joy, and according to my own sole mind. So I should paint it, if no other human being existed but myself. Let who will get good or ill from this—I am not concerned therewith. Thus I must do it, for thus I see it, and thus I like it, woe be to me if I paint as other people see or like." This is the first law of the painter's being; ruthless and selfish—cutting him entirely away from all love of his fellow-creatures, till the work is done. When done he may open the door to them, saying calmly "If you like this—well, I am glad. If you like it not, away with you, I've nothing for you." No great exertion of benevolence, even in this. But farther. In order to the pursuit of this beauty rightly, our great painter must not shrink in a timid way from any form of vice or ugliness. He must know them to the full, or he cannot understand the relations of beauty and virtue to them. I have written enough in other places to explain the perceptive function of a great naturalist in this respect —the reader should compare especially what is said of Shakespeare, vol. iv., and *Stones of Venice*.[1]

12. And this being so, as the great painter is not allowed to be indignant or exclusive, it is not possible for him to nourish his (so called) spiritual desires, as it is to an ordinarily virtuous person. Your ordinarily good man absolutely avoids, either for fear of getting harm, or because he has no pleasure in such places or people, all scenes that foster vice, and all companies that delight in it. He spends his summer evenings on his own quiet lawn, listening to the blackbirds or singing hymns with his children. But you can't learn to paint of blackbirds, nor by singing hymns. You must be in the wildness of the midnight masque— in the misery of the dark street at dawn—in the crowd when it rages fiercest against law—in the council-chamber when it devises worst [2] against the people—on the moor with the wanderer, or the robber —in the boudoir with the delicate recklessness of female guilt—and all this, without being angry at any of these things—without ever losing your temper so much as to make your hand shake, or getting so much of the mist of sorrow in your eyes, as will at all interfere with your matching of colours; never even allowing yourself to disapprove of anything that anybody enjoys, so far as not to enter into their enjoyment. Does a man get drunk, you must be ready to pledge him. Is he preparing to cut purses—you must go to Gadshill with him [3]—nothing doubting—no wise thinking yourself bound to play the Justice, yet always cool yourself as you either look on, or take any necessary part in the play. Cool, and strong-willed—moveless in observant soul. Does a man die at your feet—your business is not to help him, but to note the colour of his lips; does a woman embrace her destruction before you, your business is

[1] [*Modern Painters*, vol. iv. ch. xx. § 28 *seq.*; *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. vi. § 53 *seq.*]

[2] [A word is left blank in the MS. here.]

[3] [*1 Henry the Fourth*, i. 2.]

not to save her, but to watch how she bends her arms. Not a specially religious or spiritual business this, it might appear.

13. And then, lastly. Not only is your painter thus concerned wholly and indiscriminately with the affairs of this world, but the mechanism of his own business is one which must occupy nearly all the thoughts of his leisure or seclusion. Whatever time others give to meditation, or other beneficial mental exercise, he must give to mere practice of touch, and study of hue. Painting cannot be learned in any other way. So many hours a day of steady practice—all your mind and nervous energy put into it—or no good painting. No genius will exempt you from this law of toil; a painter's genius especially signifies the love of beauty which will never let him rest in the effort to realize it. A man of science may, if he choose, rest content at any moment with the knowledge he has attained, for however much more he learns, he will be as far from knowing All, as ever he was; but to a painter, absolute perfectness of skill is an approachable, though not an attainable goal: every hour that he gives to his work, brings him nearer a conceivable faculty of laying on the exact colour he wants in the exact shape he wants; he feels himself every day able to do more and more as he would; and though he knows he can never be absolutely perfect, any more than a continually enlarging circle can become an infinite straight line, still, the straight line is before his eyes, and forces him for ever to strive to reach it more and more nearly. This continual mechanical toil, this fixed physical aim, occupies his intellect and energy at every spare moment—blunts his sorrows, restrains his enthusiasms, limits his speculations, takes away all common chances of his being affected by the feelings or imaginations which lead other men to religion.

III

LETTERS ILLUSTRATIVE OF "MODERN PAINTERS," VOL. II

1. TO THE REV. W. L. BROWN

ON COLERIDGE AND WORDSWORTH

[IT will have been observed how closely Ruskin had read Wordsworth before writing this volume; there are references also showing his familiarity with Coleridge. The following letter, belonging to the period, seems, therefore, appropriate here. It is of further interest for its protest against inversions in diction—a practice into which, on writing his volume two years later, Ruskin himself fell, and for which in later years he criticised himself severely: see his note of 1883 on p. 50, above. For the Rev. W. L. Brown, Ruskin's college tutor, see Vol. I. p. 464, and II. p. 223. The letter is here printed for the first time from a copy preserved at Brantwood: it is in the volume of 1827–1844, No. xi. of the Poetical MSS. (see Vol. II. p. 534).]

Dec. 20th, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—I ought before to have thanked you for the valuable information contained in your condescending answers to my impudent animadversions: they are of course entirely satisfactory except that I must take the liberty of still falling foul of transposition. The line of Shakespeare you quote[1] I always considered a *bad* line—because an obscure one—because although there is a great deal of the uninteresting, there is nothing of the *impossible* in the man's knowing his horse; and since any thought which becomes ditchwater by being *clearly* expressed, must be something worse by being *muddily* expressed, I think nothing can be worth saying which will not stand on its own legs, and which requires to be bolstered up by unnatural expression;—not that I would alter Shakespeare, because the words used are the shortest possible, melodiously arranged and perfectly clear in all points but this one unavoidable transposition; and because also in a description of that which is pompous and artificial, artificial language is not only admissible but even agreeable. But look how much finer the following speech of York

[1] [See *King Richard II.*, Act v. Sc. 2:—

"Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know."]

is—in which there is not *one* transposition from beginning to end, and just try the effect of a few—

> "So—or with more contemning did men's eyes
> On Richard scowl. No man God save him cried,
> No joyful tongue him home his welcome gave;
> But dust upon his sacred head was thrown," etc.[1]

You see in a passage like this where there is deep feeling, Shakespeare prefers writing a line which will not scan (Did scowl on Richard, etc.) to using the least transposition. Neither is it any excuse for transposition to say that such in a *perfect* language would be the natural order of the words. The imperfection of our language compels us to express the government by the order of the words, and in an English poem that order of words is natural which is suited to the genius of the language, and which a person not thinking about his words would use, and that is *un*natural which a person thinking about the philosophy of language instead of its meaning would use. If it is my habit to say "I want an apple" it is vain to tell me that apple is the principal idea in my mind and that it would be natural to say "Apple I want." It is natural in every language to use the customary forms, and philosophical language never could be the language of passion, unless it became fragmentary. The unruly child at the dessert does indeed roar Apple, but the *want* is wanting altogether.

I never heard of the Coleridge and Wordsworth dispute (where can I find an account of it?[2]) but I should think from the character of the two poets that their dispute was not about the *expression,* but about the proper *matter* of poetry;—the one requiring elevated and imaginative subject, the other nothing more than sticks and wallets; for, so far as I can see, both act on precisely the same principles of language; neither of them can use a long word when a short one will do, nor a recherché word where a simple one will do, nor a philosophical transposition where plain English will do. What can possibly be simpler than every word of the "Ancient Mariner"? It is a short difficult stanza and sometimes the poet is compelled to allow himself so much transposition as "out of the sea came he," a simple and everyday structure; but in general he will rather end a line with a contemptible word than transpose—just write him out straight and it is all plain prose—"And every tongue through utter drought was withered at the root—We could not speak, no more than if we had been choked with soot"—surely this is natural enough? I think nothing can be more perfect than all the versification of this poem—for the very reason that it *is* absolute pure—common English. There is only one bad line in it and that is a transposed one—"Eftsoons his hand dropped he."

But when you say that you would rather have written this than all Wordsworth ever perpetrated, I begin to be surprised. I love Coleridge, and I believe I know nearly every line of both the "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel"—not to speak

[1] [The original lines are :—

> "Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
> Did scowl on gentle Richard; no man cried 'God save him!'
> No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
> But dust was thrown upon his sacred head."]

[2] [Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* (1817); see especially ch. xvii. Coleridge's objections to Wordsworth's theory (which, however, he distinguished from his friend's practice) were somewhat wider in their scope than Ruskin supposed.]

of the "Three Graves" and the "Hymn in Chamouni," and the "Dejection," and I am very willing to allow that he has more imagination than Wordsworth, and more of the real poet. But after all Coleridge is nothing more than an intellectual opium-eater—a man of many crude though lovely thoughts—of confused though brilliant imagination, liable to much error—error even of the heart, very sensual in many of his ideas of pleasure—indolent to a degree, and evidently and always thinking without discipline; letting the fine brains which God gave him work themselves irregularly and without end or object—and carry him whither they will. Wordsworth has a grand, consistent, perfectly disciplined, all grasping, intellect—for which nothing is too small, nothing too great, arranging everything in due relations, divinely pure in its conceptions of pleasure, majestic in the equanimity of its benevolence—intense as white fire with chastised feeling. Coleridge may be the greater poet, but surely it admits of no question which is the greatest *man*. Wordsworth often appears to want *energy* because he has so much *judgment*, and because he never enunciates any truth but with full views of many points which diminish the extent of its application, while Coleridge and others say more boldly what they see more partially. I believe Coleridge has very little moral influence on the world; his writings are those of a benevolent man in a fever. Wordsworth may be trusted as a guide in everything, he feels nothing but what we ought all to feel—what every mind in pure moral health *must* feel, he says nothing but what we all ought to believe—what all strong intellects *must* believe. He has written some things trifling, some verses which might be omitted—but none to be *regretted*. He could not by any possibility—have entertained even for an instant such feelings as are shown in Coleridge's "Fire, Famine and Slaughter"—not that he would not have pitied the sufferers equally but he would have looked on the inflictor with a judging charity—and if we compare poem with poem, which is the greatest—truest, and most beautiful statement of God's Providence? "The Ancient Mariner" or the "Hartleap Well"?[1] Both are written with precisely the same intent. In the one poem the crime is a mere piece of inconsiderateness, and is followed by the most preposterous chain of ghostly consequences; in the other the crime is a deliberate basing of man's pleasure on the pain of God's creatures, and the consequences are gradual, natural, not necessarily or indisputably connected with the crime, but yet sufficiently so to be felt a lesson and a revelation by a believing mind. This is absolute, perfect truth; it is the law of God's daily providence, no diseased dream of a heated imagination. The "Christabel" again is a mere rhapsody—a poetical clothing of an old superstition. There is no moral truth, no system or meaning in it from beginning to end. A lady dreams something unpleasant—she must go to a *wood* at *midnight* to pray. What is the use of this? Hadn't she better have gone to Chapel in the *morning*? In the wood she meets the devil dressed as a lady, she brings him home "for love and charitie"—and in return is mesmerized all night. What sense or good is there to be got out of this? How different is Wordsworth's "White Doe of Rylstone," a poem of equal grace and imagination; but how pure, how just, how chaste in its *truth*, how high in its end, showing "how anguish—wild as dreams of restless sleep, is tempered and allayed by sympathies aloft ascending and descending deep." Coleridge's finest poem—to me—is the "Three Graves."[2]

[1] [The two pieces are quoted together in this volume; see above, p. 149.]
[2] [Written in 1805–1806.]

The first stanzas of its fourth part are, I think, entirely the consequence of Coleridge's acquaintance with Wordsworth. They are very exquisite and indeed nothing can be finer than the whole poem. But what impression does it leave? The miserable sense that people may be reduced to the utmost limit of agony without crime, while the *Holiness* of the Mother is shown not by the influence of her love but by her hatred. Just compare with this the noble notion of parental love which is given by the story of "Michael," one equally deep in tragedy—but a true, real, everyday character of Tragedy—and teaching us throughout the noble lesson that "There is a comfort in the strength of *love* 'twill make a thing endurable—which else would overset the brain—or break the heart." Or if you want pure pathos take "The Brothers," the most really affecting, most perfect piece of natural feeling in the English language. The two last lines of it are, to my mind, the most exquisite close that ever poet wrote. And then read the "Affliction of Margaret," and the "Female Vagrant," and "Lucie Gray," and "She dwelt among the untrodden ways,"—and then with the magnificent comprehension —faultless majesty of the "Excursion," to crown all—my dear sir—how *could* you say what you did? It is very late, I haven't time to write more—pray excuse me if I have been too presuming. We hope Mrs. Brown continues better, all join in kindest regards to her and you

Ever, my dear Sir,
etc., etc., etc.

2. TO JOSEPH SEVERN

On the Prospects of Art in England

[The following letter was written by Ruskin from Venice in September 1845, and shows some of the enthusiasms, interests, and concerns which were to be expressed in his second volume. In a letter to his father from Venice (September 30, 1845) Ruskin writes:—

"I send you a scrawled and sulky letter to Mr. Severn—I am half ashamed to send it, but cannot delay longer. I don't want to damp him, but it is monstrously absurd in him to speak of inoculating England with the love of *Fresco* as if that were all she wanted, and men could be sublime on a wall who were idiots on canvas. Fresco does indeed afford glorious *room* for a man who wants it; it is a splendid sea for the strong swimmer, but you might as well throw a covey of chickens into the Atlantic as our R.A.'s into fresco. . . ."

For Joseph Severn, whom he had come to know through George Richmond, see *Præterita*, ii. ch. ii.; Severn had gained a prize in the cartoon competition for the Westminster frescoes (for which see Vol. III. p. 230). The letter is here reprinted from *The Life and Letters of Joseph Severn*, by William Sharp, 1892, pp. 205–207; the date is there wrongly given as 1843.]

Venice, *September 21st*, 1845.

My Dear Sir,—I am sure you will excuse my not having answered your kind letter before, when I tell you that I have been altogether unhinged by the condition in which I have found Venice,[1] and that every time I stir out

[1] [See above, p. 41 *n.*]

of doors I return too insensible to write or almost to speak to any one. But I cannot longer defer expressing my sincere gladness at your well deserved success, and my sympathy in all the enthusiasm of your hopes, so far as regards your own aims and prospects, and I am also glad for the sake of our national honour, that you are to be one of its supporters. But with your hopes for the elevation of English art by means of fresco, I cannot sympathise. I have not the remotest hope of anything of the kind. It is not the material nor the space that can give us thoughts, passions, or powers. I see on our Academy walls nothing but what is ignoble in small pictures, and would be disgusting in large ones. I never hear one word of genuine feeling issue from any one's mouth but yours, and the two Richmonds', and if it did, I don't believe the public of the present day would understand it. It is not the love of *fresco* that we want: it is the love of God and his creatures; it is humility, and charity, and self-denial, and fasting, and prayer; it is a total change of character. We want more faith and less reasoning; less strength and more trust. You, neither want walls, nor plaster nor colours—*ça ne fait rien à l'affaire*[1]—it is Giotto and Ghirlandajo and Angelico that you want, and that you will and must want, until this disgusting nineteenth century has, I can't say breathed, but steamed, its last. You want a serious love of art in the people, and a faithful love of art in the artist, not a desire to be a R.A., and to dine with the Queen; and you want something like decent teaching in the Academy itself, good training of the thoughts, not of the fingers, and good inpouring of knowledge not of knocks. Never tell, or think to tell, your lank-cockney, leaden-headed pupil what great art is, but make a great man of him, and he'll find out. And a pretty way, by-the-bye, Mr. Eastlake takes to teach our British public a love of the right thing, going and buying a disgusting, rubbishy, good-for-nothing, bad-for-everything Rubens,[2] and two brutal Guidos, when we haven't got a Perugino to bless ourselves with. But it don't matter, not a straw's balance. I see what the world is coming to. We shall put it into a chain-armour of railroad, and then everybody will go everywhere every day, until every place is like every other place, and then when they are tired of changing stations and police, they will congregate in knots in great cities, which will consist of club-houses, coffee-houses, and newspaper-offices; the churches will be turned into assembly rooms; and people will eat, sleep, and gamble to their graves.

It isn't of any use to try and do anything for such an age as this. We are a different race altogether from the men of old time; we live in drawing-rooms instead of deserts; and work by the light of chandeliers instead of volcanoes. I have been perfectly prostrated these two or three days back by my first acquaintance with Tintoret;[3] but then I feel as if I had got introduced to a being from a planet a million of miles nearer the sun, not to a mere earthly painter. As for our little bits of R.A.'s, calling themselves painters, it ought to be stopped directly. One might make a mosaic of R.A.'s, perhaps; with a good magnifying glass, big enough for Tintoret to stand with one leg upon . . . (Sept. 29th), if he balanced himself like a gondolier.

[1] [For the quotation from Molière, see Vol. III. p. 122.]

[2] ["The Judgment of Paris," No. 194; Ruskin attacked this purchase in a later letter to the *Times*; see *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, i. 65. For the Guidos, see Vol. III. p. 670.]

[3] [See above, Introduction, p. xxxvii., and Epilogue, § 12, p. 354.]

I thought the mischief was chiefly confined to the architecture here, but Tintoret is going quite as fast. The Emperor of Austria is his George Robins.[1] I went to the Scuola di San Rocco the other day, in heavy rain, and found the floor half under water, from large pools from droppings *through* the *pictures* on the ceiling, not through the sides or mouldings, but the pictures themselves.[2] They won't take care of them, nor sell them, nor let anybody take care of them.

I am glad to hear that the subjects of our frescoes are to be selected from poets instead of historians; but I don't like the selection of poets. I think in a national work one ought not to allow any appearance of acknowledgment of irreligious principle, and we ought to select those poets chiefly who have best illustrated English character or have contributed to form the prevailing tones of the English mind. Byron and Shelley I think inadmissible. I should substitute Wordsworth, and Keats or Coleridge, and put Scott instead of Pope, whom one doesn't want with Dryden. I think the "Ancient Mariner" would afford the highest and most imaginative method of touching on England's sea character. From Wordsworth you get her pastoral and patriarchal character; from Scott her chivalresque; I don't know what you would get from either Dryden or Pope, but I suppose you must have *one* of them. However, anything is better than history, the most insipid of subjects. One often talks of *historical* painting, but I mean *religious* always, for how often does one see a picture of history worth a straw? I declare I cannot at this instant think of any one historical work that ever interested me.[3]

I beg your pardon very much for this hurried sulky scrawl, but conceive how little one is fit for when one finds them covering the marble palaces with stucco, and painting them in *stripes!*

Allow me again to thank you exceedingly for your kind letter, and to express my delight at the good news it contains, and believe me, with compliments to Mrs. Severn,

Ever most truly yours,

J. Ruskin.

[1] [George Henry Robins (1778–1847), the famous crier of "going, going, gone" of the day. His most notable sale, that of Horace Walpole's collections at Strawberry Hill, had taken place in 1842.]

[2] [See above, p. 40.]

[3] [See above, p. 382.]

IV

MINOR "VARIÆ LECTIONES"

All the more important and substantial ariations between the various editions of *Modern Painters*, vol. ii., have already been given as footnotes to the text or otherwise. For the sake of completeness, the remaining variations are here given. Differences of capitals for small letters, small changes of punctuation and of spelling (such as "canvass" for "canvas," "Raphael" for "Raffaelle," etc.), are not, however, always noted; nor are some obvious misprints (transposition of letters, etc.), included. See also p. liii. above for list of errata noted in the first edition; they are not included in the following collation.

Preface to the Re-arranged edition (1883).—§ 6, third line from end, "the conception of any invisible one" was misprinted "the conception of any visible one" in the small complete edition. § 7, the reference to "the untranslated quotation from Aristotle" was wrongly given in the 1883 ed. as pp. 83 and 218, instead of pp. 85 and 225.

Sec. i. ch. i. § 3, line 1. Ed. 1 reads "Only as" instead of "Because that"; ed. 2, "Only that I fear that . . ." § 4, line 12, eds. 1 and 2 had a full point after "us." § 5, eds. 1–3 and 1873, did not capitalise "His," "He." § 6, line 9, ed. 1, reads "the" before "endurance," "fortitude," "deliverance," and "faith." § 7, "He," "His," "Him," not capitalised in eds. 1–3. § 7 (author's footnote, now at pp. 37–41), "Beauvais" misprinted "Beauvois" in eds. 1 and 2, which did not contain "at the corner of the market-place." In the paragraph on Pisa, the words "to some private person" came after "the lower part of the wall," and "Giotto" was misspelt "Giotti" (so also lower down in the note). Towards the end of the note, for "taking the place of" eds. 1 and 2 read "replacing." There were also some minor differences in punctuation. § 8, line 24, for "whatever," ed. 1 reads "whatsoever"; line 31, eds. 1 and 2 have a semicolon instead of a full point before "only"; in ed. 3 the long sentence was broken up (see Ruskin's notes on pp. 49, 53). § 10, last line but 2, the words "in considering" inserted in ed. 3. In the note eds. 1 and 2 read "St." for "San Lorenzo."

Ch. ii. § 4, line 5, for "and therefore" ed. 1 reads "and so are actually ἀκόλαστοι," and in line 6, for "do not lower," "lower not"; line 8, "its own" italicised in 1883 ed.; lines 15, 16, "though . . . feebleness" bracketed in eds. 1 and 2; line 20, after "passion" ed. 1 adds "and impulse"; last line but 3, after "intemperate" ed. 1 inserts "or ἀκόλαστος," and in the next line omits the words "for the time." There are also some differences of punctuation in this §. § 8, line 17, for "or" eds. 1 and 2 read "nor." § 9, line 2, no inverted commas to 'taste' till 1883; line 4, all eds. before 1883 read "and" before "plant groves"; line 11, eds. 1 and 2 had a semicolon after "they had," and ed. 1 reads "for I know not" instead of "I do not know." The word "heart" in the last line was not italicised till 1883 ed. § 10, line 6, eds. 1 and 2 omit "in" before "what is kind."

Ch. iii. § 1, lines 25, 26, the inverted commas and brackets introduced in 1883 ed. § 2, line 2, eds. 1 and 2 read right, ed. 3 "right," § 2, the italics (*deceptive*, *will*, and *ultimate*) introduced in the 1883 ed.; line 13, eds. 1 and 2 insert "either" before "that which he himself"; § 5, the italics (*variation* and *unity*) introduced in the 1883 ed.; line 8, eds. 1 and 2 begin a new sentence after "the experienced"; § 6, the numerals (1), (2), (3) introduced in the 1883 ed.; § 6, line 14, "coexistent" is "co-existent" in eds. 1 and 2. § 8, line 3, eds. 1 and 2 insert "many" between "for" and "beneficent"; § 9, line 2, for "better" eds. 1 and 2 read "best"; § 11, line 17, for "all things. The complaint so often heard from . . . ," ed. 1 reads "all things, and

therefore the complaint so often made by . . ." § 14, line 6, eds. 1 and 2 bracket the words "and they . . . God." § 15, last line but 1, eds. 1 and 2 read "and" for "or." § 16, lines 17, 18, eds. 1 and 2 read " . . in men. And this kind . . . the word 'beautiful' to other . . ."

Ch. iv. § 1 (A), line 3, for "giving" eds. 1 and 2 read "allowing" (the lettering A, B, C, and D added in 1883); § 4, lines 1 and 3, for "the one to deaden . . . the other to endear," ed. 2 reads "it deadens, . . . while it endears"; line 6, for "last" ed. 2 reads "latter"; § 5, line 8, for "flavours together; but" eds. 1 and 2 read "flavours together. But"; § 6, note 2 on p. 69, last line but one, for "remembered," ed. 1 reads "held in mind"; § 7, the italics (*overcoming that very other power*) introduced in the 1883 ed.; § 9, last line but 8, the 1873 ed. (only) reads "had" for "has."

Ch. v. § 2, last line but 2, for "has" ed. 1 reads "have." § 6, the italics (*heaven light* and *object light*) introduced in 1883 ed.; § 8, line 8, for "venture" eds. 1–3 read "ventures"; § 11, line 2, for "the Venetians did through love" ed. 1 reads "was done by the Venetians through intense love"; § 16, line 11, for "For instance," ed. 1 reads "Hence for instances," and 6 lines lower, for "veins" "veining"; § 17, lines 2 and 3, for "refuses in painting to understand a shadow which . . ." ed. 1 reads "refuses in art to understand anything as either which . . ."; line 12, for "most observable character," ed. 1 reads "most observable and characteristic part"; § 17, last line, for "strong" ed. 1 reads "high"; § 19, line 3, eds. 1 and 2 omit "by" before "their distinctness"; line 9, for "not" ed. 1 reads "no."

Ch. vi. § 1, line 1, eds. 1 and 2 bracket "God only excepted"; line 11, "or" was misprinted "of" in 1873 ed.; § 2, three lines from end, all eds. to 1873 have a full stop after "appear"; § 3, line 11, for "impulse" ed. 1 reads "inspiration"; line 24, eds. 1 and 2 have a full stop after "times"; § 5, line 3, for "surface" eds. 1–3 read "surfaces"; line 5, eds. 1 and 2 omit "by"; § 5 (author's footnote †), the italics (*various*) introduced in 1883 ed., as also (*Uniformity*) in the next note; § 6, line 20, ed. 1 reads "becomes" for "become"; § 8, 9 lines from end, "offensiveness" was "offensivenesses" in eds. 1, 2, 3, and 1873, and in the line above eds. 1, 2, and 3 read "nothingnesses"; § 8, author's footnote, after "Santa Maria Novella" ed. 1 added "(Chapelle des Espagnols)"; § 10 (A), line 3, for "amongst" eds. 1 and 2 read "between"; (B), line 3, "(necessarily)" inserted in 1883 ed., as also the lettering "(A)" and "(B)"; § 10, author's footnote, the italics (*is, large, small*) introduced in the 1883 ed.; the italics (*bulk, strength, constant must*) introduced in ed. 2; § 10, fourth line from end, for "takes" ed. 1 reads "take"; in the next line, the ed. of 1883 altered "The third, denial," etc., to "And the third, the denial," etc.; § 12, line 6, ed. 1 inserts "gradual" before "acceleration"; sixth line from end, eds. 1 and 2 insert "both" before "on its age"; § 14, the italics (*infinitely variable*) introduced in 1883 ed.; § 14, last line, eds. 1, 2, 3 read "animals" for "animal."

Ch. vii. § 1, lines 4 and 5, ed. 1 inserts "and" before "yet" and "mere" before "matter"; § 2, line 16, ed. 1 inserts "under" before "fern"; line 22, ed. 1 reads "Hence Wordsworth of the cloud, which in itself having too much of changefulness for his purpose is spoken of as one," etc. § 2, in ed. 1 the three quotations appear in the ordinary text; in ed. 2 the first one is set out, and in ed. 3 the other two also; § 6, author's footnote, line 12, for "the" eds. 1 and 2 read "a."

Ch. viii. § 3, third line from end, ed. 1 omits "and" before "constant."

Ch. ix. § 2, line 9, the italics (*purer*) introduced in ed. 2; § 7, line 8, ed. 1 inserts "the" before "rock," and "I say" after "singularly"; § 8, line 3, ed. 1 reads "whereof" for "of which"; line 12, ed. 1 reads "of the Deity in matter through which," etc.; § 9, fifth line from end, ed. 1 reads "Thus in the description of the Apocalypse, it is its purity that fits it," etc.; § 9, author's first footnote, all eds. before 1883 read "for all melodies are not," etc.

Ch. x. § 3, author's second footnote, lines 16–19, eds. 1 and 2 bracket "although . . . chiselling" and have no stop there; line 28, eds. 1 and 2 read "large" for "wide"; the italics (*indolent, intellectual*, and *more to do*) introduced in ed. 2; line 30, eds. 1 and 2 read "or" for "and"; line 33, eds. 1 and 2 read "new built" for "newly-built"; § 7, line 5, "least" in eds. 1–3 and 1883; other eds. read "less"; § 8, last word printed in small caps. in ed. 1.

Ch. xi. § 4, line 14, ed. 1 omits "higher"; line 23, for "may we not see" ed. 1 reads "it cannot be but that there is."

Ch. xii. § 1, line 25, ed. 1 inserts "besides" before "is"; § 2, line 12, for "But even" ed. 1, beginning a new paragraph, reads "Wherefore it is evident that even"; § 2, ed. 1 has the two quotations in the ordinary text; § 6, line 1, for "clearer" ed. 1 reads "more distinct"; line 15, the italics (*animal*) introduced in 1883 ed.; § 7, line 15, for "consistent" ed. 1 reads "uniform"; § 8, the italics (*happiness* and *moral functions*) introduced in ed. 2; line 8, for "will" ed. 1 read "it shall"; § 9, the italics (*there is . . . animal*) introduced in 1883 ed., though *slothful* was italicised in ed. 2; § 9, line 8, eds. 1–3 and 1873 read "but" for "while"; line 20, ed. 1 omits "sometimes"; § 9, last line but one, ed. 1 inserts "of" before "love"; § 10, line 5, ed. 1 reads "eye" for "eyes"; line 15, for "in" ed. 1 reads "by means of"; line 16, ed. 1 inserts "to these" after "next"; line 33, for "much" ed. 1 reads "more," adding after "mandibles" the words "than is commonly supposed"; line 36, for "their beauty" ed. 1 reads "that beauty they have," the brackets being added in ed. 2; line 39, for "the principle is less traceable," ed. 1 reads "there is less traceableness of the principle"; ninth line from end, the italics (*virtue*) introduced in ed. 2.

Ch. xiii. § 1, the italics introduced in ed. 2; § 2, last line, for "Second Section of the present Part," 1883 ed. read "next volume" and added the footnote "(Of this edition; being the close of the second volume of the original work)"; § 3, line 3, for "apply the word" ed. 1 reads "use the word to signify"; § 5, line 1, for "It is well" ed. 1 reads "Now it is better"; § 6, line 4, for "its" ed. 1 reads "their"; § 10, line 5, for "idea," eds. 1–3 read "ideal"; line 22, ed. 1 inserts "unequalled" after "endurance"; line 23, ed. 1 misreads "feeling" for "feeding"; line 28, ed. 1 reads "it" for "He"; § 13, lines 3 and 4, for "peculiar virtues, duties and characters" ed. 1 reads "characters, habits and peculiar virtues and duties"; § 13, last line, ed. 1 reads "it" for "their"; § 14, line 5, ed. 1 begins a new paragraph with "The pursuit."

Ch. xiv. § 1, line 14, 1873 ed. misprints "their" for "there"; line 16, for "by" ed. 1 reads "with"; § 2, six lines from end of first paragraph, for "the ideal of the good and perfect soul, as it is seen in the features" ed. 1 reads "so the ideal of the features, as the good and perfect soul is seen in them"; next line, for "so sunk as not . . . to feel," ed. 1 reads "but that it shall feel"; § 3, line 8, ed. 1 inserts "twists and" before "straining dexterities"; § 4, first two lines, ed. 1 reads "The visible operation of the mind upon the body, and evidence of it thereon, may be considered under the following three general heads"; line 12, for "described" ed. 1 reads "noted"; § 5, line 24, ed. 1 reads "exercise of both is in a sort impossible, for which cause we occasionally," etc.; line 26, for "expansion" ed. 1 reads "expanding"; the quotation from Wordsworth, ed. 1 printed as one line, and did not italicise "thought"; next line, ed. 1 omitted "perhaps" and read "only, I think that if," etc.; three lines lower, ed. 1 inserts, "that" before "though," and in the next line does not italicise "reason"; seven lines lower, ed. 1 reads "that speaks" for "speaking"; § 6 is misprinted 5 in 1873 ed.; § 11, first three lines, ed. 1 reads "Hence, then, be it observed, that what we must determinedly banish . . . our seeking of its ideal, is not everything," etc.; line 10, ed. 1 inserts "ever" before "that of Paradise"; § 12, line 11, for "since" ed. 1 reads "because"; lower down, ed. 1 italicises only the word "every"; § 13, line 4, for "general" ed. 1 reads "usual"; § 14, eleven lines from end, for "among" ed. 1 reads "for"; seven lines from end, ed. 1 omits "has done"; § 18, line 21, the brackets introduced in 1883 ed.; § 20, last word, not italicised in ed. 1; § 21, line 1, ed. 1 adds "and colourless" after "clay cold," and for "life of flesh" reads "value of flesh"; § 23, last line before quotation, ed. 1 reads "to illustrate that of Spencer" (*sic*); § 29, first word, "Wherefore" in ed. 1; line 6, for "as" ed. 1 reads "for as much as"; § 30, first three lines in ed. 1 read ". . . passions whose presence, in any degree on the human face is degradation. But of all passion it is to be generally observed," etc.

Ch. xv. § 1, line 4, ed. 1 omits "ones"; line 13, for "the" ed. 1 reads "that"; § 6, line 12, for "spring" ed. 1–3 read "springing"; line 18, for "are" eds. 1 and 2 read "is"; line 23, for "fall" ed. 1 reads "stoop"; last lines, for "partial want"

ed. 1 reads "want in measure," and for "exhibited," "showing itself"; § 10, at the beginning, for "mere" ed. 1 reads "bare."

Introductory Note (1883) *to Sec. ii.*—§ 2, line 24, small complete ed. reads "special" for "especial."

Sec. ii. ch. i. § 1, line 13, for "received" ed. 1 reads "presented"; line 26, for "not" ed. 1 reads "no"; § 4, line 6, for "where" ed. 1 reads "in which."

Ch. ii. § 1, line 15, ed. 1 reads "but voluntarily visible, as it being white, or having," etc.; § 2, lines 3 and 4, for "renders to visible knowledge" ed. 1 reads "renders so visible"; § 2, author's second footnote, third line, for "use" ed. 1 reads "necessity"; § 3, line 6, ed. 1–3 misprint "add" for "and"; § 4, line 4, ed. 1 inserts "of" before "the kind"; § 6, line 7, for "It has been said" ed. 1 reads "We have seen"; line 10, for "secures" eds. 1 and 2 read "secure"; line 14, no italics in ed. 1; § 7, line 14, "separately wrong" not italicised in ed. 1; § 7, line 17, for "is" eds. 1 and 2 reads "are"; § 9, line 1, for "This" ed. 1 reads "Now, this"; § 10, line 3, "absolutely" not italicised in ed. 1; § 21, line 4, 1873 ed. reads "artist" for "artists."

Ch. iii. § 1, line 5, for "choose" ed. 1 reads "chose"; § 2, seventh line from end, for "or" eds. 1 and 2 read "nor"; § 3, line 9, for "therein" ed. 1 reads "there"; § 6, lines 13 and 14, italics introduced in 1883 ed.; § 10, line 5, ed. 1 inserts "or" before "failing"; § 14, line 19, for "mind" ed. 1 reads "imagination"; line 25, ed. 1 reads "Turner's" for "Turner"; line 28, ed. 1 inserts "false and" before "unlike," and in the next line reads, "and in" for "or in"; line 38, ed. 1 reads "no" for "not"; § 17, line 14, ed. 1 reads "her chamber with its" for "a chamber with a"; § 18, 12 lines from end, eds. 1 and 2 read "Christo" for "Cristo"; § 23, fourth line from end, for "single group" ed. 1 reads "dozen people at a time"; § 24, fifth line from end, ed. 1 inserts "farther" before "and higher"; § 28, fourteen lines from end, for "from" ed. 1 reads "among."

Ch. iv. § 2, line 19, "Spenser" misprinted "Spencer" in ed. 1; seventh line from end, no italics in ed. 1; § 6, tenth line from end, for "perhaps the most" ed. 1 reads "which I consider the most"; § 7, line 14, ed. 1 inserts "various" before "disturbances"; § 11, line 11, for "are" ed. 1 reads "is necessarily"; § 14, fourth line from end, "compared" omitted by error in ed. 1; § 15, author's footnote, line 5, for "manifesting either" ed. 1 reads "manifestation either of"; § 17, author's note, eds. 1 and 2 read "dome" for "Duomo"; § 19, line 7, for "not necessarily any" ed. 1 reads "necessarily no"; § 21, lines 15 and 16, ed. 1 reads "It is by such means . . . preserved, as we before observed," etc.

Ch. v. § 3, last line, "as" omitted by error in eds. 1 and 2; § 11, line 8, eds. 1 and 2 have a semicolon only after "trees"; § 21, author's note, 1883 ed. misreads "Mr. Jamieson" for "Mrs."

Headings.—In the Synopsis, eds. 1 and 2 read :—

Chapter XII. Of Vital Beauty.—First, as Relative.
Chapter XIII. Of Vital Beauty.—Secondly, as Generic.
Chapter XIV. Of Vital Beauty.—Thirdly, in Man.

Ed. 3 reads :—

Chapter XII. Of Vital Beauty.—I. Of Relative Vital Beauty.
Chapter XIII. II. Of Generic Vital Beauty.
Chapter XIV. III. Of Vital Beauty in Man.

In the headings of the chapters Ed. 2 follows Ed. 3 above, and not Ed. 1.

END OF VOLUME IV

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